

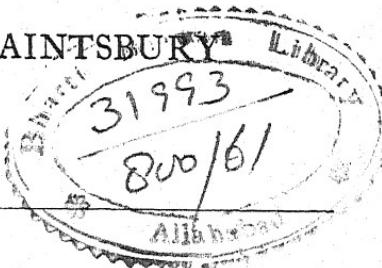
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B O R R O W

Selections

With Essays by

RICHARD FORD    LESLIE STEPHEN

& GEORGE SAINTSBURY



With an Introduction and Notes by

HUMPHREY S. MILFORD

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OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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## INTRODUCTION

LESLIE STEPHEN, writing in 1880, when Borrow was still alive, wonders that he is not more popular. Ten years later Mr. Saintsbury in an essay which is still the best short introduction to Borrow's works, introduces him as an author whom few readers are likely to be acquainted with and still fewer to appreciate. Even as late as 1899 Lionel Johnson seems to expect that many people approaching Borrow in the wrong spirit, will consider him 'an over-praised eccentric'. Now, however, the time for apologies or warnings has passed; general opinion has caught up with the critics, and Borrow is no longer merely tasted by the curious few, but enjoyed by an increasingly large number of ordinary readers.

Indeed what seems to need explanation is not his present great and growing popularity, but his past neglect; especially when we consider that the first of his four chief books, *The Bible in Spain*, was warmly welcomed by the critics—Lockhart in the *Quarterly*<sup>1</sup> and Ford in the *Edinburgh Review* both praised it highly; the *Examiner* and the *Athenaeum* were equally enthusiastic—and eagerly bought by the public; nearly twenty thousand copies were printed by Murray in little more than twelve months

<sup>1</sup> It seems worth while to quote a few lines from Lockhart's review (December 1842):

'We hope that we ourselves shall soon see again in print our "cherished and most respectable Borrow"; and meantime congratulate him sincerely on a work which must vastly increase and extend his reputation—which bespeaks everywhere a noble and generous heart—a large and vigorous nature, capable of sympathizing with everything but what is bad—religious feelings deep and intense, but neither gloomy nor narrow—a true eye for the picturesque, and a fund of real racy humour.'

after its publication in December 1842, and various enterprising New York and Philadelphia publishers immediately pirated it, as well as Borrow's previous book, *The Gipsies in Spain*. 'Nothing is truer', exclaims Mr. Knapp in his *Life of George Borrow* (i. 398), 'than the trite phrase that Borrow woke up one morning and found himself suddenly grown famous.'

The explanation is to be found partly in Borrow's own peculiarities, partly in the prejudices of his readers. Critics, and still more the public, like labels ; if an author becomes known by one book, or one type of book, he produces a different type at his peril. *The Bible in Spain* was apparently a straightforward account of the journeys undertaken by an ardent if unconventional missionary to distribute Bibles and Testaments among ignorant or fanatical papists. It was a recognizable kind of book ; more racy—dangerously racy, in the opinion of some of the supporters of the Bible Society—and containing more adventure than most missionary books ; but a book that could be labelled. After this, silence on Borrow's part for more than eight years ; a silence broken only by announcements from 1848 onwards of a forthcoming Autobiography. At last, in February 1851, *Lavengro* was published ; the critics were almost uniformly hostile and contemptuous,<sup>1</sup> the public was disappointed and puzzled ; and the first edition, of 3,000 copies, satisfied all demands for more than twenty years. *Lavengro* appeared in the year of the Great Exhibition, when the glories of the industrial era were at their height ; signs of progress, especially mechanical progress, were visible and audible everywhere ; peace, plenty, and respectability were about to become universal boons. What had this age to do with a gallimaufry of tinkers and gipsies (those eternal gipsies, whom aristocratic

<sup>1</sup> T. G. Hake in the *New Monthly Magazine* and W. B. Donne in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* were exceptions.

*Blackwood* implored Borrow never to mention again), card-sharpers and prize-fighters, apple-women, grooms and disguised Jesuits : which did not come to a proper end but just stopped ? Besides, though originally announced as an Autobiography this part of the title had been dropped, and the bewildered public could not make out—nor did the critics help in solving the problem—how much of *Lavengro* was fact, and how much fiction. ‘ This book reads like a mere novel ’ said the *Athenaeum* and stigmatized some of the scenes as ‘ those of a fourth-rate novel ’ ; a verdict accepted by the great majority of readers, who thenceforward forgot Borrow almost entirely ; even *The Bible in Spain* seems to have suffered from the failure of *Lavengro*, as only one edition of it (1,000 copies in 1861) was printed between 1851 and 1870.

Borrow was enraged, and Murray disappointed by the reception of *Lavengro*. At last, after a delay of more than six years, due mainly to Murray’s natural hesitation, Borrow, in April 1857, flung at the heads of the public the *Romany Rye*, equally queer by mid-Victorian standards, and weighted with a lengthy splenetic appendix in which all his violent prejudices were aired in unrestrained language. The public was not interested ; less than 2,000 copies were sold in fifteen years ; nor did the publication in 1862 of *Wild Wales* do anything to revive the old enthusiasm.

Between 1862 and his death in 1881 Borrow published only one other substantial book (*Romano Lavo-Lil* in 1874), of which the critics took little notice, and that unfavourable, and the public almost none.

When he died he was already almost forgotten, and during the next twenty years his fame grew very slowly, in spite of the efforts of a few enthusiasts. At last the tide turned ; Knapp’s *Life* (1899) revived an interest in the man ; numerous cheap editions of the four great books, with

introductions by eminent hands, appeared at about the same time and were widely sold ; new Lives and appreciations followed in rapid succession, and now Borrow holds an undisputed and permanent place among the greater writers of the Victorian era.

His obvious faults and prejudices annoyed his contemporaries ; he hated or ignored most of the things in which they gloried ; he extolled what they despised. He never conciliated ; if he disliked anything or anybody, he said so, vigorously and often. These traits no longer irritate his modern readers, who can regard the man and his books with the detachment arising from some half century's distance, and who perhaps do not share the confidence of his contemporaries in the inevitable march of progress that was to sweep away all the low characters and callings in which Borrow delighted. We can put up easily enough with wild philological guesses, with abuse of Scott and Wordsworth, attacks on publishers, Radicals and the Pope (though the Man in Black is somewhat of a bore). In return we get an impression of inexhaustible vitality, of unfailing gusto. What Borrow saw, he saw vividly, and can communicate vividly to the reader. He did not see deeply into character ; his violent prejudices prevented him from seeing some things at all, and distorted others grotesquely. If we are sometimes aware—as he never seems to have been aware—that he is behaving foolishly, it is only his behaviour to Isobel Berners that we feel is unpardonable. We might not have found him an easy person to live with—few of his contemporaries did—but in his books he is the best of companions. Fearless, conceited, mysterious, bigoted, full of strange knowledge and strange ignorance, ‘the swashbuckler of literature’, he strides along in his books as he strode in life, alive in every fibre, and carrying his readers with him wherever he likes to take them.

Whether the scene be prison or prize-fight, London Bridge or Mumper's Dingle, Borrow usually gets his effects in the same way, by the piling of detail on detail. The external features of the scene or situation, with its human or equine actors, are shown to us in a leisurely manner, with the aid of sly strokes of humour—in which his dialogue is especially rich—and with not infrequent flashes of poetical feeling. (All his poetry is in his prose; his translations and original ballads are little better than doggerel.) It is therefore difficult to select from Borrow; even sparing cuts spoil the cumulative effect of the whole description; and purple passages, easily detachable from their context, are few. Moreover, for each extract chosen half a dozen almost equally vivid have to be rejected. However, enough perhaps remains to prove that, even if gipsies and prize-fighters, publishers and card-sharpers, are destined to be improved off the earth, their historian is not likely to suffer neglect and oblivion a second time.



## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1803. 5 July, George Henry Borrow, second son of Captain Thomas and Ann Borrow, born at Dumpling Green, East Dereham.
- 1803-16. The Borrows are stationed at various places, including Colchester, Winchelsea, East Dereham, Norman Cross, Edinburgh. (where Borrow goes to the High School), Norwich, Clonmel, and Templemore in Ireland.
1816. Captain Borrow settles at Norwich.
1819. Borrow enters the office of Simpson & Rackham, solicitors, of Norwich.
1820. He becomes acquainted with William Taylor.
1824. Death of Captain Borrow (28 February).
1824. Borrow's articles with Simpson & Rackham expire (30 March).
1825. He goes to London, and interviews Sir Richard Philips, the publisher.  
*Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence*, from the earliest records to the year 1825. 6 vols., London.
- Faustus. His Life, Death, and Descent into Hell*. Translated from the German. London.
- Wanderings in England.
- 1825-32. He probably travelled in Europe.
1826. *Romantic Ballads translated from the Danish, &c.* Norwich.
1832. Borrow obtains an introduction to the British and Foreign Bible Society.
1833. He starts for St. Petersburg (July).
- 1833-5. Residence in Russia.
1835. *Targum, or Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects.* St. Petersburg.
- 1835-40. Borrow travels in Portugal and Spain, returning to England for a few weeks in 1836 and 1838.
- 1840-53. At Oulton.
1840. Marriage to Mrs. Clarke (23 April).
1841. *The Zincali : or, An Account of the Gipsies in Spain.* London, 2 vols.
1841. He becomes acquainted with Richard Ford.
1843. *The Bible in Spain : or, Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to Circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.* London, 3 vols.

1844. Journey to the East.  
1851. *Lavengro : The Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest.* London, 3 vols.  
1853-60. At Great Yarmouth.  
1854. Tours in Cornwall and in Wales.  
1855. Visit to the Isle of Man.  
1857. Second Tour in Wales.  
1857. *The Romany Rye : a Sequel to Lavengro.* London, 2 vols.  
1858. Death of Borrow's mother at Oulton.  
1858. Visits the Highlands of Scotland.  
1859. Visits Ireland.  
1860. *The Sleeping Bard : or, Visions of the World, Death, and Hell*  
      by Elis Wyn. Translated from the Cambrian British.  
      London.  
1860-74. In London, at 22 Hereford Square, Brompton.  
1862. *Wild Wales : its People, Language, and Scenery.* London,  
      3 vols.  
1869. Death of his wife.  
1874-81. At Oulton.  
1874. *Romano Lavo-Lil : Word Book of the Romany, or English*  
      *Gipsy Language, &c.* London.  
1881. Died, 26 July, at Oulton Cottage.  
1881. Buried at West Brompton Cemetery, 4 August.  
1884. *The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin*  
      *Eendiff.* Translated from the Turkish. Ipswich.

## RICHARD FORD ON THE BIBLE IN SPAIN

SUCH is the mere *feuille de route* of our author—the outline of his pilgrimage. We have not attempted to name the houses of entertainment on the road, or the persons that dwell therein ; they range from the gipsy to the consul ; and although ‘ the descriptions of scenery and sketches of character have been supplied from memory ’, they are fresh and entire. It is the identity of the *camera lucida* ; the country is drawn with the daylight of a sketch made out of doors, and on the spot ; the figures in the foreground, as if they had sat for their portraits. Mr. Borrow’s memory must be prodigious ; doubtless his facility of acquiring language is connected with this natural faculty. A constant reference to a serious soul-absorbing end, concentrated attention ; long and solitary rides in lonely Spain, throw a man on himself, and engender a reflective communing habit ; facts and things are fixed, and associated with each other ; the slight and single threads by which each particular is tied, are drawn up one after another, until, thickening into a rope, they raise a whole existence from the deep wells of memory ; a trifle of no apparent importance furnishes the key wherewith is unlocked a cabinet of things rare and strange, which are docketed and put away ; the match is applied to a train of dormant recollections, which light up into bright joys, or may be into the wormwood of bitterness ; a rude touch shakes down from the cypress branch the rain-drops long suspended, which start into a shower of tears.

How much has Mr. Borrow yet to remember, yet to tell ! let him not delay. His has been a life, one day of which is

more crowded than is the fourscore-year vegetation of a squire or alderman. Hitherto not even the rapid succession of events which usually obliterate each other, has dimmed the vivid recollections of our author ; every thing seems sealed on a memory, wax to receive and marble to retain. He is not subjective. He has the new fault of not talking about self. We vainly wish to know what sort of a person must be the pilgrim in whose wanderings we have been interested : That he has left to other pens. He was 10 crossed in his execution of it by Colonel Napier, who has thus taken his portrait at full length, in his pleasing Letters from the shores of the Mediterranean. The scene is the inn at Seville :

1839. Saturday 4th.—Out early, sketching at the Alcazar. After breakfast it set in a day of rain, and I was reduced to wander about the galleries overlooking the ‘ patio ’. Nothing so dreary and out of character as a rainy day in Spain. Whilst occupied in moralizing over the dripping water-spouts, I observed a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, 20 dressed in a semara, leaning over the balustrades, and apparently engaged in a similar manner with myself. Community of thoughts and occupation generally tends to bring people together. From the stranger’s complexion, which was fair, but with brilliant black eyes, I concluded he was not a Spaniard ; in short, there was something so remarkable in his appearance that it was difficult to say to what nation he might belong. He was tall, with a commanding appearance ; yet, though apparently in the flower of manhood, his hair was so deeply tinged with the winter 30 of either age or sorrow as to be nearly snow-white. Under these circumstances, I was rather puzzled as to what language I should address him in. At last, putting a bold face on the matter, I approached him with a ‘ Bonjour, monsieur, quel triste temps ! ’

‘ Yes, sir,’ replied he in the purest Parisian accent ; ‘ and it is very unusual weather here at this time of the year.’

‘ Does “monsieur” intend to be any time at Seville ? ’ asked I. He replied in the affirmative. We were soon on a friendly footing, and from his varied information I was

both amused and instructed. Still I became more than ever in the dark as to his nationality ; I found he could speak English as fluently as French. I tried him on the Italian track ; again he was perfectly at home. He had a Greek servant, to whom he gave his orders in Romaïc. He conversed in good Castilian with 'mine host' ; exchanged a German salutation with an Austrian Baron, at the time an inmate of the fonda ; and on mentioning to him my morning visit to Triano, which led to some remarks on the gipsies, and the probable place from whence they derived their origin, he expressed his belief that it was from Moulstan, and said that, even to this day, they retained many Moulstanee and Hindooostanee expressions, such as 'pañee' (water), 'buree pañee' (the sea), &c. He was rather startled when I replied 'in Hindee', but was delighted on finding I was an Indian, and entered freely, and with depth and acuteness, on the affairs of the East, most of which part of the world he had visited.

In such varied discourse did the hours pass so swiftly away that we were not a little surprised when Pépé, the <sup>20</sup> ~~walla~~ 'mozo' (and I verily believe all Spanish waiters are called Pépé), announced the hour of dinner ; after which we took a long walk together on the banks of the river. But, on our return, I was as much as ever in ignorance as to who might be my new and pleasant acquaintance.

I took the first opportunity of questioning Antonio Baillie on the subject, and his answer only tended to increase my curiosity. He said that nobody knew what nation the 'mysterious Unknown' belonged to, nor what were his motives for travelling. In his passport he went <sup>30</sup> by the name of —, and as a British subject ; but in consequence of a suspicion being entertained that he was a Russian spy, the police kept a sharp look-out over him. Spy or no spy, I found him a very agreeable companion ; and it was agreed that on the following day we should visit together the ruins of Italica.

May 5.—After breakfast, the 'Unknown' and myself, mounting our horses, proceeded on our expedition to the ruins of Italica. Crossing the river, and proceeding through the populous suburb of Triano, already mentioned, we went <sup>40</sup> over the same extensive plain that I had traversed in going to San Lucar ; but keeping a little more to the right, a short

ride brought us in sight of the Convent of San Isidrio, surrounded by tall cypress and waving date-trees. This once richly-endowed religious establishment is, together with the small neighbouring village of Santi Ponci, I believe, the property of the Duke of Medina Coeli, at whose expense the excavations are now carried on at the latter place, which is the ancient site of the Roman Italica. . . .

We sat down on a fragment of the walls, and sadly recalling the splendour of those times of yore, contrasted with 10 the desolation around us, the 'Unknown' began to feel the vein of poetry creeping through his inward soul, and gave vent to it by reciting, with great emphasis and effect, and to the astonishment of the wondering peasant, who must have thought him 'loco', the following well-known and beautiful lines :

‘Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, grown,  
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd  
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown  
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd  
20 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls—  
Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd  
From her research hath been, that these are walls.’

I had been too much taken up with the scene, the verses, and the strange being who was repeating them with so much feeling, to notice the approach of one who now formed the fourth person of our party. This was a slight female figure, beautiful in the extreme, but whose tattered garments, raven hair (which fell in matted elf-locks over her 30 naked shoulders), swarthy complexion, and flashing eyes, proclaimed her to be of the wandering tribe of 'gitanos'. From an intuitive sense of natural politeness she stood with crossed arms, and a slight smile on her dark and handsome countenance, until my companion had ceased, and then addressed us in the usual whining tone of supplication, with 'Caballeritos, una limosita ! Dios se lo págárá a ustedes !' 'Gentlemen, a little charity ! God will repay it to you !' The gipsy girl was so pretty, and her voice so sweet, that I involuntarily put my hand in my pocket.

40 'Stop !' said the 'Unknown'. 'Do you remember what I told you about the Eastern origin of these people ? You

shall see I am correct. Come here, my pretty child,' said he, in Moultanee, ' and tell me where are the rest of your tribe ? '

The girl looked astounded, replied in the same tongue, but in broken language ; when, taking him by the arm, she said, in Spanish : ' Come, caballero ; come to one who will be able to answer you ; ' and she led the way down amongst the ruins towards one of the dens formerly occupied by the wild beasts, and disclosed to us a set of beings scarcely less savage. The sombre walls of this gloomy abode <sup>10</sup> *dark* were illumined by a fire, the smoke from which escaped through a deep fissure in the massy roof ; whilst the flickering flames threw a blood-red glare on the bronzed features of a group of children, of two men, and a decrepit old hag, who appeared busily engaged in some culinary preparations.

On our entrance, the scowling glance of the males of the party, and a quick motion of the hand towards the folds of the ' faja ', caused in *me*, at least, anything but a comfortable sensation ; but their hostile intentions, if ever entertained, were immediately removed by a wave of the hand from our conductress, who, leading my companion towards the sibyl, whispered something in her ear. The old crone appeared incredulous. The ' Unknown ' uttered one word ; but that word had the effect of magic ; she prostrated herself at his feet, and in an instant, from an object of suspicion he became one of worship to the whole family, to whom, on taking leave, he made a handsome present, and departed with their united blessings, to the astonishment of myself, and what looked very like terror in our Spanish guide. <sup>30</sup>

I was, as the phrase goes, dying with curiosity, and, as soon as we mounted our horses, exclaimed, ' Where, in the name of goodness, did you pick up your acquaintance and the language of these extraordinary people ? ' ' Some years ago, in Moultan,' he replied. ' And by what means do you possess such apparent influence over them ? ' But the ' Unknown ' had already said more than he perhaps wished on the subject. He drily replied that he had more than once owed his life to gipsies, and had reason to know them well ; but this was said in a tone which precluded all further <sup>40</sup> queries on my part. The subject was never again broached, and we returned in silence to the fonda. . . .

*May 7th.*—Pouring with rain all day, during which I was mostly in the society of the ‘Unknown’. This is a most extraordinary character, and the more I see of him the more I am puzzled. He appears acquainted with everybody and everything, but apparently unknown to every one himself. Though his figure bespeaks youth—and by his own account his age does not exceed thirty—yet the snows of eighty winters could not have whitened his locks more completely than they are. But in his dark and searching eye there is 10 an almost supernatural penetration and lustre, which, were I inclined to superstition, might induce me to set down its possessor as a second Melmoth; and in that character he often appears to me during the troubled rest I sometimes obtain through the medium of the great soother, ‘lau-

*danum’.*

Lord Carnarvon’s evidence vouches for the accuracy of Portugal and Galicia. Colonel Napier now confirms Andalusia. We, who know both localities, can add our humble testimony. The book is a true record; and therein 20 it is superior to Gil Blas.

The flavour of Spanish adventure is equally rich, the quiet humour and knowledge of character not less remarkable.

‘This work’, says our author, ‘was written in a solitary hamlet in a remote part of England, where I had neither books to consult, nor friends of whose opinion or advice I could occasionally avail myself, and under all the disadvantages which arise from enfeebled health. I have, however, on a recent occasion, experienced too much of the 30 lenity and generosity of the public, both of Britain and America, to shrink from again exposing myself to its gaze; and trust that, if in the present volumes it find but little to admire, it will give me credit for good spirit, and for setting down nought in malice.’

That credit we cheerfully extend, bidding him be of good cheer. ‘He that now goeth forth in his way weeping, and beareth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.’

## LESLIE STEPHEN ON BORROW

To find a life really in harmony with a rustic environment, we must not go to raw settlements where man is still fighting with the outside world, but to some region where a reconciliation has been worked out by an experience of centuries. And amidst all the restlessness of modern improvers we may still find a few regions where the old genius has not been quite exorcised. Here and there, in country lanes, and on the edge of unenclosed commons, we may still meet the gipsy—the type of a race adapted to live in the interstices of civilization, <sup>to chance</sup> having something of the indefinable grace of all wild animals, and yet free from the absolute savagery of the genuine wilderness. To mention gipsies is to think of George Borrow; and I always wonder that the author of the *Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro* is not more popular. Certainly, I have found no more delightful guide to the charming nooks and corners of rural England. I would give a good deal to identify that remarkable dingle in which he met so singular a collection of characters! Does it really exist, I wonder, anywhere on this island? or did <sup>it</sup> it ever exist? and, if so, has it become a railway-station, and what has become of Isobel Berners and 'Blazing Bosville, the flaming Tinman?' His very name is <sup>it's</sup> good as a poem, and the battle in which Borrow floored the Tinman by that happy left-handed blow is, to my mind, more delightful than the fight in *Tom Brown*, or that in which Dobbin acted as the champion of Osborne. Borrow is a 'humourist' of the first water. He lives in a world of his own—a queer world with laws peculiar to itself, and

yet one which has all manner of odd and unexpected points of contact with the prosaic world of daily experience. Borrow's Bohemianism is no revolt against the established order. He does not invoke nature or fly to the hedges because society is corrupt or the world unsatisfying, or because he has some kind of new patent theory of life to work out. He cares nothing for such fancies. On the contrary, he is a staunch conservative, full of good old-fashioned prejudices. He seems to be a case of the strange

- 10 something of his own  
reappearance of an ancestral instinct under altered circumstances. Some of his forefathers must have been gypsies by temperament if not by race; and the impulses due to that strain have got themselves blended with the characteristics of the average Englishman. The result is a strange and yet, in a way, harmonious and original type which made the *Bible in Spain* a puzzle to the average reader. The name suggested a work of the edifying class. Here was a good respectable emissary of the Bible Society going to convert poor papists by a distribution of the  
20 Scriptures. He has returned to write a long tract setting forth the difficulties of his enterprise, and the stiff-neckedness of the Spanish people. The luckless reader who took up the book on that understanding was destined to a strange disappointment. True, Borrow appeared to take his enterprise quite seriously, indulges in the proper reflections, and gets into the regulation difficulty involving an appeal to the British minister. But it soon appears that his Protestant zeal is somehow mixed up with a passion for strange wanderings in the queerest of company. To him  
30 Spain is not the land of staunch Catholicism, or of Cervantes, or of Velasquez, and still less a country of historic or political interest. Its attraction is in the picturesque outcasts who find ample roaming-ground in its wilder regions. He regards them, it is true, as occasional subjects for a little proselytism. He tells us how he once delivered a moving

on  
Christianity

address to the gipsies in their own language. To this most promising congregation, when he had finished, he looked up and found himself the centre of all eyes, each pair contorted by a hideous squint, rivalling each other in frightfulness ; and the performance, which he seems to have thoroughly appreciated, pretty well expressed the gipsy view of his missionary enterprise. But they delighted to welcome him in his other character as one of themselves, and yet as dropping amongst them from the hostile world outside. And, certainly, no one not <sup>10</sup> thoroughly at home with gipsy ways, gipsy modes of thought, to whom it comes quite naturally to put up in a den of cutthroats, or to enter the field of his missionary enterprise in company with a professional brigand travelling on business, could have given us so singular a glimpse of the most picturesque elements of a strange country. Your respectable compiler of handbooks might travel for years in the same districts all unconscious that passing vagabonds were so fertile in romance. The freemasonry which exists amongst the class lying outside the pale of <sup>20</sup> respectability enables Borrow to fall in with adventures full of mysterious fascination. He passes through forests at night, and his horse suddenly stops and trembles, whilst he hears heavy footsteps and rustling branches, and some heavy body is apparently dragged across the road by panting but invisible bearers. He enters a shadowy pass, and is met by a man with a face streaming with blood, who implores him not to go forwards into the hands of a band of robbers ; and Borrow is too sleepy and indifferent to stop, and jogs on in safety without <sup>30</sup> meeting the knife which he half expected. ‘ It was not so written,’ he says, with the genuine fatalism of your hand-to-mouth Bohemian. He crosses a wild moor with a half-witted guide, who suddenly deserts him at a little tavern. After a wild gallop on a pony, apparently half-

witted also, he at last rejoins the guide resting by a fountain. This gentleman condescends to explain that he is in the habit of bolting after a couple of glasses, and never stops till he comes to running water. The congenial pair lose themselves at nightfall, and the guide observes that if they should meet the Estadéa, which are spirits of the dead riding with candles in their hands—a phenomenon happily rare in this region—he shall ‘run and run till he drowns himself in the sea, somewhere near Muros’. The Estadéa do not appear, but Borrow and his guide come near being hanged as Don Carlos and a nephew, escaping only by the help of a sailor who knows the English words ‘knife’ and ‘fork’, and can therefore testify to Borrow’s nationality; and is finally liberated by an official who is a devoted student of Jeremy Bentham. The queer stumbling upon a name redolent of every-day British life throws the surrounding oddity into quaint relief. But Borrow encounters more mysterious characters. There is the wondrous Abarbenell, whom he meets riding by night, and with whom he soon becomes hand and glove. Abarbenell is a huge figure in a broad-brimmed hat, who stares at him in the moonlight with deep calm eyes, and still revisits him in dreams. He has two wives and a hidden treasure of old coins, and when the gates of his house are locked, and the big dogs loose in the court, he dines off ancient plate made before the discovery of America. There are many of his race amongst the priesthood, and even an Archbishop, who died in great renown for sanctity, had come by night to kiss his father’s hand. Nor can any reader forget the singular history of Benedict Mol, the wandering Swiss, who turns up now and then in the course of his search for the hidden treasure at Compostella. Men who live in strange company learn the advantage of not asking questions, or following out delicate inquiries; and these singular figures are the more attractive because

they come and go, half-revealing themselves for a moment, and then vanishing into outside mystery ; as the narrator himself sometimes merges into the regions of absolute commonplace, and then dives down below the surface into the remotest recesses of the social labyrinth.

In Spain there may be room for such wild adventures. In the trim, orderly, English country we might fancy they had gone out with the fairies. And yet Borrow meets a decayed pedlar in Spain who seems to echo his own sentiments ; and tells him that even the most prosperous 10 of his tribe who have made their fortunes in America, return in their dreams to the green English lanes and farmyards. 'There they are with their boxes on the ground displaying their goods to the honest rustics and their dames and their daughters, and selling away and chaffering and laughing just as of old. And there they are again at nightfall in the hedge alehouses, eating their toasted cheese and their bread, and drinking the Suffolk ale, and listening to the roaring song and merry jests of the labourers.' It is the old picturesque country life which fascinates Borrow, and he was fortunate enough to plunge 20 into the heart of it before it had been frightened away by the railways. *Lavengro* is a strange medley, which is nevertheless charming by reason of the odd idiosyncrasy which fits the author to interpret this fast vanishing phase of life. It contains queer controversial irrelevance—conversations or stories which may or may not be more or less founded on fact, tending to illustrate the pernicious propaganda of Popery, the evil done by Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the melancholy results of the decline of pugilism. 30 And then we have satire of a simple kind upon literary craftsmen, and excursions into philology which show at least an amusing dash of innocent vanity. But the oddity of these quaint utterances of a humourist who seeks to find the most congenial mental food in the Bible, the

*Newgate Calendar*, and in old Welsh literature, is in thorough keeping with the situation. He is the genuine tramp whose experience is naturally made up of miscellaneous waifs and strays; who drifts into contact with the most eccentric beings, and parts company with them at a moment's notice, or catching hold of some stray bit of out-of-the-way knowledge follows it up as long as it amuses him. He is equally at home compounding narratives of the lives of eminent criminals for London booksellers, or making acquaintance with thimbleriggers, or pugilists, or Armenian merchants, or becoming a hermit in his remote dingle, making his own shoes and discussing theology with a postboy, a feminine tramp, and a Jesuit in disguise. The compound is too quaint for fiction, but is made interesting by the quaint vein of simplicity and the touch of genius which brings out the picturesque side of his roving existence, and yet leaves one in doubt how far the author appreciates his own singularity.

One old gipsy lady in particular, who turns up at intervals, is as fascinating as Meg Merrilees, and at once made life-like and more mysterious. 'My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones!' are the remarkable words by which she introduces herself. She bitterly regrets the intrusion of a Gentile into the secrets of the Romanies, and relieves her feelings by administering poison to the intruder, and then trying to poke out his eye as he is lying apparently in his last agonies. But she seems to be highly respected by her victim as well as by her own people, and to be acting in accordance with the moral teaching of her tribe.

Her design is frustrated by the appearance of a Welsh Methodist preacher, who, like every other strange being, is at once compelled to unbosom himself to this odd confessor. He fancies himself to have committed the unpardonable sin at the age of six, and is at once comforted by Borrow's sensible observation that he should not

*confess his sin*

care if he had done the same thing twenty times over at the same period. The grateful preacher induces his consoler to accompany him to the borders of Wales ; but there Borrow suddenly stops, on the ground that he should prefer to enter Wales in a suit of superfine black, mounted on a powerful steed like that which bore Greduv to the fight of Catrath, and to be welcomed at a dinner of the bards, as the translator of the odes of the great Ab Gwilym. And Mr. Petulengro opportunely turns up at the instant, and Borrow rides back with him, and hears that Mrs. Herne <sup>10</sup> has hanged herself, and celebrates the meeting by a fight without gloves, but in pure friendliness, and then settles down to the life of a blacksmith in his secluded dingle.

Certainly it is a queer topsy-turvy world to which we are introduced in *Lavengro*. It gives the reader the sensation of a strange dream in which all the miscellaneous population of caravans and wayside tents make their exits and entrances at random, mixed with such eccentrics as the distinguished author, who has a mysterious propensity for touching odd objects as a charm against evil. All one's <sup>20</sup> ideas are dislocated when the centre of interest is no longer in the thick of the crowd, but in that curious limbo whither drift all the odd personages who live in the interstices without being caught by the meshes of the great network of ordinary convention. Perhaps the oddity repels many readers ; but to me it always seems that Borrow's dingle represents a little oasis of genuine romance—a kind of half-visionary fragment of fairyland, which reveals itself like the enchanted castle in the vale of St. John, and then vanishes after tantalizing and arousing one's curiosity. <sup>30</sup> It will never be again discovered by any flesh-and-blood traveller ; but, in my imaginary travels, I like to rusticate there for a time, and to feel as if the gipsy was the true possessor of the secret of life, and we who travel by rail and read newspapers and consider ourselves to be sensible

men of business, were but vexatious intruders upon this sweet dream. There must, one supposes, be a history of England from the Petulengro point of view, in which the change of dynasties recognized by Hume and Mr. Freeman, or the oscillations of power between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, appear in relative insignificance as more or less affecting certain police regulations and the inclosure of commons. It is pleasant for a time to feel as though the little rivulet were the main stream, and the social outcast <sup>10</sup> the true centre of society. The pure flavour of the country life is only perceptible when one has annihilated all disturbing influences ; and in that little dingle with its solitary forge beneath the woods haunted by the hairy Hernes, that desirable result may be achieved for a time, even in a London library.

### G E O R G E   S A I N T S B U R Y   O N B O R R O W

BORROW was born in 1803 at East Dereham in Norfolk, his father being a captain in the army, who came of Cornish blood, his mother a lady of Norfolk birth and Huguenot extraction. His youth he has himself described in a fashion <sup>20</sup> which nobody is likely to care to paraphrase. After the years of travel chronicled in *Lavengro*, he seems to have found scope for his philological and adventurous tendencies in the rather unlikely service of the Bible Society ; and he sojourned in Russia and Spain to the great advantage of English literature. This occupied him during the greater part of the years from 1830 to 1840. Then he came back to his native country—or, at any rate, his native district—married a widow of some property at Lowestoft, and spent the last forty years of his life at <sup>30</sup> Oulton Hall, near the piece of water which is thronged in

*Waiting for a manuscript*

summer by all manner of sportsmen and others. He died but a few years ago ; and even since his death he seems to have lacked the due meed of praise which the Lord Chief Justice of the equal foot usually brings, even to persons far less deserving than Borrow.

There is this difficulty in writing about him, that the audience must necessarily consist of fervent devotees on the one hand, and of complete infidels, or at least complete know-nothings, on the other. To any one who, having the faculty to understand either, has read *Lavengro* or *The Bible in Spain*, or even *Wild Wales*, praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to seem impertinence. To anybody else (and unfortunately the anybody else is in a large majority) praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to look like that very dubious kind of praise which is bestowed on somebody of whom no one but the praiser has ever heard. I cannot think of any single writer (Peacock himself is not an exception) who is in quite parallel case. And, as usual, there is a certain excuse for the general public. Borrow kept himself, during not the least exciting period of English history, quite aloof from English politics, and from the life of great English cities. But he did more than this. He is the only really considerable writer of his time in any modern European nation who seems to have taken absolutely no interest in current events, literary and other. Putting a very few allusions aside, he might have belonged to almost any period. His political idiosyncrasy will be noticed presently ; but he, who lived through the whole period from Waterloo to Maiwand, has not, as far as I remember, mentioned a single English writer later than Scott and Byron. He saw the rise, and, in some instances, the death, of Tennyson, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens. There is not a reference to any one of them in his works. He saw political changes such as no man for two centuries had seen, and (except the Corn Laws, to

- which he has some half-ironical allusions, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which stirred his one active sentiment) he has referred to never a one. He seems in some singular fashion to have stood outside of all these things. His Spanish travels are dated for us by references to Doña Isabel and Don Carlos, to Mr. Villiers and Lord Palmerston. But cut these dates out, and they might be travels of the last century. His Welsh book proclaims itself as written in the full course of the Crimean War; but excise a few  
10 passages which bear directly on that event, and the most ingenious critic would be puzzled to 'place' the composition. Shakespeare, we know, was for all time, not of one age only; but I think we may say of Borrow, without too severely or conceitedly marking the difference, that he was not of or for any particular age or time at all. If the celebrated query in Longfellow's *Hyperion*, 'What is time?' had been addressed to him, his most appropriate answer, and one which he was quite capable of giving, would have been, 'I really don't know'.  
20 To this singular historical vagueness has to be added a critical vagueness even greater. I am sorry that I am unable to confirm or to gainsay at first hand Borrow's wonderfully high estimate of certain Welsh poets. But if the originals are anything like his translations of them, I do not think that Ab Gwilym and Lewis Glyn Cothi, Gronwy Owen and Huw Morris can have been quite such mighty bards as he makes out. Fortunately, however, a better test presents itself. In one book of his, *Wild Wales*, there are two estimates of Scott's works. Borrow finds in  
30 an inn a copy of *Woodstock* (which he calls by its less known title of *The Cavalier*), and decides that it is 'trashy': chiefly, it would appear, because the portrait therein contained of Harrison, for whom Borrow seems, on one of his inscrutable principles of prejudice, to have had a liking, is not wholly favourable. He afterwards informs us that

Scott's 'Norman Horseshoe' (no very exquisite song at the best, and among Scott's somewhat less than exquisite) is 'one of the most stirring lyrics of modern times', and that he sang it for a whole evening; evidently because it recounts a defeat of the Normans, whom Borrow, as he elsewhere tells us in sundry places, disliked for reasons more or less similar to those which made him like Harrison, the butcher. In other words, he could not judge a work of literature as literature at all. If it expressed sentiments with which he agreed, or called up associations which were <sup>10</sup> pleasant to him, good luck to it; if it expressed sentiments with which he did not agree, and called up no pleasant associations, bad luck.

In politics and religion this curious and very John Bullish unreason is still more apparent. I suppose Borrow may be called, though he does not call himself, a Tory. He certainly was an unfriend to Whiggery, and a hater of Radicalism. He seems to have given up even the Corn Laws with a certain amount of regret, and his general attitude is quite Eldonian. But he combined with his <sup>20</sup> general Toryism very curious Radicalisms of detail, such as are to be found in Cobbett (who, as appeared at last, and as all reasonable men should have always known, was really a Tory of a peculiar type), and in several other English persons. The Church, the Monarchy, and the Constitution generally were dear to Borrow, but he hated all the aristocracy (except those whom he knew personally) and most of the gentry. Also, he had the odd Radical sympathy for anybody who, as the vernacular has it, was 'kept out of his rights'. I do not know, but I should <sup>30</sup> think, that Borrow was a strong Tichbornite. In that curious book *Wild Wales*, where almost more of his real character appears than in any other, he has to do with the Crimean War. It was going on during the whole time of his tour, and he once or twice reports conversations in

which, from his knowledge of Russia, he demonstrated beforehand to Welsh inquirers how improbable, not to say impossible, it was that the Russian should be beaten. But the thing that seems really to have interested him most was the case of Lieutenant P—— or Lieutenant Parry, whom he sometimes refers to in the fuller and sometimes in the less explicit manner. My own memories of 1854 are rather indistinct, and I confess that I have not taken the trouble to look up this celebrated case. As far as 10 I can remember, and as far as Borrow's references here and elsewhere go, it was the doubtless lamentable but not uncommon case of a man who is difficult to live with, and who has to live with others. Such cases occur at intervals in every mess, college, and other similar aggregation of humanity. The person difficult to live with gets, to use an Oxford phrase, 'drawn'. If he is reformable, he takes the lesson, and very likely becomes excellent friends with those who 'drew' him. If he is not, he loses his temper, and evil results of one kind or another follow. Borrow's 20 Lieutenant P—— seems unluckily to have been of the latter kind, and was, if I mistake not, recommended by the authorities to withdraw from a situation which, to him, was evidently a false and unsuitable one. With this Borrow could not away. He gravely chronicles the fact of his reading an 'excellent article in a local paper on the case of Lieutenant P——'; and with no less gravity (though he was, in a certain way, one of the first humorists of our day) he suggests that the complaints of the martyred P—— to the Almighty were probably not unconnected 30 with our Crimean disasters. This curious parochialism pursues him into more purely religious matters. I do not know any other really great man of letters of the last three-quarters of a century of whose attitude Carlyle's famous words, 'regarding God's universe as a larger patrimony of Saint Peter, from which it were well and pleasant

(deception of Christ)

to hunt the Pope', are so literally true. It was not in Borrow's case a case of *sancia simplicitas*. He has at times flashes of by no means orthodox sentiment, and seems to have fought, and perhaps hardly won, many a battle against the army of the doubters. But when it comes to the Pope, he is as single-minded an enthusiast as John Bunyan himself, whom, by the way, he resembles in more than one point. The attitude was, of course, common enough among his contemporaries; indeed any man who has reached middle life must remember numerous examples 10 among his own friends and kindred. But in literature, and such literature as Borrow's, it is rare.

Yet again, the curiously piecemeal, and the curiously arbitrary character of Borrow's literary studies in languages other than his own, is noteworthy in so great a linguist. The entire range of French literature, old as well as new, he seems to have ignored altogether—I should imagine out of pure John Bullishness. He has very few references to German, though he was a good German scholar—a fact which I account for by the other fact, that in his earlier 20 literary period German was fashionable, and that he never would have anything to do with anything that fashion favoured. Italian, though he certainly knew it well, is equally slighted. His education, if not his taste for languages, must have made him a tolerable (he never could have been an exact) classical scholar. But it is clear that insolent Greece and haughty Rome possessed no attraction for him. I question whether even Spanish would not have been too common a toy to attract him much, if it had not been for the accidental circumstances 30 which connected him with Spain.

Lastly (for I love to get my devil's advocate work over), in Borrow's varied and strangely attractive gallery of portraits and characters, most observers must perceive the absence of the note of passion. I have sometimes

tried to think that miraculous episode of Isopel Berners and the Armenian verbs, with the whole sojourn of Lavengro in the dingle, a mere wayward piece of irony —a kind of conscious ascetic myth. But I am afraid the interpretation will not do. The subsequent conversation with Ursula Petulengro under the hedge might be only a companion piece; even the more wonderful, though much less interesting, dialogue with the Irish girl in the last chapters of *Wild Wales* might be so rendered by a hardy exegete. But the negative evidence in all the books is too strong. It may be taken as positively certain that Borrow never was 'in love', as the phrase is, and that he had hardly the remotest conception of what being in love means. . . . That he never in all his life heard with understanding the refrain of the 'Pervigilium'.

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet,  
I take as certain.

The foregoing remarks have, I think, summed up all Borrow's defects, and it will be observed that even these defects have for the most part the attraction of a certain strangeness and oddity. If they had not been accompanied by great and peculiar merits, he would not have emerged from the category of the merely bizarre, where he might have been left without further attention. But, as a matter of fact, all, or almost all, of his defects are not only counterbalanced by merits, but are themselves, in a great degree, exaggerations or perversions of what is intrinsically meritorious. With less wilfulness, with more attention to the literature, the events, the personages of his own time, with a more critical and common-sense attitude towards his own crotchets, Borrow could hardly have wrought out for himself (as he has to an extent hardly paralleled by any other prose writer who has not deliberately chosen supernatural or fantastic themes) the region of fantasy, neither

too real nor too historical, which Joubert thought proper to the poet. Strong and vivid as Borrow's drawing of places and persons is, he always contrives to throw in touches which somehow give the whole the air of being rather a vision than a fact. Never was such a John-a-Dreams as this solid, pugilistic John Bull. Part of this literary effect of his is due to his quaint habit of avoiding, where he can, the mention of proper names. The description, for instance, of Old Sarum and Salisbury itself in *Lavengro* is sufficient to identify them to the most careless reader, even if the name of Stonehenge had not occurred on the page before ; but they are not named. The description of Bettws-y-Coed in *Wild Wales*, though less poetical, is equally vivid. Yet here it would be quite possible for a reader, who did not know the place and its relation to other named places, to pass without any idea of the actual spot. It is the same with his frequent references to his beloved city of Norwich, and his less frequent references to his later home at Oulton. A paraphrase, an innuendo, a word to the wise he delights in, but anything perfectly clear and precise he abhors. And by this means and others, which it might be tedious to trace out too closely, he succeeds in throwing the same cloudy vagueness over times as well as places and persons. A famous passage—perhaps the best known, and not far from the best he ever wrote—about Byron's funeral, fixes, of course, the date of the wondrous facts or fictions recorded in *Lavengro* to a nicety. Yet who, as he reads it and its sequel (for the separation of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* is merely arbitrary, though the second book is, as a whole, less interesting than the former), ever thinks of what was actually going on in the very positive and prosaic England of 1824-5 ? The later chapters of *Lavengro* are the only modern *Roman d'Aventures* that I know. The hero goes 'overthwart and endlong', just like the figures whom all

readers know in Malory, and some in his originals. I do not know that it would be more surprising if Borrow had found Sir Ozana dying at the chapel in Lyonesse, or had seen the full function of the Grail, though I fear he would have protested against that as popish. Without any apparent art, certainly without the elaborate apparatus which most prose tellers of fantastic tales use, and generally fail in using, Borrow spirits his readers at once away from mere reality. If his events are frequently as odd as a dream,  
10 they are always as perfectly commonplace and real for the moment as the events of a dream are—a little fact which the above-mentioned tellers of the above-mentioned fantastic stories are too apt to forget. It is in this natural romantic gift that Borrow's greatest charm lies. But it is accompanied and nearly equalled, both in quality and in degree, by a faculty for dialogue. Except Defoe and Dumas, I cannot think of any novelists who contrive to tell a story in dialogue and to keep up the ball of conversation so well as Borrow; while he is considerably the  
20 superior of both in pure style and in the literary quality of his talk. Borrow's humour, though it is of the general class of the older English—that is to say, the pre-Addisonian —humorists, is a species quite by itself. It is rather narrow in range, a little garrulous, busied very often about curiously small matters, but wonderfully observant and true, and possessing a quaint dry savour as individual as that of some wines. A characteristic of this kind probably accompanies the romantic *ethos* more commonly than superficial judges both of life and literature are apt to suppose; but  
30 the conjunction is nowhere seen better than in Borrow. Whether humour can or cannot exist without a disposition to satire co-existing, is one of those abstract points of criticism for which the public of the present day has little appetite. It is certain (and that is what chiefly concerns us for the present) that the two were not dissociated in

Borrow. His purely satirical faculty was very strong indeed, and probably if he had lived a less retired life it would have found fuller exercise. At present the most remarkable instance of it which exists is the inimitable portrait-caricature of the learned Unitarian, generally known as 'Taylor of Norwich'. I have somewhere (I think it was in Miss Martineau's *Autobiography*) seen this reflected on as a flagrant instance of ingratitude and ill-nature. The good Harriet, among whose numerous gifts nature had not included any great sense of humour, naturally did not perceive the artistic justification of the sketch, which I do not hesitate to call one of the most masterly things of the kind in literature.

Another Taylor, the well-known French baron of that name, is much more mildly treated, though with little less skill of portraiture. As for 'the publisher' of *Lavengro*, the portrait there, though very clever, is spoilt by rather too much evidence of personal animus, and by the absence of redeeming strokes; but it shows the same satiric power as the sketch of the worthy student of German who has 20 had the singular ill-fortune to have his books quizzed by Carlyle, and himself quizzed by Borrow. It is a strong evidence of Borrow's abstraction from general society that with this satiric gift, and evidently with a total freedom from scruple as to its application, he should have left hardly anything else of the kind. It is indeed impossible to ascertain how much of the abundant character-drawing in his four chief books (all of which, be it remembered, are autobiographic and professedly historical) is fact and how much fancy. It is almost impossible to open them any- 30 where without coming upon personal sketches, more or less elaborate, in which the satiric touch is rarely wanting. The official admirer of 'the grand Baintham' at remote Corcubion, the end of all the European world; the treasure-seeker, Benedict Mol; the priest at Cordova, with his

revelations about the Holy Office; the Gibraltar Jew; are only a few figures out of the abundant gallery of *The Bible in Spain*. *Lavengro*, besides the capital and full-length portraits above referred to, is crowded with others hardly inferior, among which only one failure, the disguised priest with the mysterious name, is to be found. Not that even he has not good strokes and plenty of them, but that Borrow's prejudices prevented his hand from being free. But Jasper Petulengro, and Mrs. Herne, and  
20 the girl Leonora, and Isopel, that vigorous and slighted maid, and dozens of minor figures, of whom more presently, atone for him. *The Romany Rye* adds only minor figures to the gallery, because the major figures have appeared before; while the plan and subject of *Wild Wales* also exclude anything more than vignettes. But what admirable vignettes they are, and how constantly bitten in with satiric spirit, all lovers of Borrow know.

It is, however, perhaps time to give some more exact account of the books thus familiarly and curiously referred  
20 to: for Borrow most assuredly is not a popular writer. Not long before his death *Lavengro*, *The Romany Rye*, and *Wild Wales* were only in their third edition, though the first was nearly thirty, and the last nearly twenty, years old. *The Bible in Spain* had, at any rate in its earlier days, a wider sale, but I do not think that even that is very generally known. I should doubt whether the total number sold, during some fifty years, of volumes surpassed in interest of incident, style, character and description by few books of the century, has equalled the sale,  
30 within any one of the last few years, of a fairly popular book by any fairly popular novelist of to-day. And there is not the obstacle to Borrow's popularity that there is to that of some other writers, notably the already-mentioned author of *Crotchet Castle*. No extensive literary cultivation is necessary to read him. A good deal even of his peculiar

charm may be missed by a prosaic or inattentive reader, and yet enough will remain. But he has probably paid the penalty of originality, which allows itself to be mastered by quaintness, and which refuses to meet public taste at least half-way. It is certainly difficult at times to know what to make of Borrow. And the general public, perhaps excusably, is apt not to like things or persons when it does not know what to make of them.

Borrow's literary work, even putting aside the 'mountains of manuscript' which he speaks of as unpublished, 10 was not inconsiderable. There were, in the first place, his translations, which, though no doubt not without value, do not much concern us here. There is, secondly, his early hackwork, his *Chaines de l'Esclavage*, which also may be neglected. Thirdly, there are his philological speculations or compilations, the chief of which is, I believe, his *Romano-Lavo-Lil*, the latest published of his works. But Borrow, though an extraordinary linguist, was a somewhat unchastened philologer, and the results of his life-long philological studies appear to much better advantage from 20 the literary than from the scientific point of view. Then there is *The Gipsies in Spain*, a very interesting book of its kind, marked throughout with Borrow's characteristics, but for literary purposes merged to a great extent in *The Bible in Spain*. And, lastly, there are the four original books, as they may be called, which, at great leisure, and writing simply because he chose to write, Borrow produced during the twenty years of his middle age. He was in his fortieth year when, in 1842, he published *The Bible in Spain*. *Lavengro* came nearly ten years later, and coincided 30 with (no doubt it was partially stimulated by) the ferment over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Its second part, *The Romany Rye*, did not appear till six years afterwards, that is to say, in 1857, and its resuscitation of quarrels, which the country had quite forgotten (and when it remembered

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them was rather ashamed of), must be pronounced unfortunate. Last, in 1862, came *Wild Wales*, the characteristically belated record of a tour in the principality during the year of the Crimean War. On these four books Borrow's literary fame rests. His other works are interesting because they were written by the author of these, or because of their subjects, or because of the effect they had on other men of letters, notably Longfellow and Mérimée, on the latter of whom Borrow had an especially remarkable influence. These four are interesting of themselves.

The earliest has been, I believe, and for reasons quite apart from its biblical subject perhaps deserves to be, the greatest general favourite, though its literary value is a good deal below that of *Lavengro*. *The Bible in Spain* records the journeys, which, as an agent of the Bible Society, Borrow took through the Peninsula at a singularly interesting time, the disturbed years of the early reign of Isabel Segunda. Navarre and Aragon, with Catalonia, Valencia, and Myrcia, he seems to have left entirely unvisited; I suppose because of the Carlists. Nor did he attempt the southern part of Portugal; but Castile and Leon, with the north of Portugal and the south of Spain, he quartered in the most interesting manner, riding everywhere with his servant and his saddle-bag of Testaments at, I should suppose, a considerable cost to the subscribers of the Society and at, it may be hoped, some gain to the propagation of evangelical principles in the Peninsula, but certainly with the results of extreme satisfaction to himself and of a very delightful addition to English literature. He was actually imprisoned at Madrid, and was frequently in danger from Carlists, and brigands, and severely orthodox ecclesiastics. It is possible to imagine a more ideally perfect missionary; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more ideally perfect traveller. His early habits of roughing it, his gipsy initiation, his faculties as

a linguist, and his other faculties as a born vagrant, certain to fall on his feet anywhere, were all called into operation. But he might have had all these advantages and yet lacked the extraordinary literary talent which the book reveals. In the first chapter there is a certain stiffness ; but the passage of the Tagus in the second must have told every competent reader in 1842 that he had to deal with somebody quite different from the run of common writers, and thenceforward the book never flags till the end. How far the story is rigidly historical I should be very sorry to have to decide. The author makes a kind of apology in his preface for the amount of fact which has been supplied from memory. I daresay the memory was quite trustworthy, and certainly adventures are to the adventurous. We have had daring travellers enough during the last half-century, but I do not know that any one has ever had quite such a romantic experience as Borrow's ride across the Hispano-Portuguese frontier with a gipsy ~~contrabandista~~, who was at the time a very particular object of police inquiry. I daresay the interests of the Bible Society required the adventurous journey to the wilds of Finisterra. But I feel that if that association had been a mere mundane company and Borrow its agent, troublesome shareholders might have asked awkward questions at the annual meeting. Still, this sceptical attitude is only part of the official duty of the critic, just as, of course, Borrow's adventurous journeys into the most remote and interesting parts of Spain were part of the duty of the colporteur. The book is so delightful that, except when duty calls, no one would willingly take any exception to any part or feature of it. The constant change of scene, the romantic episodes of adventure, the kaleidoscope of characters, the crisp dialogue, the quaint reflection and comment relieve each other without a break. I do not know whether it is really true to Spain and Spanish life,

and, to tell the exact truth, I do not in the least care. If it is not Spanish it is remarkably human and remarkably literary, and those are the chief and principal things.

*Lavengro*, which followed, has all the merits of its predecessor and more. It is a little spoilt in its later chapters by the purpose, the antipapal purpose, which appears still more fully in *The Romany Rye*. But the strong and singular individuality of its flavour as a whole would have been more than sufficient to carry off a greater fault.

- 10 There are, I should suppose, few books the successive pictures of which leave such an impression on the reader who is prepared to receive that impression. The word picture is here rightly used, for in all Borrow's books more or less, and in this particularly, the narrative is anything but continuous. It is a succession of dissolving views which grow clear and distinct for a time and then fade off into vagueness before once more appearing distinctly; nor has this mode of dealing with a subject ever been more successfully applied than in *Lavengro*. At the  
20 same time the mode is one singularly difficult of treatment by any reviewer. To describe *Lavengro* with any chance of distinctness to those who have not read it, it would be necessary to give a series of sketches in words, like those famous ones of the pictures in *Jane Eyre*. East Dereham, the Viper Collector, the French Prisoners at Norman Cross, the Gipsy Encampment, the Sojourn in Edinburgh (with a passing view of Scotch schoolboys only inferior, as everything is, to Sir Walter's history of Green-breeks), the Irish Sojourn (with the horse whispering and the 'dog of peace'),  
30 the settlement in Norwich (with Borrow's compulsory legal studies and his very uncompulsory excursions into Italian, Hebrew, Welsh, Scandinavian, anything that obviously would not pay), the new meeting with the gipsies in the Castle Field, the fight—only the first of many excellent fights—these are but a few of the memories which rise to

every reader of even the early chapters of this extraordinary book, and they do not cover its first hundred pages in the common edition. Then his father dies and the born vagrant is set loose for vagrancy. He goes to London, with a stock of translations which is to make him famous, and a recommendation from Taylor of Norwich to 'the publisher'. The publisher exacted something more than his pound of flesh in the form of Newgate Lives and review articles, and paid, when he did pay, in bills of uncertain date which were very likely to be protested. But Borrow 10 won through it all, making odd acquaintances with a young man of fashion (his least lifelike sketch); with an apple-seller on London Bridge, who was something of a fence and had erected Moll Flanders (surely the oddest patroness ever so selected) into a kind of patron saint; with a mysterious Armenian merchant of vast wealth, whom the young man, according to his own account, finally put on a kind of filibustering expedition against both the Sublime Porte and the White Czar, for the restoration of Armenian independence. At last, out of health with perpetual work 20 and low living, out of employ, his friends beyond call, he sees destruction before him, writes the *Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell* (name of fortunate omen!) almost at a heat and on a capital, fixed and floating, of eighteenpence, and disposes of it for twenty pounds by the special providence of the Muses. With this twenty pounds his journey into the blue distance begins. He travels, partly by coach, to somewhere near Salisbury, and gives the first of the curiously unfavourable portraits of stage coachmen, which remain to check Dickens's rose-coloured representations of 30 Mr. Weller and his brethren. I incline to think that Borrow's was likely to be the truer picture. According to him, the average stage coachman was anything but an amiable character, greedy, insolent to all but persons of wealth and rank, a hanger-on of those who might claim

either ; bruiser enough to be a bully but not enough to be anything more ; in short, one of the worst products of civilization. From civilization itself, however, Borrow soon disappears, as far as any traceable signs go. He journeys, not farther west but northwards, into the West Midlands and the marches of Wales. He buys a tinker's beat and fit-out from a feeble vessel of the craft, who has been expelled by 'the Flaming Tinman', a half-gipsy of robustious behaviour. He is met by old Mrs. Herne, the mother-in-law of his gipsy friend Jasper Petulengro, who resents a Gorgio's initiation in gipsy ways, and very nearly poisons him by the wily aid of her grand-daughter Leonora. He recovers, thanks to a Welsh travelling preacher and to castor oil. And then, when the Welshman has left him, comes the climax and turning-point of the whole story, the great fight with Jem Bosvile, 'the Flaming Tinman'. The much-abused adjective Homeric belongs in sober strictness to this immortal battle, which has the additional interest not thought of by Homer (for goddesses do not count) that Borrow's second and guardian angel is a young woman of great attractions and severe morality, Miss Isopel (or Belle) Berners, whose extraction, allowing for the bar sinister, is honourable, and who, her hands being fully able to keep her head, has sojourned without ill fortune in the Flaming Tinman's very disreputable company. Bosvile, vanquished by pluck and good fortune rather than strength, flees the place with his wife. Isopel remains behind and the couple take up their joint residence, a residence of perfect propriety, in this dingle, the exact locality of which I have always longed to know, that I might make an autumnal pilgrimage to it. Isopel, Brynhild as she is, would apparently have had no objection to be honourably wooed. But her eccentric companion confines himself to teaching her 'I love' in Armenian, which she finds unsatisfactory ;

and she at last departs, leaving a letter which tells Mr. Borrow some home truths. And, even before this catastrophe has been reached, *Lavengro* itself ends with a more startling abruptness than perhaps any nominally complete book before or since.

It would be a little interesting to know whether the continuation, *The Romany Rye*, which opens as if there had been no break whatever, was written continuously or with a break. At any rate its opening chapters contain the finish of the lamentable history of Belle Berners, which 10 must induce every reader of sensibility to trust that Borrow, in writing it, was only indulging in his very considerable faculty of perverse romancing. The chief argument to the contrary is, that surely no man, however imbued with romantic perversity, would have made himself cut so poor a figure as Borrow here does without cause. The gipsies 20 reappear to save the situation, and a kind of minor Belle Berners drama is played out with Ursula, Jasper's sister. Then the story takes another of its abrupt turns. Jasper, half in generosity it would appear, half in waywardness, insists on Borrow purchasing a thorough-bred horse which is for sale, advances the money, and dispatches him across England to Horncastle Fair to sell it. The usual Le Sage-like adventures occur, the oddest of them being the hero's residence for some considerable time as clerk and store-keeper at a great roadside inn. At last he reaches Horncastle, and sells the horse to advantage. Then the story closes as abruptly and mysteriously almost as that of *Lavengro*, with a long and in parts, it must be confessed, rather dull conversation between the hero, the Hungarian 30 who has bought the horse, and the dealer who has acted as go-between. This dealer, in honour of Borrow, of whom he has heard through the gipsies, executes the wasteful and very meaningless ceremony of throwing two bottles of old rose champagne, at a guinea apiece, through the

window. Even this is too dramatic a *finale* for Borrow's unconquerable singularity, and he adds a short dialogue between himself and a recruiting sergeant. And after this again there comes an appendix containing an *apologia* for *Lavengro*, a great deal more polemic against Romanism, some historical views of more originality than exactness, and a *diatribe* against gentility, Scotchmen, Scott, and other black beasts of Borrow's. This appendix has received from some professed admirers of the author a great deal  
10 more attention than it deserves. In the first place, it was evidently written in a fit of personal pique; in the second, it is chiefly argumentative, and Borrow had absolutely no argumentative faculty. To say that it contains a great deal of quaint and piquant writing is only to say that its writer wrote it, and though the description of 'Charlie-over-the-waterism' probably does not apply to any being who ever lived, except to a few school-girls of both sexes, it has a strong infusion of Borrow's satiric gift. As for the *diatribes* against gentility, Borrow has only done very  
20 clumsily what Thackeray had done long before without clumsiness. It can escape nobody who has read his books with a seeing eye that he was himself exceedingly proud, not merely of being a gentleman in the ethical sense, but of being one in the sense of station and extraction—as, by the way, the decriers of British snobbishness usually are, so that no special blame attaches to Borrow for the inconsistency. Only let it be understood, once for all, that to describe him as 'the apostle of the ungenteel' is either to speak in riddles or quite to misunderstand his  
30 real merits and abilities.

I believe that some of the small but fierce tribe of Borrowians are inclined to resent the putting of the last of this remarkable series, *Wild Wales*, on a level with the other three. With such I can by no means agree. *Wild Wales* has not, of course, the charm of unfamiliar scenery

and the freshness of youthful impression which distinguish *The Bible in Spain*; it does not attempt anything like the novel-interest of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*; and though, as has been pointed out above, something of Borrow's secret and mysterious way of indicating places survives, it is a pretty distinct itinerary over great part of the actual principality. I have followed most of its tracks on foot myself, and nobody who wants a Welsh guide-book can take a pleasanter one, though he might easily find one much less erratic. It may thus have, to io superficial observers, a positive and prosaic flavour as compared with the romantic character of the other three. But this distinction is not real. The tones are a little subdued, as was likely to be the case with an elderly gentleman of fifty, travelling with his wife and step-daughter, and not publishing the record of his travels till he was nearly ten years older. The localities are traceable on the map and in Murray, instead of being the enchanted dingles and the half-mythical woods of *Lavengro*. The personages of the former books return no more, though, 20 with one of his most excellent touches of art, the author has suggested the contrast of youth and age by a single gipsy interview in one of the later chapters. Borrow, like all sensible men, was at no time indifferent to good food and drink, especially good ale; but the trencher plays in *Wild Wales* a part, the importance of which may perhaps have shocked some of our latter-day delicates, to whom strong beer is a word of loathing, and who wonder how on earth our grandfathers and fathers used to dispose of 'black strap'. A very different set of readers may be 30 repelled by the strong literary colour of the book, which is almost a Welsh anthology in parts. But those few who can boast themselves to find the whole of a book, not merely its parts, and to judge that whole when found, will be not least fond of *Wild Wales*. If they have, as every

reader of Borrow should have, the spirit of the roads upon them, and are never more happy than when journeying on 'Shanks his mare', they will, of course, have in addition a peculiar and personal love for it. It is, despite the interludes of literary history, as full of Borrow's peculiar conversational gift as any of its predecessors. Its thumbnail sketches, if somewhat more subdued and less elaborate, are not less full of character. John Jones, the Dissenting weaver, who served Borrow at once as  
10 a guide and a whetstone of Welsh in the neighbourhood of Llangollen; the 'kenfigenous' Welshwoman who first, but by no means last, exhibited the curious local jealousy of a Welsh-speaking Englishman; the doctor and the Italian barometer-seller at Cerrig-y-Druidion; the 'best Pridydd of the world' in Anglesey, with his unlucky addiction to beer and flattery; the waiter at Bala; the 'ecclesiastical cat' (a cat worthy to rank with those of Southey and Gautier); the characters of the walk across the hills from Machynlleth to the Devil's Bridge; the  
20 scene at the public-house in the Glamorgan Border, where the above-mentioned jealousy comes out so strongly; the mad Irishwoman, Johanna Colgan (a masterpiece by herself); and the Irish girl, with her hardly inferior history of the faction-fights of Scotland Road (which Borrow, by a mistake, has put in Manchester instead of in Liverpool); these make a list which I have written down merely as they occurred to me, without opening the book, and without prejudice to another list, nearly as long, which might be added. *Wild Wales*, too, because  
30 of its easy and direct opportunity of comparing its description with the originals, is particularly valuable as showing how sober, and yet how forcible, Borrow's descriptions are. As to incident, one often, as before, suspects him of romancing, and it stands to reason that his dialogue, written long after the event, must be full of the 'cocked-hat-and-cane'

style of narrative. But his description, while it has all the vividness, has also all the faithfulness and sobriety of the best landscape-painting. See a place which Kingsley or Mr. Ruskin, or some other master of our decorative school, has described—much more one which has fallen into the hands of the small fry of their imitators—and you are almost sure to find that it has been overdone. This is never, or hardly ever, the case with Borrow, and it is so rare a merit, when it is found in a man who does not shirk description where necessary, that it deserves to be counted to him at no grudging rate.

But there is no doubt that the distinguishing feature of the book is its survey of Welsh poetical literature. I have already confessed that I am not qualified to judge the accuracy of Borrow's translations, and by no means disposed to over-value them. But any one who takes an interest in literature at all, must, I think, feel that interest not a little excited by the curious Old-Mortality-like peregrinations which the author of *Wild Wales* made to the birth-place, or the burial-place as it might be, of bard after bard, and by the short but masterly accounts which he gives of the objects of his search. Of none of the numerous subjects of his linguistic rovings does Borrow seem to have been fonder, putting Romany aside, than of Welsh. He learnt it in a peculiarly contraband manner originally, which, no doubt, endeared it to him; it was little known to and often ridiculed by most Englishmen, which was another attraction; and it was extremely unlikely to 'pay' in any way, which was a third. Perhaps he was not such an adept in it as he would have us believe. . . . But it needs no knowledge of Welsh whatever to perceive the genuine enthusiasm, and the genuine range of his acquaintance with the language from the purely literary side. When he tells us that Ab Gwilym was a greater poet than Ovid or Chaucer I feel considerable

doubts whether he was quite competent to understand Ovid and little or no doubt that he has done wrong to Chaucer. But when, leaving these idle comparisons, he luxuriates in details about Ab Gwilym himself, and his poems, and his lady loves, and so forth, I have no doubt about Borrow's appreciation (casual prejudices always excepted) of literature. Nor is it easy to exaggerate the charm which he has added to Welsh scenery by this constant identification of it with the men, and the deeds, and to the words of the past.

Little has been said hitherto of Borrow's more purely literary characteristics from the point of view of formal criticism. They are sufficiently interesting. He unites with a general plainness of speech and writing, not unworthy of Defoe or Cobbett, a very odd and complicated mannerism, which, as he had the wisdom to make it the seasoning and not the main substance of his literary fare, is never disgusting. The secret of this may be, no doubt, in part sought in his early familiarity with a great many foreign languages, some of whose idioms he transplanted into English: but this is by no means the whole of the receipt. Perhaps it is useless to examine analytically that receipt's details, or rather (for the analysis may be said to be compulsory on any one who calls himself a critic), useless to offer its results to the reader. One point which can escape no one who reads with his eyes open is the frequent, yet not too abundant, repetition of the same or very similar words—a point wherein much of the secret of persons so dissimilar as Carlyle, Borrow, and Thackeray consists. This is a well-known fact—so well known indeed that when a person who desires to acquire style hears of it, he often goes and does likewise, with what result all reviewers know. The peculiarity of Borrow, as far as I can mark it, is that, despite his strong mannerism, he never relies on it as too many others, great and small, are

wont to do. The character sketches, of which, as I have said, he is so abundant a master, are always put in the plainest and simplest English. So are his flashes of ethical reflection, which, though like all ethical reflections often one-sided, are of the first order of insight. I really do not know that, in the mint-and-anise-and-cummin order of criticism, I have more than one charge to make against Borrow. That is that he, like other persons of his own and the immediately preceding time, is wont to make a most absurd misuse of the word individual. With Borrow 'individual' means simply 'person': a piece of literary gentility of which he, of all others, ought to have been ashamed.

But such criticism has but very little propriety in the case of a writer, whose attraction is neither mainly nor in any very great degree one of pure form. His early critics compared him to Le Sage, and the comparison is natural. But if it is natural, it is not extraordinarily critical. Both men wrote of vagabonds, and to some extent of picaroons; both neglected the conventionalities of their own language and literature; both had a singular knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage is one of the most impersonal of all great writers, and Borrow is one of the most personal. And it is undoubtedly in the revelation of his personality that great part of his charm lies. It is, as has been fully acknowledged, a one-sided, wrong-headed, not always quite right-hearted personality. But it is intensely English, possessing at the same time a certain strain of romance which the other John Bulls of literature mostly lack, and which John Bunyan, the king of them all, only reached within the limits, still more limited than Borrow's, of purely religious, if not purely ecclesiastical, interests. A born grumbler; a person with an intense appetite for the good things of this life; profoundly impressed with, and at the same time sceptically critical of, the bad or

A man of distinct character undivided  
person stands in the crowd

good things of another life ; apt, as he somewhere says himself, 'to hit people when he is not pleased' ; illogical ; constantly right in general, despite his extremely round-about ways of reaching his conclusion ; sometimes absurd, and yet full of humour ; alternately prosaic and capable of the highest poetry ; George Borrow, Cornishman on the father's side and Huguenot on the mother's, managed to display in perfection most of the characteristics of what once was, and let us hope has not quite ceased to be, the English type. If he had a slight overdose of Celtic blood and Celtic peculiarity, it was more than made up by the readiness of literary expression which it gave him. He, if any one, bore an English heart, though, as there often has been in Englishmen, there was something perhaps more as well as something less than English in his fashion of expression.

To conclude, Borrow has—what after all is the chief mark of a great writer—distinction. 'Try to be like somebody', said the unlucky critic-bookseller to Lamartine ; and he has been gibbeted for it, very justly, for the best part of a century. It must be admitted that 'try not to be like other people', though a much more fashionable, is likely to be quite as disastrous a recommendation. But the great writers, whether they try to be like other people or try not to be like them (and sometimes in the first case most of all), succeed only in being themselves, and that is what Borrow does. His attraction is rather complex, and different parts of it may, and no doubt do, apply with differing force to this and that reader. One may be fascinated by his pictures of an unconventional and open-air life, the very possibilities of which are to a great extent lost in our days, though patches of ground here and there in England (notably the tracts of open ground between Cromer and Wells in Borrow's own county) still recall them. To others he may be attractive for his

sturdy patriotism, or his adventurous and wayward spirit, or his glimpses of superstition and romance. The racy downrightness of his talk; the axioms, such as that to the Welsh alewife, 'The goodness of ale depends less upon who brews it than upon what it is brewed of'; or the sarcastic touches as that of the dapper shopkeeper, who, regarding the funeral of Byron, observed, 'I, too, am frequently unhappy', may each and all have their votaries. His literary devotion to literature would, perhaps, of itself attract few; for, as has been hinted, it partook very much <sup>of</sup> 10 of the character of will-worship, and there are few people who like any will-worship in letters except their own; but it adds to his general attraction, no doubt, in the case of many. That neither it, nor any other of his claims, has yet forced itself as it should on the general public is an undoubted fact; a fact not difficult to understand, though rather difficult fully to explain, at least without some air of superior knowingness and taste. Yet he has, as has been said, his devotees, and I think they are likely rather to increase than to decrease. He wants editing, for his <sup>20</sup> allusive fashion of writing probably makes a great part of him nearly unintelligible to those who have not from their youth up devoted themselves to the acquisition of useless knowledge. There ought to be a good life of him. The great mass of his translations, published and unpublished, and the smaller mass of his early hackwork, no doubt deserve judicious excerption. If professed philologers were not even more ready than most other specialists each to excommunicate all the others except himself and his own particular Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, it would be <sup>30</sup> rather interesting to hear what some modern men of many languages have to say to Borrow's linguistic achievements. But all these things are only desirable embellishments and assistances. His real claims and his real attractions are comprised in four small volumes, the purchase of which,

not very good writing  
done by one who  
one who

under modern arrangements of booksellers, leaves some change out of a sovereign, and which will about half fill the ordinary bag used for briefs and dynamite. It is not a large literary baggage, and it does not attempt any very varied literary kinds. If not exactly a novelist in any one of his books, Borrow is a romancer, in the true and not the ironic sense of the word, in all of them. He has not been approached in merit by any romancer who has published books in our days, except Charles Kingsley; and his work, if less varied in range and charm than Kingsley's, has a much stronger and more concentrated flavour. Moreover, he is the one English writer of our time, and perhaps of times still farther back, who seems never to have tried to be anything but himself; who went his own way all his life long with complete indifference to what the public or the publishers liked, as well as to what canons of literary form and standards of literary perfection seemed to indicate as best worth aiming at. A most self-sufficient person was Borrow, in the good and ancient sense, as well as, to some extent, in the sense which is bad and modern. And what is more, he was not only a self-sufficient person, but is very sufficient also to the tastes of all those who love good English and good literature.

**Selections from  
GEORGE BORROW**

### *Lines to Six-Foot Three*

A LAD, who twenty tongues can talk,  
And sixty miles a day can walk ;  
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,  
And then be neither sick nor dumb ;  
Can tune a song, and make a verse,  
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse ;  
Who never will forsake his friend,  
While he his bony fist can bend ;  
And, though averse to brawl and strife,  
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife.  
O that is just the lad for me,  
And such is honest six-foot three.

A braver being ne'er had birth  
Since God first kneaded man from earth ;  
O, I have cause to know him well,  
As Ferroe's blacken'd rocks can tell.  
Who was it did, at Suderöe,  
The deed no other dar'd to do ?  
Who was it, when the Boff had burst,  
And whelm'd me in its womb accurst—  
Who was it dash'd amid the wave,  
With frantic zeal, my life to save ?  
Who was it flung the rope to me ?  
O, who, but honest six-foot three !

Who was it taught my willing tongue,  
The songs that Braga fram'd and sung ?  
Who was it op'd to me the store  
Of dark unearthly Runic lore,

*Scandinavia*

And taught me to beguile my time  
With Denmark's aged and witching rhyme :  
To rest in thought in Elvir shades,  
And hear the song of fairy maids ;  
Or climb the top of Dovrefeld,  
Where magic knights their muster held ?  
Who was it did all this for me ?  
O, who, but honest six-foot three !

Wherever fate shall bid me roam,  
Far, far from social joy and home ; 10  
'Mid burning Afric's desert sands,  
Or wild Kamschatka's frozen lands ;  
Bit by the poison-loaded breeze,  
Or blasts which clog with ice the seas ;  
In lowly cot or lordly hall,  
In beggar's rags or robes of pall,  
'Mong robber-bands or honest men,  
In crowded town or forest den,  
I never will unmindful be  
Of what I owe to six-foot three. 20

That form which moves with giant-grace ;  
That wild, though not unhandsome, face ;  
That voice which sometimes in its tone  
Is softer than the wood-dove's moan,  
At others, louder than the storm  
Which beats the side of old Cairn Gorm ;  
That hand, as white as falling snow,  
Which yet can fell the stoutest foe ;  
And, last of all, that noble heart,  
Which ne'er from honour's path would start, 30  
Shall never be forgot by me—  
So farewell, honest six-foot three !

### *The Viper*

It happened that my brother and myself were playing one evening in a sandy lane, in the neighbourhood of this Pett camp ; our mother was at a slight distance. All of a sudden, a bright yellow, and, to my infantine eye, beautiful and glorious object made its appearance at the top of the bank from between the thick quickset, and, gliding down, began to move across the lane to the other side, like a line of golden light. Uttering a cry of pleasure, I sprang forward, and seized it nearly by the middle. A strange sensation of numbing coldness seemed to pervade my whole arm, which surprised me the more as the object to the eye appeared so warm and sunlike. I did not drop it, however, but, holding it up, looked at it intently, as its head dangled about a foot from my hand. It made no resistance ; I felt not even the slightest struggle ; but now my brother began to scream and shriek like one possessed. ‘ Oh, mother, mother ! ’ said he, ‘ the viper ! —my brother has a viper in his hand ! ’ He then, like one frantic, made an effort to snatch the creature away from me. The viper now hissed again, and raised its head, in which were eyes like hot coals, menacing, not myself, but my brother. I dropped my captive, for I saw my mother running towards me ; and the reptile, after standing for a moment nearly erect, and still hissing furiously, made off, and disappeared. The whole scene is now before me, as vividly as if it occurred yesterday—the gorgeous viper, my poor dear frantic brother, my agitated parent, and a frightened hen clucking under the bushes—and yet I was not three years old. (Lavengro, ch. ii.)

### *The Snake-Hunter*

IN going to and from this place [Norman Cross] I frequently passed a tall elderly individual, dressed in rather a quaint fashion, with a skin cap on his head and stout

gaiters on his legs ; on his shoulders hung a moderate-sized leathern sack ; he seemed fond of loitering near sunny banks, and of groping amidst furze and low scrubby bramble bushes, of which there were plenty in the neighbourhood of Norman Cross. Once I saw him standing in the middle of a dusty road, looking intently at a large mark which seemed to have been drawn across it, as if by a walking-stick. 'He must have been a large one,' the old man muttered half to himself, 'or he would not have left such a trail. I wonder if he is near ; he seems to have moved this way.' He then went behind some bushes which grew on the right side of the road, and appeared to be in quest of something, moving behind the bushes with his head downwards, and occasionally striking the roots with his foot : at length he exclaimed, 'Here he is !' and forthwith I saw him dart amongst the bushes. There was a kind of scuffling noise, the rustling of branches, and the crackling of dry sticks. 'I have him !' said the man at last ; 'I have got him !' and presently he made his appearance about twenty yards down the road, holding a large viper in his hand. 'What do you think of that, my boy ?' said he, as I went up to him—'what do you think of catching such a thing as that with the naked hand ?' 'What do I think ?' said I. 'Why, that I could do as much myself.' 'You do,' said the man, 'do you ? Lord ! how the young people in these days are given to conceit ; it did not use to be so in my time : when I was a child, childer knew how to behave themselves ; but the childer of these days are full of conceit, full of froth, like the mouth of this viper ' ; and with his forefinger and thumb he squeezed a considerable quantity of foam from the jaws of the viper down upon the road. 'The childer of these days are a generation of—God forgive me, what was I about to say !' said the old man ; and opening his bag he thrust the reptile into it, which appeared far from empty. I passed on. As I was

returning, towards the evening, I overtook the old man, who was wending in the same direction. 'Good evening to you, sir,' said I, taking off a cap which I wore on my head. 'Good evening,' said the old man; and then, looking at me, 'How's this?' said he, 'you ar'n't, sure, the child I met in the morning?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I am; what makes you doubt it?' 'Why, you were then all froth and conceit,' said the old man, 'and now you take off your cap to me.' 'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'if I was so frothy and conceited, it ill becomes a child like me to be so.'

'That's true, dear,' said the old man; 'well, as you have begged my pardon, I truly forgive you.' 'Thank you,' said I; 'have you caught any more of those things?' 'Only four or five,' said the old man; 'they are getting scarce, though this used to be a great neighbourhood for them.' 'And what do you do with them?' said I; 'do you carry them home and play with them?' 'I sometimes play with one or two that I tame,' said the old man; 'but I hunt them mostly for the fat which they contain, out of 20 which I make unguents which are good for various sore troubles, especially for the rheumatism.' 'And do you get your living by hunting these creatures?' I demanded. 'Not altogether,' said the old man; 'besides being a viper hunter, I am what they call a herbalist, one who knows the virtue of particular herbs; I gather them at the proper season, to make medicines with for the sick.' 'And do you live in the neighbourhood?' I demanded. 'You seem very fond of asking questions, child. No, I do not live in this neighbourhood in particular, I travel about; I have not 30 been in this neighbourhood till lately for some years.'

(*Lavengro, ch. iv.*)

*The Gipsies*

ONE day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before ; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider ; in the middle was a drift-way with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover ; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention. <sup>10</sup> Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling ; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground and fronting each other, connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas which was but partially drawn across the top ; upon <sup>20</sup> the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron ; my advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire ; they were both busily employed—the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her ; suddenly the man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and <sup>30</sup> himself were on their feet and rushing out upon me.

I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee.

I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire ; the woman was a stout figure, seemingly between thirty and forty ; she wore no cap, and her long hair fell on either side of her head like horse-tails half-way down her waist ; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil ; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she wore a coarse petticoat,  
10 her only other article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of a figure equally wild ; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry ; his complexion was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, was more ruddy than livid ; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a halfpenny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure ; in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather ; over a waistcoat of hide, untanned and with the  
20 hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue ; small-clothes of leather, which had probably once belonged to a soldier, but with which pipe-clay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knees ; his legs were cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles.

Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me ; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand.

30 'So I have caught you at last,' said he ; 'I'll teach ye, you young highwayman, to come skulking about my properties !'

'Your properties ?' said I ; 'I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there, if you did not wish them to be seen ?'

'On the spy,' said the woman, 'hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge.'

'So we will,' said the man, 'drown him anon in the mud!'

'Drown me, will you?' said I; 'I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there ——'

'Yes,' said the woman; 'what was I about?'

*Myself.* How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!

10

'I'll strangle thee!' said the beldame, dashing at me.  
'Bad money, is it?'

'Leave him to me, wifelkin,' said the man, interposing; 'you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane.'

*Myself.* I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

*Man.* What do you mean, ye Bengui's bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life: playman's speech or 20 Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that —— Tiny Jesus! what have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle, with 30 which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner

*Signifying strongly  
and*

for some time ; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor.

' I say, wifelkin,' said he in a faltering tone, ' did you ever see the like of this here ? '

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle ; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word ; and I wondered what it could be, for I knew by the sound that it was not French. At last the man, in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool, which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, close by the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.

*Man.* Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent ; we wish to be civil in our slight way. Don't be angry, and say no ; but look kindly upon us, and satisfied, my precious little God Almighty.

*Woman.* Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies' fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two ; only first put that serpent away.

*Myself.* I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to sleep, that's easy enough ; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that ? I have not got one, and where am I to get it ?

*Woman.* Never fear, my tiny tawny, we can give you one, such as you never ate, I daresay, however far you may have come from.

The serpent sunk into his usual resting-place, and I sat

down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top ; but, ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw, to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark-green hue, tempting enough to one of my age. 'There, my tiny,' said she ; 'taste, and tell me how you like them.'

'Very much,' said I ; 'where did you get them ?'

The beldame leered upon me for a moment, then, nodding to her head thrice, with a knowing look, said, 'Who knows better than yourself, my tawny ?'

Now, I knew nothing about the matter ; but I saw that these strange people had conceived a very high opinion of the abilities of their visitor, which I was nothing loath to encourage. I therefore answered boldly, 'Ah ! who indeed !'

'Certainly,' said the man ; 'who should know better than yourself, or so well ? And now, my tiny one, let me ask you one thing—you didn't come to do us any harm ?'

'No,' said I, 'I had no dislike to you ; though, if you were to meddle with me —'

*Man.* Of course, my gorgeous, of course you would ; and quite right too. Meddle with you !—what right have we ? I should say, it would not be quite safe. I see how it is ; you are one of them there ; and he bent his head towards his left shoulder.

*Myself.* Yes, I am one of them—for I thought he was alluding to the soldiers—you had best mind what you are about, I can tell you.

*Man.* Don't doubt we will for our own sake ; Lord bless you, wifelkin, only think that we should see one of them there when we least thought about it. Well, I have heard of such things, though I have never thought to see one ; however, seeing is believing. Well ! now you are come,

and are not going to do us any mischief, I hope you will stay ; you can do us plenty of good if you will.

*Myslef.* What good could I do you ?

*Man.* What good ? plenty ! Would you not bring us luck ? I have heard say, that one of them there always does, if it will but settle down. Stay with us, you shall have a tilted cart all to yourself if you like. We'll make you our little God Almighty, and say our prayers to you every morning !

10 *Myslef.* That would be nice ; and if you were to give me plenty of these things, I should have no objection. But what would my father say ? I think he would hardly let me.

*Man.* Why not ? he would be with you ; and kindly would we treat him. Indeed, without your father you would be nothing at all.

*Myslef.* That 's true ; but I do not think he could be spared from his regiment. I have heard him say that they could do nothing without him.

20 *Man.* His regiment ! What are you talking about ?—what does the child mean ?

*Myslef.* What do I mean ? why, that my father is an officer-man at the barracks yonder, keeping guard over the French prisoners.

*Man.* Oh ! then that sap is not your father ?

*Myslef.* What, the snake ? Why, no ! Did you think he was ?

*Man.* To be sure, we did. Didn't you tell me so ?

30 *Myslef.* Why, yes ; but who would have thought you would have believed it ? It is a tame one. I hunt vipers and tame them.

*Man.* O—h !

• 'O—h ! ' grunted the woman, ' that 's it, is it ? '

(*Lavengro, ch. v.*)

*Robinson Crusoe*

THE binding was of dingy calfskin. I opened it, and as I did so another strange thrill of pleasure shot through my frame. The first object on which my eyes rested was a picture ; it was exceedingly well executed, at least the scene which it represented made a vivid impression upon me, which would hardly have been the case had the artist not been faithful to nature. A wild scene it was—a heavy sea and rocky shore, with mountains in the back-ground, above which the moon was peering. Not far from the shore, upon the water, was a boat with two figures in it, one of 10 which stood at the bow, pointing with what I knew to be a gun at a dreadful shape in the water ; fire was flashing from the muzzle of the gun, and the monster appeared to be transfix'd. I almost thought I heard its cry. I remained motionless, gazing upon the picture, scarcely daring to draw my breath, lest the new and wondrous world should vanish of which I had now obtained a glimpse. ‘ Who are those people, and what could have brought them into that strange situation ? ’ I asked of myself ; and now the seed of curiosity, which had so long lain dormant, began to expand, 20 and I vowed to myself to become speedily acquainted with the whole history of the people in the boat. After looking on the picture till every mark and line in it were familiar to me, I turned over various leaves till I came to another engraving ; a new source of wonder—a low sandy beach on which the furious sea was breaking in mountain-like billows ; cloud and rack deformed the firmament, which wore a dull and leaden-like hue ; gulls and other aquatic fowls were toppling upon the blast, or skimming over the tops of the maddening waves—‘ Mercy upon him ! he must 30 be drowned ! ’ I exclaimed, as my eyes fell upon a poor wretch who appeared to be striving to reach the shore ; he was upon his legs, but was evidently half smothered with

the brine ; high above his head curled a horrible billow, as if to engulf him for ever. ‘ He must be drowned ! he must be drowned ! ’ I almost shrieked, and dropped the book. I soon snatched it up again, and now my eye lighted on a third picture : again a shore, but what a sweet and lovely one, and how I wished to be treading it ; there were beautiful shells lying on the smooth white sand, some were empty like those I had occasionally seen on marble mantelpieces, but out of others peered the heads and bodies of wondrous crayfish ; a wood of thick green trees skirted the beach and partly shaded it from the rays of the sun, which shone hot above, while blue waves slightly crested with foam were gently curling against it ; there was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, clad in the skins of animals, with a huge cap on his head, a hatchet at his girdle, and in his hand a gun ; his feet and legs were bare ; he stood in an attitude of horror and surprise ; his body was bent far back, and his eyes, which seemed starting out of his head, were fixed upon a mark on the sand—a large distinct mark—a human footprint !

Reader, is it necessary to name the book which now stood open in my hand, and whose very prints, feeble expounders of its wondrous lines, had produced within me emotions strange and novel ? Scarcely, for it was a book which has exerted over the minds of Englishmen an influence certainly greater than any other of modern times, which has been in most people’s hands, and with the contents of which even those who cannot read are to a certain extent acquainted ; a book from which the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration ; a book, moreover, to which, from the hardy deeds which it narrates and the spirit of strange and romantic enterprise which it tends to awaken, England owes many of her astonishing discoveries both by sea and land, and no inconsiderable part of her naval glory.

Hail to thee, spirit of De Foe ! What does not my own poor self owe to thee ? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier far than De Foe, ‘ unabashed De Foe,’ as the hunchbacked rhymier styled him.

(*Lavengro, ch. iii.*)

### *Murtagh*

THERE I made acquaintance with the Papist ‘ gasoons’, as they were called, the farmers’ sons from the country ; and of these gasoons, of which there were three, two might be reckoned as nothing at all ; in the third, however, I soon discovered that there was something extraordinary. <sup>10</sup>

He was about sixteen years old, and above six feet high, dressed in a grey suit ; the coat, from its size, appeared to have been made for him some ten years before. He was remarkably narrow-chested and round-shouldered, owing, perhaps, as much to the tightness of his garment as to the hand of nature. His face was long, and his complexion swarthy, relieved, however, by certain freckles, with which the skin was plentifully studded. He had strange wandering eyes, grey, and somewhat unequal in size ; they seldom rested on the book, but were generally wandering about the <sup>20</sup> room, from one object to another. Sometimes he would fix them intently on the wall, and then suddenly starting, as if from a reverie, he would commence making certain mysterious movements with his thumbs and forefingers, as if he were shuffling something from him.

One morning, as he sat by himself on a bench, engaged in this manner, I went up to him, and said, ‘ Good day, Murtagh ; you do not seem to have much to do ? ’

‘ Faith, you may say that, Shorsha dear !—it is seldom much to do that I have.’

<sup>30</sup>

‘ And what are you doing with your hands ? ’

‘ Faith, then, if I must tell you, I was e’en dealing with the cards.’

' Do you play much at cards ? '

' Sorra a game, Shorsha, have I played with the cards since my uncle Phelim, the thief, stole away the ould pack, when he went to settle in the county Waterford ! '

' But you have other things to do ? '

' Sorra anything else has Murtagh to do that he cares about ; and that makes me dread so going home at nights.'

' I should like to know all about you ; where do you live, joy ? '

10 ' Faith, then, ye shall know all about me, and where I live. It is at a place called the Wilderness that I live, and they call it so, because it is a fearful wild place, without any house near it but my father's own ; and that 's where I live when at home.'

' And your father is a farmer, I suppose ? '

' You may say that ; and it is a farmer I should have been, like my brother Denis, had not my uncle Phelim, the thief ! tould my father to send me to school, to learn Greek letters, that I might be made a saggart of, and sent to Paris 20 and Salamanca.'

' And you would rather be a farmer than a priest ? '

' You may say that !—for, were I a farmer, like the rest, I should have something to do, like the rest—something that I cared for—and I should come home tired at night, and fall asleep, as the rest do, before the fire ; but when I comes home at night I am not tired, for I have been doing nothing all day that I care for ; and then I sits down and stares about me, and at the fire, till I become frightened ; and then I shouts to my brother Denis, or to the gasoons,

30 " Get up, I say, and let 's be doing something ; tell us the tale of Finn-ma-Coul, and how he lay down in the Shannon's bed, and let the river flow down his jaws ! " Arrah, Shorsha, I wish you would come and stay with us, and tell us some o' your sweet stories of your own self and the snake ye carried about wid ye. Faith, Shorsha dear ! that snake

bates anything about Finn-ma-Coul or Brian Boroo, the thieves two, bad luck to them ?'

' And do they get up and tell you stories ? '

' Sometimes they does, but oftenmost they curses me, and bids me be quiet ! But I can't be quiet, either before the fire or abed ; so I runs out of the house, and stares at the rocks, at the trees, and sometimes at the clouds, as they run a race across the bright moon ; and, the more I stares, the more frightened I grows, till I screeches and holloas. And last night I went into the barn, and hid my <sup>10</sup> face in the straw ; and there, as I lay and shivered in the straw, I heard a voice above my head singing out " To whit, to whoo ! " and then up I starts, and runs into the house, and falls over my brother Denis, as he lies at the fire. " What's that for ? " says he. " Get up, you thief ! " says I, " and be helping me. I have been out in the barn, and an owl has crow'd at me ! " '

' And what has this to do with playing at cards ? '

' Little enough, Shorsha dear !—If there were card-playing, I should not be frightened.' <sup>20</sup>

' And why do you not play at cards ? '

' Did I not tell you that the thief, my uncle Phelim, stole away the pack ? If we had the pack, my brother Denis and the gasoons would be ready enough to get up from their sleep before the fire, and play cards with me for ha'pence, or eggs, or nothing at all ; but the pack is gone—bad luck to the thief who took it ! '

' And why don't you buy another ? '

' Is it of buying you are speaking ? And where am I to get the money.' <sup>30</sup>

' Ah ! that's another thing ! '

' Faith, it is, honey !—And now the Christmas holidays is coming, when I shall be at home by day as well as night, and then what am I to do ? Since I have been a-saggarting, I have been good for nothing at all—neither for work nor

Greek—only to play cards! Faith, it's going mad I will be !'

' I say, Murtagh ! '

' Yes, Shorsha dear ! '

' I have a pack of cards.'

' You don't say so, Shorsha ma yourneen? you don't say that you have cards fifty-two ?'

' I do, though ; and they are quite new—never been once used.'

10 ' And you'll be lending them to me, I warrant ? '

' Don't think it!—But I'll sell them to you, joy, if you like.'

' Hanam mon Dioul! am I not after telling you that I have no money at all ? '

' But you have as good as money, to me, at least ; and I'll take it in exchange.'

' What's that, Shorsha dear ? '

' Irish ! '

' Irish ? '

20 ' Yes, you speak Irish ; I heard you talking it the other day to the cripple. You shall teach me Irish.'

' And is it a language-master you'd be making of me ? '

. ' To be sure ! what better can you do ? it would help you to pass your time at school. You can't learn Greek, so you must teach Irish ! '

Before Christmas, Murtagh was playing at cards with his brother Denis, and I could speak a considerable quantity of broken Irish.

(*Lavengro, ch. x.*)

### *Cuckoos and Gipsies*

' You should learn to read, Jasper.'

' We have no time, brother.'

30 ' Are you not frequently idle ? '

' Never, brother ; when we are not engaged in our traffic, we are engaged in taking our relaxation : so we have no time to learn.'

*recreation*

' You really should make an effort. If you were disposed to learn to read, I would endeavour to assist you. You would be all the better for knowing how to read.'

' In what way, brother ? '

' Why, you could read the Scriptures, and, by so doing, learn your duty towards your fellow-creatures.'

' We know that already, brother ; the constables and justices have contrived to knock that tolerably into our heads.'

' Yet you frequently break the laws.'

' So, I believe, do now and then those who know how to read, brother.'

' Very true, Jasper ; but you really ought to learn to read, as, by so doing, you might learn your duty towards yourselves : and your chief duty is to take care of your own souls ; did not the preacher say, ' In what is a man profited, provided he gain the whole world ? ' *of the world*

' We have not much of the world, brother.'

' Very little indeed, Jasper. Did you not observe how the eyes of the whole congregation were turned towards our <sup>20</sup> pew, when the preacher said, " There are some people who lose their souls, and get nothing in exchange ; who are outcast, despised, and miserable ? " Now, was not what he said quite applicable to the gipsies ? '*Seaford*  
*closed*

' We are not miserable, brother.'

' Well, then, you ought to be, Jasper. Have you an inch of ground of your own ? Are you of the least use ? Are you not spoken ill of by everybody ? What 's a gipsy ? '

' What 's the bird noising yonder, brother ? '

' The bird ! oh, that 's the cuckoo tolling ; but what has <sup>30</sup> the cuckoo to do with the matter ? '

' We 'll see, brother ; what 's the cuckoo ? '

' What is it ? you know as much about it as myself, Jasper.'

' Isn 't it a kind of roguish, chaffing bird, brother ? '

- ' I believe it is, Jasper.'
- ' Nobody knows whence it comes, brother ? '
- ' I believe not, Jasper.'
- ' Very poor, brother, not a nest of its own ? '
- ' So they say, Jasper.'
- ' With every person's bad word, brother ? '
- ' Yes, Jasper, every person is mocking it.'
- ' Tolerably merry, brother ? '
- ' Yes, tolerably merry, Jasper.'
- 10 ' Of no use at all, brother ? '
- ' None whatever, Jasper.'
- ' You would be glad to get rid of the cuckoos, brother ? '
- ' Why, not exactly, Jasper ; the cuckoo is a pleasant, funny bird, and its presence and voice give a great charm to the green trees and fields ; no, I can't say I wish exactly to get rid of the cuckoo.'
- ' Well, brother, what's a Romany chal ? '
- ' You must answer that question yourself, Jasper.'
- ' A roguish, chaffing fellow, a'n't he, brother ? '
- 20 ' Aye, aye, Jasper.'
- ' Of no use at all, brother ? '
- ' Just so, Jasper ; I see ——'
- ' Something very much like a cuckoo, brother ? '
- ' I see what you are after, Jasper.'
- ' You would like to get rid of us, wouldn't you ? '
- ' Why, no, not exactly.'
- ' We are no ornament to the green lanes in spring and summer time, are we, brother ? and the voices of our chies, with their cukkerin and dukkerin, don't help to make them 30 pleasant ? '
- ' I see what you are at, Jasper.'
- ' You would wish to turn the cuckoos into barn-door fowls, wouldn't you ? '
- ' Can't say I should, Jasper, whatever some people might wish.'

'And the chals and chies into radical weavers and factory wenches, hey, brother ?'

'Can't say that I should, Jasper. You are certainly a picturesque people, and in many respects an ornament both to town and country.'

'Just as you would the cuckoos, if they were all converted into barn-door fowls. I tell you what, brother ; frequently as I have sat under a hedge in spring or summer time, and heard the cuckoo, I have thought that we chals and cuckoos are alike in many respects, but especially in character. Everybody speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again.' (*Romany Rye, ch. ix.*)

### *The Quaker*

THERE I sat upon the bank, at the bottom of the hill which slopes down from 'the Earl's Home' ; my float was on the waters, and my back was towards the old hall. I drew up many fish, small and great, which I took from off the hook mechanically, and flung upon the bank, for I was almost unconscious of what I was about, for my mind was not with my fish. I was thinking of my earlier years—of the Scottish crags and the heaths of Ireland—and sometimes my mind 20 would dwell on my studies—on the sonorous stanzas of Dante, rising and falling like the waves of the sea—or would strive to remember a couplet or two of poor Monsieur Boileau.

'Canst thou answer to thy conscience for pulling all those fish out of the water and leaving them to gasp in the sun ?' said a voice, clear and sonorous as a bell.

I started, and looked round. Close behind me stood the tall figure of a man, dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the 30 prime and vigour of manhood ; his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence ; at least

I thought so, though they were somewhat shaded by a hat of finest beaver, with broad drooping eaves.

' Surely that is a very cruel diversion in which thou indulgest, my young friend ? ' he continued.

' I am sorry for it, if it be, sir,' said I, rising ; ' but I do not think it cruel to fish.'

' What are thy reasons for thinking so ? '

' Fishing is mentioned frequently in Scripture. Simon Peter was a fisherman.'

10 ' True ; and Andrew his brother. But thou forgettest ; they did not follow fishing as a diversion, as I fear thou doest.—Thou readest the Scriptures ? '

' Sometimes.'

' Sometimes ?—not daily ?—that is to be regretted. What profession dost thou make ?—I mean to what religious denomination dost thou belong, my young friend ? '

' Church.'

' It is a very good profession—there is much of Scripture contained in its liturgy. Dost thou read aught beside the 20 Scriptures ? '

' Sometimes.'

' What dost thou read besides ? '

' Greek, and Dante.'

' Indeed ! then thou hast the advantage over myself ; I can only read the former. Well, I am rejoiced to find that thou hast other pursuits beside thy fishing. Dost thou know Hebrew ? '

' No.'

' Thou shouldst study it. Why dost thou not undertake 30 the study ? '

' I have no books.'

' I will lend thee books, if thou wish to undertake the study. I live yonder at the hall, as perhaps thou knowest. I have a library there, in which are many curious books, both in Greek and Hebrew, which I will show to thee,

whenever thou mayest find it convenient to come and see me. Farewell! I am glad to find that thou hast pursuits more satisfactory than thy cruel fishing.' (*Lavengro, ch. xv.*)

### *Marshland Shales*

AN old man draws nigh, he is mounted on a lean pony, and he leads by the bridle one of these animals ; nothing very remarkable about that creature, unless in being smaller than the rest and gentle, which they are not ; he is not of the sightliest look ; he is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But, stay ! there is something remarkable about that horse, there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest ; as he advances, the clamour is hushed ! all eyes are turned upon him—what looks of interest—of respect—and, what is this ? people are taking off their hats—surely not to that steed ! Yes, verily ! men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn ah !

'What horse is that ?' said I to a very old fellow, the counterpart of the old man on the pony, save that the last wore a faded suit of velveteen, and this one was dressed in a white frock.

'The best in mother England,' said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth, and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest ; 'he is old like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my swain—tall and overgrown ones like thee never does—yet if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great-grandboys thou hast seen Marshland Shales.'

A main I did for the horse what I would neither do for an earl or baron, doffed my hat ; yes ! I doffed my hat to the wondrous horse, the fast trotter, the best in mother England ;

*put off*

and I, too, drew a deep ah ! and repeated the words of the old fellows around. 'Such a horse as this we shall never see again ; a pity that he is so old.' (*Lavengro, ch. xvi.*)

Jasper Petulengro (continued)

'BROTHER,' said Jasper, 'I wish to hold some pleasant discourse with you.'

'As much as you please,' said I, 'provided you can find anything pleasant to talk about.'

'Never fear,' said Jasper ; 'and first of all we will talk of yourself. Where have you been all this long time ?'

10 'Here and there,' said I, 'and far and near, going about with the soldiers ; but there is no soldiering now, so we have sat down, father and family, in the town there.'

'And do you still hunt snakes ?' said Jasper.

'No,' said I, 'I have given up that long ago ; I do better now : read books and learn languages.'

'Well, I am sorry you have given up your snake-hunting ; many's the strange talk I have had with our people about your snake and yourself, and how you frightened my father and mother in the lane.'

20 'And where are your father and mother ?'

'Where I shall never see them, brother ; at least, I hope so.'

'Not dead ?'

'No, not dead ; they are bitchadey pawdel.' Banished

'What's that ?'

'Sent across—banished.'

'Ah ! I understand ; I am sorry for them. And so you are here alone ?'

'Not quite alone, brother.'

30 'No, not alone ; but with the rest—Tawno Chikno takes care of you.'

'Takes care of me, brother !'

' Yes, stands to you in the place of a father—keeps you out of harm's way.'

' What do you take me for, brother ? '

' For about three years older than myself.'

' Perhaps ; but you are of the Gorgios, and I am a Romany Chal. Tawno Chikno take care of Jasper Petulengro ! '

' Is that your name ? '

' Don't you like it ? '

' Very much, I never heard a sweeter ; it is something to like what you call me.'

' The horse-shoe master and the snake-fellow, I am the first.'

' Who gave you that name ? '

' Ask Pharaoh.'

' I would, if he were here, but I do not see him.'

' I am Pharaoh.'

' Then you are a king.'

' Chachipen, Pal.'

' I do not understand you.'

' Where are your languages ? You want two things, brother : mother sense, and gentle Romany ! '

20

' What makes you think that I want sense ? '

' That, being so old, you can't yet guide yourself ! '

' I can read Dante, Jasper.'

' Anan, brother.'

' I can charm snakes, Jasper.'

' I know you can, brother.'

' Yes, and horses too ; bring me the most vicious in the land, if I whisper he'll be tame.'

' Then the more shame for you—a snake-fellow—a horse-witch—and a lil-reader—yet you can't shift for yourself. I laugh at you, brother ! '

30  
sap + englo

' Then you can shift for yourself ? '

' For myself and for others, brother.'

' And what does Chikno ? '

' Sells me horses, when I bid him. Those horses on the chong were mine.' <sup>half</sup>

' And has he none of his own ? '

' Sometimes he has ; but he is not so well off as myself. When my father and mother were bitchadey pawdel, which, to tell you the truth, they were, for chiving wafodo dloovu, they left me all they had, which was not a little, and I became the head of our family, which was not a small one.

10 I was not older than you when that happened ; yet our people said they had never a better krallis to contrive and plan for them, and to keep them in order. And this is so well known, that many Romany Chals, not of our family, come and join themselves to us, living with us for a time, in order to better themselves, more especially those of the poorer sort, who have little of their own. Tawno is one of these.'

' Is that fine fellow poor ? '

' One of the poorest, brother. Handsome as he is, he has not a horse of his own to ride on. Perhaps we may put 20 it down to his wife, who cannot move about, being a cripple, as you saw.'

' And you are what is called a Gipsy King ! '

' Aye, aye, a Romany Kral.'

' Are there other kings ? '

' Those who call themselves so ; but the true Pharaoh is Petulengro.'

' Did Pharaoh make horse-shoes ? '

' The first who ever did, brother.'

' Pharaoh lived in Egypt.'

30 ' So did we once, brother.'

' And you left it ? '

' My fathers did, brother.'

' And why did they come here ? '

' They had their reasons, brother.'

' And you are not English ? '

'We are not Gorgios.'

'And you have a language of your own ?'

'Avali.'

'This is wonderful.'

'Ha, ha !' cried the woman, who had hitherto sat knitting, at the farther end of the tent, without saying a word, though not inattentive to our conversation, as I could perceive, by certain glances, which she occasionally cast upon us both. 'Ha, ha !' she screamed, fixing upon me two eyes, which shone like burning coals, and which were filled with an expression both of scorn and malignity, 'It is wonderful, is it, that we should have a language of our own ? What ! you grudge the poor people the speech they talk among themselves ? That 's just like you Gorgios, you would have everybody stupid, single-tongued idiots, like yourselves. Oh, these Gorgios ! they grudge us our very language !'

'She called you her son, Jasper ?'

'I am her son, brother.'

'I thought you said your parents were ——'

'Bitchadey pawdel ; you thought right, brother. This is my wife's mother.'

'Then you are married, Jasper ?'

'Aye, truly ; I am husband and father. You will see wife and chabo anon.' *child*

'Where are they now ?'

'In the gav, penning dukkerin.' *Telling* *language*

'We were talking of language, Jasper ?'

'True, brother.'

'Yours must be a rum one ?'

'Tis called Romany.'

'I would gladly know it.'

'You need it sorely.'

'Would you teach it me ?'

'None sooner.'

20

30

' Suppose we begin now ? '

' Suppose we do, brother.'

' Not whilst I am here,' said the woman, flinging her knitting down, and starting upon her feet ; ' not whilst I am here shall this gorgio learn Romany. An ill day to the Romans when he masters Romany ; and when I says that I pens a true dukkerin.'

' What do you call God, Jasper ? '

' You had better be jawing,' said the woman, raising her voice to a terrible scream ; ' you had better be moving off, my gorgio ; hang you for a keen one, sitting there by the fire, and stealing my language before my face. Do you know whom you have to deal with ? Do you know that I am dangerous ? My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones ! '

And a hairy one she looked ! She wore her hair clubbed upon her head, fastened with many strings and ligatures ; but now, tearing these off, her locks, originally jet black, but now partially grizzled with age, fell down on every side 20 of her, covering her face and back as far down as her knees. No she-bear from Lapland ever looked more fierce and hairy than did that woman, as, standing in the open part of the tent, with her head bent down, and her shoulders drawn up, seemingly about to precipitate herself upon me, she repeated again and again :

' My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones ! — '

' I call God Duvel, brother.'

' It sounds very like Devil.'

' It doth, brother, it doth.'

30 ' And what do you call divine, I mean godly ? '

' Oh ! I call that duvelskoe.'

' I am thinking of something, Jasper.'

' What are you thinking of, brother ? '

' Would it not be a rum thing if divine and devilish were originally one and the same word ? '

It would, brother, it would —'

\* \* \* \* \*

I went on studying the language, and at the same time the characters and manners of these strange people. My rapid progress in the former astonished, while it delighted, Jasper. 'We'll no longer call you Sap-engro, brother,' said he, 'but rather Lav-engro, which in the language of the Gorgios meaneth Word Master.' 'Nay, brother,' said Tawno Chikno, with whom I had become very intimate, 'you had better call him Cooro-mengro. I have put on the gloves with him, and find him a pure fist master; I like to him for that, for I am a Cooro-mengro myself and was born at Brummagem.'

'I likes him for his modesty,' said Mrs. Chikno; 'I never hears any ill words come from his mouth, but, on the contrary, much sweet language. His talk is golden, and he has taught my eldest to say his prayers in Romany, which my rover had never the grace to do.' 'He is the pal of my rom,' said Mrs. Petulengro, who was a very handsome woman, 'and therefore I likes him, and not the less for his being a rye; folks call me high-minded, and perhaps I have reason to be so; before I married Pharaoh, I had an offer from a lord—I likes the young rye, and, if he chooses to follow us, he shall have my sister. What say you, mother? should not the young rye have my sister Ursula?'

'I am going to my people,' said Mrs. Herne, placing a bundle upon a donkey, which was her own peculiar property; 'I am going to Yorkshire, for I can stand this no longer. You say you like him: in that we differs: I hates the gorgio, and would like, speaking Romanly, to mix a little poison with his waters. And now go to Lundra,<sup>30</sup> my children, I goes to Yorkshire. Take my blessing with ye, and a little bit of a gillie to cheer your hearts with when ye are weary. In all kinds of weather have we lived together; but now we are parted. I goes broken-

hearted—I can't keep you company; ye are no longer Romany. To gain a bad brother ye have lost a good mother.'

(*Lavengro, ch. xvii.*)

*'The Wind on the Heath'*

I now wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

- ‘That's not you, Jasper?’
- ‘Indeed, brother!’
- ‘I've not seen you for years.’
- 10 ‘How should you, brother?’
- ‘What brings you here?’
- ‘The fight, brother.’
- ‘Where are the tents?’
- ‘On the old spot, brother.’
- ‘Any news since we parted?’
- ‘Two deaths, brother.’
- ‘Who are dead, Jasper?’
- ‘Father and mother, brother.’
- ‘Where did they die?’
- 20 ‘Where they were sent, brother.’
- ‘And Mrs. Herne?’
- ‘She's alive, brother.’
- ‘Where is she now?’
- ‘In Yorkshire, brother.’
- ‘What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?’ said I, as I sat down beside him.
- ‘My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing
- 30 ‘Cana marel o manus chivios andé puv,  
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi.

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and

child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose ; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter.'

'And do you think that is the end of a man ?'

'There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity.'

'Why do you say so ?'

'Life is sweet, brother.'

'Do you think so ?'

'Think so !—There's night and day, brother, both sweet to things ; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things ; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother ; who would wish to die ?'

'I would wish to die—'

'You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Romany Chal, you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed !—A Romany Chal would wish to live for ever !'

'In sickness, Jasper ?'

'There's the sun and stars, brother.'

20

'In blindness, Jasper ?'

'There's the wind on the heath, brother ; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta,  
we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves ; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother !'

(*Lavengro, ch. xxv.*)

### *The Danish Book*

IT had been decreed by that Fate which governs our every action, that I was soon to return to my old pursuits. It was written that I should not yet cease to be Lavengro. Amongst the various countenances which I admitted during 30 the period of my answering the bell, there were two which particularly pleased me, and which belonged to an elderly

yeoman and his wife, whom some little business had brought to our law sanctuary. I believe they experienced from me some kindness and attention, which won the old people's hearts. So, one day, when their little business had been brought to a conclusion, and they chanced to be alone with me, who was seated as usual behind the deal desk in the outer room, the old man with some confusion began to tell me how grateful himself and dame felt for the many attentions I had shown them, and how desirous they were to make to me some remuneration. 'Of course,' said the old man, 'we must be cautious what we offer to so fine a young gentleman as yourself; we have, however, something we think will just suit the occasion, a strange kind of thing which people say is a book, though no one that my dame or myself have shown it to can make anything out of it; so as we are told that you are a fine young gentleman, who can read all the tongues of the earth and stars, as the Bible says, we thought, I and my dame, that it would be just the thing you would like; and my dame has it now at the bottom of her basket.'

'A book,' said I, 'how did you come by it?'

'We live near the sea,' said the old man, 'so near that sometimes our thatch is wet with the spray; and it may now be a year ago that there was a fearful storm, and a ship was driven ashore during the night, and ere the morn was a complete wreck. When we got up at daylight there were the poor shivering crew at our door; they were foreigners, red-haired men, whose speech we did not understand; but we took them in, and warmed them, and they remained with us three days; and when they went away they left behind them this thing, here it is, part of the contents of a box which was washed ashore.'

'And did you learn who they were?'

'Why, yes; they made us understand that they were Danes.'

Danes ! thought I ; Danes ! and instantaneously, huge and grizzly, appeared to rise up before my vision the skull of the old pirate Dane, even as I had seen it of yore in the pent-house of the ancient church.

And now the old man handed me the book ; a strange and uncouth-looking volume enough. It was not very large, but instead of the usual covering was bound in wood, and was compressed with strong iron clasps. It was a printed book, but the pages were not of paper, but vellum, and the characters were black, and resembled those generally termed Gothic.

'It is certainly a curious book,' said I ; 'and I should like to have it, but I can't think of taking it as a gift, I must give you an equivalent, I never take presents from anybody.'

The old man whispered with his dame and chuckled, and then turned his face to me, and said, with another chuckle, 'Well, we have agreed about the price, but, may be, you will not consent.'

'I don't know,' said I ; 'what do you demand ?'

'Why, that you shake me by the hand, and hold out your cheek to my old dame, she has taken an affection to you.'

'I shall be very glad to shake you by the hand,' said I, 'but as for the other condition it requires consideration.'

'No consideration at all,' said the old man, with something like a sigh ; 'she thinks you like her son, our only child, that was lost twenty years ago in the waves of the North Sea.'

'Oh, that alters the case altogether !' said I ; 'and of course I can have no objection.'

And now, at once, I shook off my listlessness, to enable me to do which nothing could have happened more opportune than the above event. The Danes, the Danes ! And was I at last to become acquainted, and in so singular a manner, with the speech of a people which had as far back

as I could remember, exercised the strongest influence over my imagination. . . .

And now I had in my possession a Danish book, which, from its appearance, might be supposed to have belonged to the very old Danes indeed ; but how was I to turn it to any account ? I had the book, it is true, but I did not understand the language, and how was I to overcome that difficulty ? hardly by poring over the book ; yet I did pore over the book, daily and nightly, till my eyes were dim, and  
10 it appeared to me every now and then I encountered words which I understood—English words, though strangely disguised ; and I said to myself, Courage ! English and Danish are cognate dialects, a time will come when I shall understand this Danish ; and then I pored over the book again, but with all my poring I could not understand it ; and then I became angry, and I bit my lips till the blood came ; and I occasionally tore a handful from my hair, and flung it upon the floor, but that did not mend the matter, for still I did not understand the book, which, however, I  
20 began to see was written in rhyme—a circumstance rather difficult to discover at first, the arrangement of the lines not differing from that which is employed in prose ; and its being written in rhyme made me only the more eager to understand it.

But I toiled in vain, for I had neither grammar nor dictionary of the language ; and when I sought for them could procure neither ; and I was much dispirited, till suddenly a bright thought came into my head, and I said, Although I cannot obtain a dictionary or grammar, I can  
30 perhaps obtain a Bible in this language, and if I can procure a Bible I can learn the language. I took my hat, and, going forth, I flung my hat into the air.

And when my hat came down I put it on my head and commenced running, directing my course to the house of the Antinomian preacher, who sold books, and whom I knew

to have Bibles in various tongues amongst the number, and I arrived out of breath, and I found the Antinomian in his little library, dusting his books ; and the Antinomian clergyman was a tall man of about seventy, who wore a hat with a broad brim and a shallow crown, and whose manner of speaking was exceedingly nasal ; and when I saw him I cried, out of breath, ‘ Have you a Danish Bible ? ’ and he replied, ‘ What do you want it for, friend ? ’ and I answered, ‘ To learn Danish by.’ ‘ And may be to learn thy duty,’ replied the Antinomian preacher. ‘ Truly, I have it not ; 10 but, as you are a customer of mine, I will endeavour to procure you one, and I will write to that laudable society which men call the Bible Society, an unworthy member of which I am, and I hope by next week to procure what you desire.’

And in this manner I procured the Danish Bible, and I commenced my task.

(*Lavengro, ch. xxii.*)

Thurtell

HEAVY steps were now heard ascending the stairs, and the servant ushered two men into the apartment. Again there was a barking, but louder than that which had been directed against myself, for here were two intruders ; both 20 of them were remarkable-looking men, but to the foremost of them the most particular notice may well be accorded ; he was a man somewhat under thirty, and nearly six feet in height. He was dressed in a blue coat, white corduroy breeches, fastened below the knee with small golden buttons ; on his legs he wore white lamb’s-wool stockings, and on his feet shoes reaching to the ankles ; round his neck was a handkerchief of the blue and bird’s-eye pattern ; he wore neither whiskers nor moustaches, and appeared not to delight in hair, that of his head, which was of a light 30 brown, being closely cropped ; the forehead was rather high, but somewhat narrow ; the face neither broad nor

sharp, perhaps rather sharp than broad ; the nose was almost delicate ; the eyes were gray, with an expression in which there was sternness blended with something approaching to feline ; his complexion was exceedingly pale, relieved, however, by certain pock-marks, which here and there studded his countenance ; his form was athletic, but lean ; his arms long. In the whole appearance of the man there was a blending of the bluff and the sharp. You might have supposed him a bruiser ; his dress was that of one in all its minutiae ; something was wanting, however, in his manner—the quietness of the professional man ; he rather looked like one performing the part—well—very well—but still performing a part. His companion !—there, indeed, was the bruiser—no mistake about him : a tall, massive man, with a broad countenance and a flattened nose ; dressed like a bruiser, but not like a bruiser going into the ring ; he wore white-topped boots, and a loose brown jockey coat.

*(Lavengro, ch. xxiv.)*

### Pugilism

Those days to which the course of my narrative has carried me were the days of pugilism ; it was then at its height, and consequently near its decline, for corruption had crept into the ring ; and how many things, states and sects among the rest, owe their decline to this cause ! But what a bold and vigorous aspect pugilism wore at that time ! and the great battle was just then coming off : the day had been decided upon, and the spot—a convenient distance from the old town ; and to the old town were now flocking the bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown. Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England—what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers ? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them—but of that I wish not to talk ; let us still hope that

a spark of the old religion, of which they were the priests, still lingers in the breasts of Englishmen. There they come, the bruisers, from far London, or from wherever else they might chance to be at that time, to the great rendezvous in the old city; some came one way, some another: some of tip-top reputation came with peers in their chariots, for glory and fame are such fair things, that even peers are proud to have those invested therewith by their sides: others came in their own gigs, driving their own bits of blood, and I heard one say: 'I have driven through at 10 a heat the whole hundred and eleven miles, and only stopped to bait twice.' Oh, the blood-horses of old England! But they too have had their day—for everything beneath the sun there is a season and a time. But the greater number come just as they can contrive; on the tops of coaches, for example; and amongst these there are fellows with dark sallow faces, and sharp shining eyes; and it is these that have planted rottenness in the core of pugilism, for they are Jews, and, true to their kind, have only base lucre in view.

It was fierce old Cobbett, I think, who first said that the 20 Jews first introduced bad faith amongst pugilists. He did not always speak the truth, but at any rate he spoke it when he made that observation. Strange people the Jews—endowed with every gift but one, and that the highest, genius divine—genius which can alone make of men demigods, and elevate them above earth and what is earthly and what is grovelling; without which a clever nation—and who more clever than the Jews?—may have Rambams in plenty, but never a Fielding nor a Shakespeare. A Rothschild and a Mendoza, yes—but never a Kean nor 30 a Belcher.

So the bruisers of England are come to be present at the grand fight speedily coming off; there they are met in the precincts of the old town, near the field of the chapel, planted with tender saplings at the restoration of sporting

Charles, which are now become venerable elms as high as many a steeple ; there they are met at a fitting rendezvous, where a retired coachman, with one leg, keeps an hotel and a bowling-green. I think I now see them upon the bowling-green, the men of renown, amidst hundreds of people with no renown at all, who gaze upon them with timid wonder. Fame, after all, is a glorious thing, though it lasts only for a day. There 's Cribb, the champion of England, and perhaps the best man in England ; there he is, with his huge, <sup>10</sup> massive figure, and face wonderfully like that of a lion. There is Belcher, the younger, not the mighty one, who is gone to his place, but the Teucer Belcher, the most scientific pugilist that ever entered a ring, only wanting strength to be, I won't say what. He appears to walk before me now, as he did that evening, with his white hat, white greatcoat, thin genteel figure, springy step, and keen, determined eye. Crosses him, what a contrast ! grim, savage Shelton, who has a civil word for nobody, and a hard blow for anybody—hard ! one blow, given with the proper play of his athletic <sup>20</sup> arm, will unsense a giant. Yonder individual, who strolls about with his hands behind him, supporting his brown coat lappets, under-sized, and who looks anything but what he is, is the king of the lightweights, so called—Randall ! the terrible Randall, who has Irish blood in his veins ; not the better for that, nor the worse ; and not far from him is his last antagonist, Ned Turner, who, though beaten by him, still thinks himself as good a man, in which he is perhaps, right, for it was a near thing ; and ' a better shentleman ', in which he is quite right, for he is a Welsh-<sup>30</sup> man. But how shall I name them all ? They were there by dozens, and all tremendous in their way. There was Bulldog Hudson, and fearless Scroggins, who beat the conqueror of Sam the Jew. There was Black Richmond—no, he was not there, but I knew him well ; he was the most dangerous of blacks, even with a broken thigh. There was

Purcell, who could never conquer till all seemed over with him. There was—what ! shall I name thee last ? ay, why not ? I believe that thou art the last of all that strong family still above the sod, where mayst thou long continue —true piece of English stuff, Tom of Bedford—sharp as winter, kind as spring.

Hail to thee, Tom of Bedford, or by whatever name it may please thee to be called, Spring or Winter. Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye, worthy to have carried a six-foot bow at Flodden, where England's yeomen <sup>10</sup> triumphed over Scotland's king, his clans and chivalry. Hail to thee, last of England's bruisers, after all the many victories which thou hast achieved—true English victories, unbought by yellow gold ; need I recount them ? nay, nay ! they are already well known to fame—sufficient to say that Bristol's Bull and Ireland's Champion were vanquished by thee, and one mightier still, gold itself, thou didst overcome ; for gold itself strove in vain to deaden the power of thy arm ; and thus thou didst proceed till men left off challenging thee, the unvanquishable, the incorruptible. 'Tis a treat to see thee, Tom of Bedford, in thy ' public ' in Holborn way, whither thou hast retired with thy well-earned bays. 'Tis Friday night, and nine by <sup>20</sup> Holborn clock. There sits the yeoman at the end of his long room, surrounded by his friends ; glasses are filled, and a song is the cry, and a song is sung well suited to the place ; it finds an echo in every heart—fists are clenched, arms are waved, and the portraits of the mighty fighting men of yore, Broughton and Slack and Ben, which adorn the walls, appear to smile grim approbation, whilst many a manly <sup>30</sup> voice joins in the bold chorus : *approval*

Here's a health to old honest John Bull,  
When he's gone we sha'n't find such another,  
And with hearts and with glasses brim full,  
We will drink to old England, his mother.'

*uncle Sam (American)*

But the fight ! with respect to the fight, what shall I say ? Little can be said about it—it was soon over. Some said that the brave from town, who was reputed the best man of the two, and whose form was a perfect model of athletic beauty, allowed himself, for lucre vile, to be vanquished by the massive champion with the flattened nose. One thing is certain, that the former was suddenly seen to sink to the earth before a blow of by no means extraordinary power. Time, time ! was called, but there he lay upon the ground to apparently senseless, and from thence he did not lift his head till several seconds after the umpires had declared his adversary victor.

There were shouts—indeed, there 's never a lack of shouts to celebrate a victory, however acquired ; but there was also much grinding of teeth, especially amongst the fighting men from town. 'Tom has sold us,' said they, 'sold us to the yokels ; who would have thought it ?' Then there was fresh grinding of teeth, and scowling brows were turned to the heaven. But what is this ? is it possible, does the 20 heaven scowl too ? Why, only a quarter of an hour ago—but what may not happen in a quarter of an hour ? For many weeks the weather had been of the most glorious description; the eventful day, too, had dawned gloriously, and so it had continued till some two hours after noon. The fight was then over, and about that time I looked up. What a glorious sky of deep blue, and what a big fierce sun swimming high above in the midst of that blue ! Not a cloud—there had not been one for weeks—not a cloud to be seen, only in the far west, just on the horizon, something like 30 the extremity of a black wing. That was only a quarter of an hour ago, and now the whole northern side of the heaven is occupied by a huge black cloud, and the sun is only occasionally seen amidst masses of driving vapour. What a change ! But another fight is at hand, and the pugilists are clearing the outer ring. How their huge whips come

crashing upon the heads of the yokels ! Blood flows—more blood than in the fight. Those blows are given with right goodwill ; those are not sham blows, whether of whip or fist. It is with fist that grim Shelton strikes down the big yokel. He is always dangerous, grim Shelton, but now, particularly so, for he has lost ten pounds betted on the brave who sold himself to the yokels. But the outer ring is cleared, and now the second fight commences. It is between two champions of less renown than the others, but is perhaps not the worse on that account. A tall thin boy is fighting 10 in the ring with a man somewhat under the middle size, with a frame of adamant. That's a gallant boy ! he's a yokel, but he comes from Brummagem, and he does credit to his extraction ; but his adversary has a frame of adamant. In what a strange light they fight, but who can wonder, on looking at that frightful cloud usurping now one-half of heaven, and at the sun struggling with sulphurous vapour. The face of the boy, which is turned towards me, looks horrible in that light ; but he is a brave boy, he strikes his foe on the forehead, and the report of the blow is like the 20 sound of a hammer against a rock. But there is a rush and a roar overhead, a wild commotion, the tempest is beginning to break loose ; there's wind and dust, a crash, rain and hail ! Is it possible to fight amidst such a commotion ? Yes ! the fight goes on ; again the boy strikes the man full on the brow ; but it is of no use striking that man, his frame is of adamant. 'Boy, thy strength is beginning to give way, thou art becoming confused.' The man now goes to work amidst rain and hail. 'Boy, thou wilt not hold out ten minutes longer against rain, hail, and the blows of such an 30 antagonist.'

And now the storm was at its height ; the black thunder-cloud had broken into many, which assumed the wildest shapes and the strangest colours, some of them unspeakably glorious ; the rain poured in a deluge, and more than one

flout.

water-spout was seen at no great distance. An immense rabble is hurrying in one direction ; a multitude of men of all ranks, peers and yokels, prize-fighters and Jews, and the last came to plunder, and are now plundering amidst that wild confusion of hail and rain, men and horses, carts and carriages. But all hurry in one direction, through mud and mire. There's a town only three miles distant, which is soon reached and soon filled ; it will not contain one-third of that mighty rabble. But there's another town farther on—the good old city is farther on, only twelve miles ; what's that ! who will stay here ? Onward to the old town !

Hurry, skurry, a mixed multitude of men and horses, carts and carriages, all in the direction of the old town ; and, in the midst of all that mad throng, at a moment when the rain-gushes were coming down with particular fury, and the artillery of the sky was pealing as I had never heard it peal before, I felt some one seize me by the arm—I turned round and beheld Mr. Petulengro.

'I can't hear you, Mr. Petulengro,' said I ; for the thunder drowned the words which he appeared to be uttering.

'Dearginni,' I heard Mr. Petulengro say, 'it thundereth. I was asking, brother, whether you believe in dukkeripens ?'

'I do not, Mr. Petulengro ; but this is strange weather to be asking me whether I believe in fortunes.'

'Grondinni,' said Mr. Petulengro, 'it haileth. I believe in dukkeripens, brother.'

'And who has more right,' said I, 'seeing that you live by them ? But this tempest is truly horrible.'

'Dearginni, grondinni ta villaminni ! It thundereth, it haileth, and also flameth,' said Mr. Petulengro. 'Look up there, brother !'

I looked up. Connected with this tempest there was one feature to which I have already alluded—the wonderful colours of the clouds. Some were of vivid green, others

of the brightest orange; others as black as pitch. The gipsy's finger was pointed to a particular part of the sky.

'What do you see there, brother?'

'A strange kind of cloud.'

'What does it look like, brother?'

'Something like a stream of blood.'

'That cloud foreshoweth a bloody dukkeripen.'

'A bloody fortune!' said I. 'And whom may it betide?'

'Who knows?' said the gipsy.

Down the way, dashing and splashing, and scattering to man, horse, and cart to the left and right, came an open barouche, drawn by four smoking steeds, with postillions in scarlet jackets and leather skull-caps. Two forms were conspicuous in it; that of the successful bruiser, and of his friend and backer, the sporting gentleman of my acquaintance.

'His!' said the gipsy, pointing to the latter, whose stern features wore a smile of triumph, as, probably recognizing me in the crowd, he nodded in the direction of where I stood, as the barouche hurried by.

There went the barouche, dashing through the rain-gushes, and in it one whose boast it was that he was equal to 'either fortune'. Many have heard of that man—many may be desirous of knowing yet more of him. I have nothing to do with that man's after life—he fulfilled his dukkeripen. 'A bad, violent man!' Softly, friend; when thou wouldest speak harshly of the dead, remember that thou hast not yet fulfilled thy own dukkeripen!

(*Lavengro, ch. xxvi.*)

### *London Bridge*

SLOWLY advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in

her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene ! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach ; spacious wharves, surmounted with gigantic edifices ; and, far away, Caesar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maëlstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its super-abundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leapt into its depths ?—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell ? As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it ; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What !—a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf ! Yes, yes, down through that awful water-way, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope ; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No ! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne, that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the

man hallooing, and the woman, a true Englishwoman that—of a certain class—waving her shawl. Whether any one observed them save myself, or whether the feat was a common one, I know not ; but nobody appeared to take any notice of them. As for myself, I was so excited, that I strove to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge, in order to obtain a better view of the daring adventurers. Before I could accomplish my design, however, I felt myself seized by the body, and, turning my head, perceived the old fruit-woman, who was clinging to me.

10

‘ Nay, dear ! don’t—don’t ! ’ said she. ‘ Don’t fling yourself over—perhaps you may have better luck next time ! ’

‘ I was not going to fling myself over,’ said I, dropping from the balustrade ; ‘ how came you to think of such a thing ? ’

‘ Why, seeing you clamber up so fiercely, I thought you might have had ill luck, and that you wished to make away with yourself.’

‘ Ill luck ! ’ said I, going into the stone bower and sitting down. ‘ What do you mean ? ill luck in what ? ’

‘ Why, no great harm, dear ! cly-faking, perhaps.’

‘ Are you coming over me with dialects,’ said I, ‘ speaking unto me in fashions I wot nothing of ? ’

‘ Nay, dear ! don’t look so strange with those eyes of your’n, nor talk so strangely ; I don’t understand you.’

‘ Nor I you. What do you mean by cly-faking ? ’

‘ Lor, dear ! no harm : only taking a handkerchief now and then.’

‘ Do you take me for a thief ? ’

30

‘ Nay, dear ! don’t make use of bad language ; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers. To tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at Bot’ny. When he had bad luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the

bridge ; and, sure enough, when the traps were after him he did fling himself into the river, but that was off the bank ; nevertheless, the traps pulled him out, and he is now suffering his sentence. So you see you may speak out if you have done anything in the harmless line, for I am my son's own mother, I assure you.'

'So you think there 's no harm in stealing ?'

'No harm in the world, dear ! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it, if there had been any harm in it ? and what 's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking ? She, too, was what they call a thief and a cutpurse ; aye, and was transported for it, like my dear son ; and do you think she would have told the world so, if there had been any harm in the thing ? Oh, it is a comfort to me that the blessed woman was transported, and came back —for come back she did, and rich too—for it is an assurance to me that my dear son, who was transported too, will come back like her.'

'What was her name ?'

'Her name, blessed Mary Flanders.'

'Will you let me look at the book ?'

'Yes, dear, that I will, if you promise me not to run away with it.'

I took the book from her hand—a short, thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake ! His pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of the uncouth-looking old volume—the air, the style, the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood.—

'This is a singular book,' said I at last ; 'but it does not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no

harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime ; it contains a deep moral.'

'A deep what, dear ?'

'A —— but no matter, I will give you a crown for this volume.'

'No, dear, I will not sell the volume for a crown.'

'I am poor,' said I, 'but I will give you two silver crowns for your volume.'

'No, dear, I will not sell my volume for two silver crowns ; no, nor for the golden one in the king's tower 10 down there ; without my book I should mope and pine, and perhaps fling myself into the river ; but I am glad you like it, which shows that I was right about you after all ; you are one of our party, and you have a flash about that eye of yours which puts me just in mind of my dear son. No, dear, I won't sell you my book ; but, if you like, you may have a peep into it whenever you come this way. I shall be glad to see you ; you are one of the right sort, for, if you had been a common one, you would have run away with the thing ; but you scorn such behaviour, and, as you 20 are so flush of your money, though you say you are poor, you may give me a tanner to buy a little baccy with ; I love baccy, dear, more by token that it comes from the plantations to which the blessed woman was sent.'

'What's a tanner ?' said I.

'Lor ! don't you know, dear ? Why, a tanner is six-pence ; and, as you were talking just now about crowns, it will be as well to tell you that those of our trade never calls them crowns, but bulls ; but I am talking nonsense, just as if you did not know all that already as well as myself ; 30 you are only shamming—I'm no trap, dear, nor more was the blessed woman in the book. Thank you, dear—thank you for the tanner ; if I don't spend it I'll keep it in remembrance of your sweet face. What, you are going ?—well, first let me whisper a word to you. If you have any cries <sup>pieter</sup> ~~shing~~

to sell at any time I'll buy them of you ; all safe with me ; I never 'peach, and scorns a trap ; so now, dear, God bless you, and give you good luck ! Thank you for your pleasant company, and thank you for the tanner.'

(*Lavengro, ch. xxxi.*)

### *London Bridge again*

So I went to London Bridge, and again took my station on the spot by the booth where I had stood on the former occasion. The booth, however, was empty ; neither the apple-woman nor her stall were to be seen. I looked over the balustrade upon the river ; the tide was now, as before, 10 rolling beneath the arch with frightful impetuosity. As I gazed upon the eddies of the whirlpool, I thought within myself how soon human life would become extinct there ; a plunge, a convulsive flounder, and all would be over. When I last stood over that abyss I had felt a kind of impulse—a fascination : I had resisted it—I did not plunge into it. At present I felt a kind of impulse to plunge ; but the impulse was of a different kind ; it proceeded from a loathing of life. I looked wistfully at the eddies—what had I to live for ?—what, indeed ! Should 20 I yield to the impulse—why not ? My eyes were fixed on the eddies. All of a sudden I shuddered ; I thought I saw heads in the pool ; human bodies wallowing confusedly ; eyes turned up to heaven with hopeless horror ; was that water, or —— Where was the impulse now ? I raised my eyes from the pool, I looked no more upon it—I looked forward, far down the stream in the distance. ‘ Ha ! what is that ? I thought I saw a kind of Fata Morgana, green meadows, waving groves, a rustic home ; but in the far distance—I stared—I stared—a Fata Morgana—it was 30 gone —

I left the balustrade and walked to the farther end of the bridge, where I stood for some time contemplating the

crowd; I then passed over to the other side with an intention of returning home; just half-way over the bridge, in a booth immediately opposite the one in which I had formerly beheld her, sat my friend, the old apple-woman, huddled up behind her stall.

'Well, mother,' said I, 'how are you?' The old woman lifted her head with a startled look.

'Don't you know me?' said I.

'Yes, I think I do. Ah, yes,' said she, as her features beamed with recollection, 'I know you, dear; you are the young lad that gave me the tanner. Well, child, got anything to sell?'

'Nothing at all,' said I.

'Bad luck?'

'Yes,' said I, 'bad enough, and ill usage.'

'Ah, I suppose they caught ye; well, child, never mind, better luck next time; I am glad to see you.'

'Thank you,' said I, sitting down on the stone bench; 'I thought you had left the bridge—why have you changed your side?'

20

The old woman shook.

'What is the matter with you?' said I; 'are you ill?'

'No, child, no; only ——'

'Only what? Any bad news of your son?'

'No, child, no; nothing about my son. Only low, child—every heart has its bitters.'

'That's true,' said I; 'well, I don't want to know your sorrows; come, where's the book?'

The apple-woman shook more violently than before, bent 30 herself down, and drew her cloak more closely about her than before. 'Book, child, what book?'

'Why, blessed Mary, to be sure.'

'Oh, that; I ha'n't got it, child—I have lost it, have left it at home.'

'Lost it,' said I; 'left it at home—what do you mean? Come, let me have it.'

'I ha'n't got it, child.'

'I believe you have got it under your cloak.'

'Don't tell any one, dear; don't—don't,' and the apple-woman burst into tears.

'What's the matter with you?' said I, staring at her.

'You want to take my book from me?'

'Not I, I care nothing about it; keep it, if you like, only  
10 tell me what's the matter?'

'Why, all about the book.'

'The book?'

'Yes, they wanted to take it from me.'

'Who did?'

'Why, some wicked boys. I'll tell you all about it. Eight or ten days ago, I sat behind my stall, reading my book; all of a sudden I felt it snatched from my hand; up I started, and see three rascals of boys grinning at me; one of them held the book in his hand. "What book is this?"  
20 said he, grinning at it. "What do you want with my book?"

said I, clutching at it over my stall, "give me my book."

"What do you want a book for?" said he, holding it back; "I have a good mind to fling it into the Thames." "Give me my book," I shrieked; and, snatching at it, I fell over my stall, and all my fruit was scattered about. Off ran the boys—off ran the rascal with my book. Oh dear, I thought I should have died; up I got, however, and ran after them as well as I could; I thought of my fruit, but I thought more of my book. I left my fruit and ran after my book.  
30

"My book! my book!" I shrieked; "murder! theft! robbery!" I was near being crushed under the wheels of a cart; but I didn't care—I followed the rascals. "Stop them! stop them!" I ran nearly as fast as they—they couldn't run very fast on account of the crowd. At last some one stopped the rascal, whereupon he turned round,

and flinging the book at me, it fell into the mud ; well, I picked it up and kissed it, all muddy as it was. "Has he robbed you ?" said the man. "Robbed me, indeed ; why, he had got my book." "Oh, your book," said the man, and laughed, and let the rascal go. Ah, he might laugh, but —'

' Well, go on.'

' My heart beats so. Well, I went back to my booth and picked up my stall and my fruits, what I could find of them. I couldn't keep my stall for two days I got such a fright, 10 and when I got round I couldn't bide the booth where the thing had happened, so I came over to the other side. Oh, the rascals, if I could but see them hanged.'

' For what ? '

' Why, for stealing my book.'

' I thought you didn't dislike stealing—that you were ready to buy things—there was your son, you know—'

' Yes, to be sure.'

' He took things.'

' To be sure he did.'

' But you don't like a thing of yours to be taken.'

20

' No, that's quite a different thing ; what's stealing handkerchiefs, and that kind of thing, to do with taking my book ; there's a wide difference—don't you see ? '

' Yes, I see.'

' Do you, dear ? well, bless your heart, I'm glad you do. Would you like to look at the book ? '

' Well, I think I should.'

' Honour bright ? ' said the apple-woman, looking me in the eyes.

30

' Honour bright,' said I, looking the apple-woman in the eyes.

' Well then, dear, here it is,' said she, taking it from under her cloak : ' read it as long as you like, only get a little farther into the booth — Don't sit so near the edge—you might —'

I went deep into the booth, and the apple-woman, bringing her chair round, almost confronted me. I commenced reading the book, and was soon engrossed by it ; hours passed away, once or twice I lifted up my eyes, the apple-woman was still confronting me : at last my eyes began to ache, whereupon I returned the book to the apple-woman, and, giving her another tanner, walked away.

(*Lavengro, ch. xl.*)

### *Newgate Lives and Trials*

OF all my occupations at this period I am free to confess I liked that of compiling the *Newgate Lives and Trials* the best ; that is, after I had surmounted a kind of prejudice which I originally entertained. The trials were entertaining enough ; but the lives—how full were they of wild and racy adventures, and in what racy, genuine language were they told. What struck me most with respect to these lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth ; but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in the way. People are afraid to put down what is common on paper, they seek to embellish their narratives, as they think, by philosophic speculations and reflections ; they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. 'So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand,' says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear. (Lavengro, ch. xxxvi.)

### *Byron's Funeral*

ONE day I found myself about noon at the bottom of Oxford Street, where it forms a right angle with the road which leads or did lead to Tottenham Court. Happening to cast my eyes around, it suddenly occurred to me that something uncommon was expected ; people were standing in groups on the pavement—the upstair windows of the houses were thronged with faces, especially those of women, and many of the shops were partly, and not a few entirely, closed. What could be the matter ? Just then I heard various voices cry ‘ There it comes ! ’ and all heads were turned up Oxford Street, down which a hearse was slowly coming : nearer and nearer it drew ; presently it was just opposite the place where I was standing, when, turning to the left, it proceeded slowly along Tottenham Road. Immediately behind the hearse were three or four mourning coaches, full of people, some of which, from the partial glimpse which I caught of them, appeared to be foreigners ; behind these came a very long train of splendid carriages, all of which, without one exception, were empty.

‘ Whose body is in that hearse ? ’ said I to a dapper-looking individual, seemingly a shopkeeper, who stood beside me on the pavement, looking at the procession.

‘ The mortal relics of Lord Byron,’ said the dapper-looking individual, mouthing his words and smirking—‘ the illustrious poet, which have been just brought from Greece, and are being conveyed to the family vault in —shire.’

‘ An illustrious poet, was he ? ’ said I.

‘ Beyond all criticism,’ said the dapper man ; ‘ all we of the rising generation are under incalculable obligation to Byron ; I myself, in particular, have reason to say so ; in all my correspondence my style is formed on the Byronic model.’

I looked at the individual for a moment, who smiled and smirked to himself applause, and then I turned my eyes upon the hearse proceeding slowly up the almost endless street. This man, this Byron, had for many years past been the demigod of England, and his verses the daily food of those who read, from the peer to the draper's assistant; all were admirers, or rather worshippers, of Byron, and all doted on his verses; and then I thought of those who, with genius as high as his, or higher, had 10 lived and died neglected. I thought of Milton abandoned to poverty and blindness; of witty and ingenious Butler consigned to the tender mercies of bailiffs; and starving Otway: they had lived neglected and despised, and, when they died, a few poor mourners only had followed them to the grave; but this Byron had been made a half god of when living, and now that he was dead he was followed by worshipping crowds, and the very sun seemed to come out on purpose to grace his funeral. And, indeed, the sun, which for many days past had hidden its face in clouds, 20 shone out that morn with wonderful brilliancy, flaming upon the black hearse and its tall ostrich plumes, the mourning coaches, and the long train of aristocratic carriages which followed behind.

'Great poet, sir,' said the dapper-looking man, 'great poet, but unhappy.'

Unhappy? yes, I had heard that he had been unhappy; that he had roamed about a fevered, distempered man, taking pleasure in nothing—that I had heard; but was it true? was he really unhappy? was not this unhappiness assumed, with the view of increasing the interest which the world took in him? and yet who could say? He might be unhappy, and with reason. Was he a real poet, after all? might he not doubt himself? might he not have a lurking consciousness that he was undeserving of the homage which he was receiving? that it could

not last? that he was rather at the top of fashion than of fame? He was a lordling, a glittering, gorgeous lordling: and he might have had a consciousness that he owed much of his celebrity to being so; he might have felt that he was rather at the top of fashion than of fame. Fashion soon changes, thought I eagerly, to myself—a time will come, and that speedily, when he will be no longer in the fashion; when this idiotic admirer of his, who is still grinning at my side, shall have ceased to mould his style on Byron's; and this aristocracy, squirearchy, and what not, who now send their empty carriages to pay respect to the fashionable corpse, shall have transferred their empty worship to some other animate or inanimate thing. Well, perhaps after all it was better to have been mighty Milton in his poverty and blindness—witty and ingenious Butler consigned to the tender mercies of bailiffs, and starving Otway; they might enjoy more real pleasure than this lordling; they must have been aware that the world would one day do them justice—fame after death is better than the top of fashion in life. They have left 20 a fame behind them which shall never die, whilst this lordling—a time will come when he will be out of fashion and forgotten. And yet I don't know; didn't he write Childe Harold and that ode? Yes, he wrote Childe Harold and that ode. Then a time will scarcely come when he will be forgotten. Lords, squires, and cockneys may pass away, but a time will scarcely come when Childe Harold and that ode will be forgotten. He was a poet, after all, and he must have known it; a real poet, equal to—to —what a destiny? Rank, beauty, fashion, immortality 30—he could not be unhappy; what a difference in the fate of men—I wish I could think he was unhappy—

I turned away.

'Great poet, sir,' said the dapper man, turning away too, 'but unhappy—fate of genius, sir; I, too, am frequently unhappy.'

(*Lavengro, ch. xxxix.*)

### *Thimble-rigging*

THE plain exhibited an animated scene, a kind of continuation of the fair below ; there were multitudes of people upon it, many tents, and shows ; there was also horse-racing, and much noise and shouting, the sun shining brightly overhead. After gazing at the horse-racing for a little time, feeling myself somewhat tired, I went up to one of the tents, and laid myself down on the grass. There was much noise in the tent. ‘Who will stand me ?’ said a voice with a slight tendency to lisp. ‘Will you, my lord ?’ ‘Yes,’ said another voice. Then there was a sound as of a piece of money banging on a table. ‘Lost ! lost ! lost !’ cried several voices ; and then the banging down of the money, and the ‘lost ! lost ! lost !’ were frequently repeated ; at last the second voice exclaimed, ‘I will try no more ; you have cheated me.’ ‘Never cheated any one in my life, my lord—all fair—all chance. Them that finds, wins—them that can’t finds, loses. Any one else try ? Who’ll try ? Will you, my lord ?’ and then it appeared that some other lord tried, for I heard more money flung down. Then again the cry of ‘Lost ! lost !’ —then again the sound of money, and so on. Once or twice, but not more, I heard ‘Won ! won !’ but the predominant cry was ‘Lost ! lost !’ At last there was a considerable hubbub, and the words ‘Cheat !’ ‘Rogue !’ and ‘You filched away the pea !’ were used freely by more voices than one, to which the voice with the tendency to lisp replied, ‘Never filched a pea in my life ; would scorn it. Always glad when folks wins ; but, as those here don’t appear to be civil, nor to wish to play any more, I shall take myself off with my table ; so good-day, gentlemen.’

Presently a man emerged from the tent, bearing before

him a rather singular table ; it appeared to be of white deal, was exceedingly small at the top, and with very long legs. At a few yards from the entrance he paused, and looked round, as if to decide on the direction which he should take ; presently, his eye glancing on me as I lay upon the ground, he started, and appeared for a moment inclined to make off as quick as possible, table and all. In a moment, however, he seemed to recover assurance, and, coming up to the place where I was, the long legs of the table projecting before him, he cried, ' Glad to see you here, my lord.'

' Thank you,' said I, ' it 's a fine day.'

' Very fine, my lord ; will your lordship play ? Them that finds, wins—them that don't finds, loses.'

' Play at what ? ' said I.

' Only at the thimble and pea, my lord.'

' I never heard of such a game.'

' Didn't you ? Well, I'll soon teach you,' said he, placing the table down. ' All you have to do is to put a sovereign down on my table, and to find the pea, which 20 I put under one of my thimbles. If you find it—and it is easy enough to find it—I give you a sovereign besides your own : for them that finds, wins.'

' And them that don't find, loses,' said I ; ' no, I don't wish to play.'

' Why not, my lord ? '

' Why, in the first place, I have no money.'

' Oh, you have no money ; that of course alters the case. If you have no money, you can't play. Well, I suppose I must be seeing after my customers,' said he, 30 glancing over the plain.

' Good-day,' said I.

' Good-day,' said the man slowly, but without moving, and as if in reflection. After a moment or two, looking at me inquiringly, he added, ' Out of employ ? '

'Yes,' said I; 'out of employ.'

The man measured me with his eye as I lay on the ground. At length he said, 'May I speak a word or two to you, my lord?'

'As many as you please,' said I.

'Then just come a little out of hearing, a little farther on the grass, if you please, my lord.'

'Why do you call me my lord?' said I, as I arose and followed him.

10 'We of the thimble always calls our customers lords,' said the man; 'but I won't call you such a foolish name any more; come along.'

The man walked along the plain till he came to the side of a dry pit, when, looking round to see that no one was nigh, he laid his table on the grass, and, sitting down with his legs over the side of the pit, he motioned me to do the same. 'So you are in want of employ,' said he, after I had sat down beside him.

'Yes,' said I, 'I am very much in want of employ.'

20 'I think I can find you some.'

'What kind?' said I.

'Why,' said the man, 'I think you would do to be my bonnet.'

'Bonnet!' said I, 'what is that?'

'Don't you know? However, no wonder, as you had never heard of the thimble-and-pea game, but I will tell you. We of the game are very much exposed; folks when they have lost their money, as those who play with us mostly do, sometimes uses rough language, calls us 30 cheats, and sometimes knocks our hats over our eyes; and what's more, with a kick under our table, causes the top deals to fly off; this is the third table I have used this day, the other two being broken by uncivil customers: so we of the game generally like to have gentlemen go about with us to take our part, and encourage us, though

pretending to know nothing about us; for example, when the customer says, "I'm cheated," the bonnet must say "No, you a'n't, it is all right"; or, when my hat is knocked over my eyes, the bonnet must square and say, "I never saw the man before in all my life, but I won't see him ill-used": and so, when they kicks at the table, the bonnet must say, "I won't see the table ill-used, such a nice table, too; besides, I want to play myself"; and then I would say to the bonnet, "Thank you, my lord, them that finds, wins"; and then the bonnet plays, and I lets <sup>to</sup> the bonnet win.'

'In a word,' said I, 'the bonnet means the man who covers you, even as the real bonnet covers the head.'

'Just so,' said the man, 'I see you are awake, and would soon make a first-rate bonnet.'

'Bonnet,' said I musingly; 'bonnet; it is metaphorical.'

'Is it?' said the man.

'Yes,' said I, 'like the cant words—'

'Bonnet is cant,' said the man; 'we of the thimble, <sup>20</sup> as well as all cly-fakers and the like, understand cant, as, of course, must every bonnet; so, if you are employed by me, you had better learn it as soon as you can, that we may discourse together without being understood by every one. Besides covering his principal, a bonnet must have his eyes about him, for the trade of the pea, though a strictly honest one, is not altogether lawful; so it is the duty of the bonnet, if he sees the constable coming, to say, the gorgio's welling.'

'That is not cant,' said I, 'that is the language of the <sup>30</sup> Romany Chals.'

'Do you know those people?' said the man.

'Perfectly,' said I, 'and their language too.'

'I wish I did,' said the man, 'I would give ten pounds and more to know the language of the Romany Chals.'

There's some of it in the language of the pea and thimble ; how it came there I don't know, but so it is. I wish I knew it, but it is difficult. You'll make a capital bonnet ; shall we close ?'

' What would the wages be ? ' I demanded.

' Why, to a first-rate bonnet, as I think you would prove, I could afford to give you from forty to fifty shillings a week.'

' Is it possible ? ' said I.

10 ' Good wages, a'n't they ? ' said the man.

' First rate,' said I ; ' bonneting is more profitable than reviewing.'

' Anan ? ' said the man.

' Or translating ; I don't think the Armenian would have paid me at that rate for translating his *Æsop*.'

' Who is he ? ' said the man.

' *Æsop* ? '

' No, I know what that is, *Æsop*'s cant for a hunch-back ; but t'other ? '

20 ' You should know,' said I.

' Never saw the man in all my life.'

' Yes you have,' said I, ' and felt him too ; don't you remember the individual from whom you took the pocket-book ? '

' Oh, that was he ; well, the less said about that matter the better ; I have left off that trade, and taken to this, which is a much better. Between ourselves, I am not sorry that I did not carry off that pocket-book ; if I had, it might have encouraged me in the trade, in which, had 30 I remained, I might have been lagged, sent abroad, as I had been already imprisoned ; so I determined to leave it off at all hazards, though I was hard up, not having a penny in the world.'

' And wisely resolved,' said I, ' it was a bad and dangerous trade ; I wonder you should ever have embraced it.'

'It is all very well talking,' said the man, 'but there is a reason for everything. . . . So that affair which you know of determined me to leave the filching trade, and take up with a more honest and safe one; so at last I thought of the pea and thimble, but I wanted funds, especially to pay for lessons at the hands of a master, for I knew little about it.'

'Well,' said I, 'how did you get over that difficulty?'

'Why,' said the man, 'I thought I should never have got over it. What funds could I raise? I had nothing to sell; the few clothes I had I wanted, for we of the thimble must always appear decent, or nobody would come near us. I was at my wits' ends; at last I got over my difficulty in the strangest way in the world.'

'What was that?'

'By an old thing which I had picked up some time before—a book.'

'A book?' said I.

'Yes, which I had taken out of your lordship's pocket one day as you were walking the streets in a great hurry. I thought it was a pocket-book at first, full of bank-notes, perhaps,' continued he, laughing. 'It was well for me, however, that it was not, for I should have soon spent the notes; as it was, I had flung the old thing down with an oath, as soon as I brought it home. When I was so hard up, however, after the affair with that friend of yours, I took it up one day, and thought I might make something by it to support myself a day with. Chance or something else led me into a grand shop; there was a man there who seemed to be the master, talking to a jolly, portly old gentleman, who seemed to be a country squire. Well, I went up to the first, and offered it for sale; he took the book, opened it at the title-page, and then all of a sudden his eyes glistened, and he showed it to the fat, jolly gentle-

man, and his eyes glistened too, and I heard him say, "How singular!" and then the two talked together in a speech I didn't understand—I rather thought it was French, at any rate it wasn't cant; and presently the first asked me what I would take for the book. Now I am not altogether a fool nor am I blind, and I had narrowly marked all that passed, and it came into my head that now was the time for making a man of myself, at any rate I could lose nothing by a little confidence; so I looked  
10 to the man boldly in the face, and said, "I will have five guineas for that book, there a'n't such another in the whole world." "Nonsense," said the first man, "there are plenty of them, there have been nearly fifty editions to my knowledge; I will give you five shillings." "No," said I, "I'll not take it, for I don't like to be cheated, so give me my book again"; and I attempted to take it away from the fat gentleman's hand. "Stop," said the younger man, "are you sure that you won't take less?"  
"Not a farthing," said I; which was not altogether true,  
20 but I said so. "Well," said the fat gentleman, "I will give you what you ask"; and sure enough he presently gave me the money; so I made a bow, and was leaving the shop, when it came into my head that there was something odd in all this, and, as I had got the money in my pocket I turned back, and, making another bow, said, "May I be so bold as to ask why you gave me all this money for that 'ere dirty book? When I came into the shop, I should have been glad to get a shilling for it; but I saw you wanted it, and asked five guineas." Then they  
30 looked at one another, and smiled, and shrugged up their shoulders. Then the first man, looking at me, said, "Friend, you have been a little too sharp for us; however, we can afford to forgive you, as my friend here has long been in quest of this particular book; there are plenty of editions, as I told you, and a common copy is not worth five shillings;

but this is a first edition, and a copy of the first edition is worth its weight in gold.''

'So, after all, they outwitted you,' I observed.

'Clearly,' said the man; 'I might have got double the price, had I known the value; but I don't care, much good may it do them, it has done me plenty. By means of it I have got into an honest respectable trade, in which there's little danger and plenty of profit, and got out of one which would have got me lagged sooner or later.'

'But,' said I, 'you ought to remember that the thing <sup>10</sup> was not yours; you took it from me, who had been requested by a poor old apple-woman to exchange it for a Bible.'

'Well,' said the man, 'did she ever get her Bible?'

'Yes,' said I, 'she got her Bible.'

'Then she has no cause to complain; and, as for you, chance or something else has sent you to me, that I may make you reasonable amends for any loss you may have had. Here am I ready to make you my bonnet, with forty or fifty shillings a week, which you say yourself are capital <sup>20</sup> wages.'

'I find no fault with the wages,' said I, 'but I don't like the employ.'

'Not like bonneting,' said the man; 'ah, I see, you would like to be principal. Well, a time may come—those long white fingers of yours would just serve for the business.'

'Is it a difficult one?' I demanded.

'Why, it is not very easy: two things are needful—natural talent and constant practice; but I'll show you <sup>30</sup> a point or two connected with the game'; and, placing his table between his knees as he sat over the side of the pit, he produced three thimbles and a small brown pellet something resembling a pea. He moved the thimble and pellet about, now placing it to all appearance under one

and now under another. ‘Under which is it now?’ he said at last. ‘Under that,’ said I, pointing to the lowermost of the thimbles, which, as they stood, formed a kind of triangle. ‘No,’ said he, ‘it is not, but lift it up’; and when I lifted up the thimble, the pellet, in truth, was not under it. ‘It was under none of them,’ said he, ‘it was pressed by my little finger against my palm’; and then he showed me how he did the trick, and asked me if the game was not a funny one; and, on my answering 10 in the affirmative, he said, ‘I am glad you like it, come along and let us win some money.’

Thereupon, getting up, he placed the table before him, and was moving away; observing, however, that I did not stir, he asked me what I was staying for. ‘Merely for my own pleasure,’ said I; ‘I like sitting here very well.’ ‘Then you won’t close?’ said the man. ‘By no means,’ I replied; ‘your proposal does not suit me.’ ‘You may be principal in time,’ said the man. ‘That makes no difference,’ said I; and, sitting with my legs over the pit, 20 I forthwith began to decline an Armenian noun. ‘That a’n’t cant,’ said the man; ‘no, nor gipsy, either. Well, if you won’t close, another will, I can’t lose any more time,’ and forthwith he departed.

And after I had declined four Armenian nouns, of different declensions, I rose from the side of the pit, and wandered about amongst the various groups of people scattered over the green. Presently I came to where the man of the thimbles was standing, with the table before him, and many people about him. ‘Them who finds wins, 30 and them who can’t find, loses,’ he cried. Various individuals tried to find the pellet, but all were unsuccessful, till at last considerable dissatisfaction was expressed, and the terms rogue and cheat were lavished upon him. ‘Never cheated anybody in all my life,’ he cried; and, observing me at hand, ‘didn’t I play fair, my lord?’ he inquired.

But I made no answer. Presently some more played, and he permitted one or two to win, and the eagerness to play with him became greater. After I had looked on for some time I was moving away : just then I perceived a short, thick personage, with a staff in his hand, advancing in a great hurry ; whereupon with a sudden impulse, I exclaimed,

‘Shoon thimble-engro  
Avella gorgio.’

The man who was in the midst of his pea-and-thimble process no sooner heard the last word of the distich than he turned an alarmed look in the direction of where I stood ; then, glancing around, and perceiving the constable, he slipped forthwith his pellet and thimbles into his pocket, and, lifting up his table, he cried to the people about him, ‘ Make way ! ’ and with a motion with his head to me, as if to follow him, he darted off with a swiftness which the short, pursy constable could by no means rival ; and whether he went or what became of him I know not, inasmuch as I turned away in another direction.

20

(Lavengro, ch. xlii-iii.)

### *Murtagh the Thimble-engro*

FROM this reverie I was roused by certain words which sounded near me, uttered in a strange tone, and in a strange cadence—the words were, ‘ them that finds, wins ; and them that can’t finds, loses.’ Turning my eyes in the direction from which the words proceeded, I saw six or seven people, apparently all countrymen, gathered round a person standing behind a tall white table of very small compass. ‘ What ! ’ said I, ‘ the thimble-engro of —— Fair here at Horncastle.’ Advancing nearer, however, I perceived that though the present person was a thimble-<sup>30</sup> engro, he was a very different one from my old acquaintance of —— Fair. The present one was a fellow about half

a foot taller than the other. He had a long, haggard, wild face, and was dressed in a kind of jacket, something like that of a soldier, with dirty hempen trousers, and with a foreign-looking peaked hat on his head. He spoke with an accent evidently Irish, and occasionally changed the usual thimble formula into 'them that finds wins, and them that can't—och, shure!—they loses'; saying also frequently 'your honour,' instead of 'my lord'. I observed, on drawing nearer, that he handled the pea and thimble 10 with some awkwardness, like that which might be expected from a novice in the trade. He contrived, however, to win several shillings, for he did not seem to play for gold, from 'their honours'. Awkward as he was, he evidently did his best, and never flung a chance away by permitting any one to win. He had just won three shillings from a farmer, who, incensed at his loss, was calling him a confounded cheat, and saying that he would play no more, when up came my friend of the preceding day, Jack the jockey. This worthy, after looking at the thimble man 20 a moment or two, with a peculiarly crafty glance, cried out, as he clapped down a shilling on the table, 'I will stand you, old fellow!' 'Them that finds wins; and them that can't—och, shure!—they loses,' said the thimble man. The game commenced, and Jack took up the thimble without finding the pea; another shilling was produced, and lost in the same manner: 'this is slow work,' said Jack, banging down a guinea on the table; 'can you cover that, old fellow?' The man of the thimble looked at the gold, and then at him who produced it, and scratched 30 his head. 'Come, cover that, or I shall be off,' said the jockey. 'Och, shure, my lord!—no, I mean your honour—no, shure, your lordship,' said the other, 'if I covers it at all, it must be with silver, for divil a bit of gold have I by me.' 'Well, then, produce the value in silver,' said the jockey, 'and do it quickly, for I can't be staying here all

day.' The thimble man hesitated, looked at Jack with a dubious look, then at the gold, and then scratched his head. There was now a laugh amongst the surrounders, which evidently nettled the fellow, who forthwith thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulling out all his silver treasure, just contrived to place the value of the guinea on the table. 'Them that finds wins, and them that can't finds—*loses*,' interrupted Jack, lifting up a thimble, out of which rolled a pea. 'There, paddy, what do you think of that?' said he, seizing the heap of silver with one hand, whilst he pocketed the guinea with the other. The thimble-engro stood, for some time, like one transfixed, his eyes glaring wildly, now at the table, and now at his successful customer; at last he said, 'Arrah, shure, master! —no, I ~~manes~~ my lord—you are not going to ruin a poor boy!' 'Ruin you!' said the other; 'what! by winning a guinea's change? a pretty small dodger you—if you have not sufficient capital, why do you engage in so deep a trade as thimbling? come, will you stand another game?' 'Och, shure, master, no! the twenty shillings and one <sup>20</sup> which you have cheated me of were all I had in the world.' 'Cheated you,' said Jack, 'say that again, and I will knock you down.' 'Arrah! shure, master, you knows that the pea under the thimble was not mine; here is mine, master; now give me back my money!' 'A likely thing,' said Jack; 'no, no, I know a trick worth two or three of that; whether the pea was yours or mine, you will never have your twenty shillings and one again; and if I have ruined you, all the better; I'd gladly ruin all such villains as you, who ruin poor men with your dirty <sup>30</sup> tricks, whom you would knock down and rob on the road if you had but courage: not that I mean to keep your shillings, with the exception of the two you cheated from me, which I'll keep. A scramble, boys! a scramble!' said he, flinging up all the silver into the air, with the

exception of the two shillings ; and a scramble there instantly was, between the rustics who had lost their money and the urchins who came running up ; the poor thimble-engro tried likewise to have his share ; but though he flung himself down, in order to join more effectually in the scramble, he was unable to obtain a single sixpence ; and having in his rage given some of his fellow-scramblers a cuff or two, he was set upon by the boys and country fellows, and compelled to make an inglorious retreat with <sup>10</sup> his table, which had been flung down in the scuffle, and had one of its legs broken. As he retired, the rabble hooted, and Jack, holding up in derision the pea with which he had out-manceuvred him, exclaimed, ‘ I always carry this in my pocket in order to be a match for vagabonds like you.’

The tumult over, Jack gone, and the rabble dispersed, I followed the discomfited adventurer at a distance, who, leaving the town, went slowly on, carrying his dilapidated piece of furniture ; till coming to an old wall by the roadside, he placed it on the ground, and sat down, seemingly in deep despondency, holding his thumb to his mouth. Going nearly up to him, I stood still, whereupon he looked up, and perceiving I was looking steadfastly at him, he said, in an angry tone, ‘ Arrah ! what for are you staring at me so ? By my shoul, I think you are one of the thaives who are after robbing me. I think I saw you among them, and if I were only sure of it, I would take the liberty of trying to give you a big bating.’ ‘ You have had enough of trying to give people a beating,’ said I ; ‘ you had <sup>30</sup> better be taking your table to some skilful carpenter to get it repaired. He will do it for sixpence.’ ‘ Divil a sixpence did you and your thaives leave me,’ said he ; ‘ and if you do not take yourself off, joy, I will be breaking your ugly head with the foot of it.’ ‘ Arrah, Murtagh ! ’ said I, ‘ would ye be breaking the head of your old friend

and scholar, to whom you taught the blessed tongue of Olien nan Naomha, in exchange for a pack of cards ?' Murtagh, for he it was, gazed at me for a moment with a bewildered look ; then, with a gleam of intelligence in his eye, he said, 'Shorsha ! no, it can't be—yes, by my faith it is !' Then, springing up, and seizing me by the hand, he said, 'Yes, by the powers, shure enough it is Shorsha agra ! Arrah, Shorsha ! where have you been this many a day ? Shure, you are not one of the spalpeens who are after robbing me ?' 'Not I,' I replied, 'but I saw 10 all that happened. Come, you must not take matters so to heart ; cheer up ; such things will happen in connexion with the trade you have taken up.' 'Sorrow befall the trade, and the thief who taught it me,' said Murtagh ; 'and yet the trade is not a bad one, if I only knew more of it, and had some one to help and back me. Och ! the idea of being cheated and bamboozled by that one-eyed thief in the horseman's dress.' 'Let bygones be bygones, Murtagh,' said I ; 'it is no use grieving for the past ; sit down, and let us have a little pleasant gossip.'

20

(*Romany Rye, ch. xliv.*)

### *A Pleasant Moment*

'YOUNG gentleman,' said the huge fat landlord, 'you are come at the right time ; dinner will be taken up in a few minutes, and such a dinner,' he continued, rubbing his hands, 'as you will not see every day in these times.'

'I am hot and dusty,' said I, 'and should wish to cool my hands and face.'

'Jenny.' said the huge landlord, with the utmost gravity ; 'show the gentleman into number seven, that he may wash his hands and face.'

'By no means,' said I, 'I am a person of primitive 30

habits, and there is nothing like the pump in weather like this.'

'Jenny!' said the landlord, with the same gravity as before; 'go with the young gentleman to the pump in the back kitchen, and take a clean towel along with you.'

Thereupon the rosy-faced, clean-looking damsels went to a drawer, and producing a large, thick, but snowy-white towel, she nodded to me to follow her; whereupon I followed Jenny through a long passage into the back kitchen.

- 10 And at the end of the back kitchen there stood a pump; and going to it I placed my hands beneath the spout, and said, 'Pump, Jenny'; and Jenny incontinently, without laying down the towel, pumped with one hand, and I washed and cooled my heated hands.

And, when my hands were washed and cooled, I took off my neckcloth, and unbuttoning my shirt collar, I placed my head beneath the spout of the pump, and I said unto Jenny, 'Now, Jenny, lay down the towel, and pump for your life.'

- 20 Thereupon Jenny, placing the towel on a linen-horse, took the handle of the pump with both hands and pumped over my head as handmaid had never pumped before; so that the water poured in torrents from my head, my face, and my hair, down upon the brick floor.

And after the lapse of somewhat more than a minute, I called out with a half-strangled voice, 'Hold, Jenny!' and Jenny desisted. I stood for a few moments to recover my breath, then taking the towel which Jenny proffered, I dried composedly my hands and head, my face and hair; 30 then, returning the towel to Jenny, I gave a deep sigh and said, 'Surely this is one of the pleasant moments of life.'

(*Lavengro, ch. lxiii.*)

### *Good Ale*

OH, genial and gladdening is the power of good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is, good ale, like that which has just made merry the hearts of this poor family ; and yet there are beings, calling themselves Englishmen, who say that it is a sin to drink a cup of ale, and who, on coming to this passage, will be tempted to fling down the book and exclaim, ‘The man is evidently a bad man, for behold, by his own confession, he is not only fond of ale himself, but he is in the 10 habit of tempting other people with it.’ Alas ! alas ! what a number of silly individuals there are in this world ; I wonder what they would have had me do in this instance —given the afflicted family a cup of cold water ? go to ! They could have found water in the road, for there was a pellucid spring only a few yards distant from the house, as they were well aware—but they wanted not water ; what should I have given them ? meat and bread ? go to ! They were not hungry ; there was stifled sobbing in their bosoms, and the first mouthful of strong meat would have 20 choked them. What should I have given them ? Money ! what right had I to insult them by offering them money ? Advice ! words, words, words ; friends, there is a time for everything ; there is a time for a cup of cold water ; there is a time for strong meat and bread ; there is a time for advice, and there is a time for ale ; and I have generally found that the time for advice is after a cup of ale. I do not say many cups ; the tongue then speaketh more smoothly, and the ear listeneth more benignantly ; but why do I attempt to reason with you ? do I not know 30 you for conceited creatures, with one idea—and that a foolish one ;—a crotchet, for the sake of which ye would

*feaver  
cynical*

sacrifice anything, religion if required—country? There, fling down my book, I do not wish ye to walk any farther in my company, unless you cast your nonsense away, which ye will never do, for it is the breath of your nostrils; fling down my book, it was not written to support a crotchet, for know one thing, my good people, I have invariably been an enemy to humbug.

(*Lavengro, ch. lxviii.*)

### Ale

AH! there is nothing like youth—not that after-life is valueless. Even in extreme old age one may get on very well, provided we will but accept of the bounties of God. I met the other day an old man, who asked me to drink. ‘I am not thirsty,’ said I, ‘and will not drink with you.’ ‘Yes, you will,’ said the old man, ‘for I am this day one hundred years old; and you will never again have an opportunity of drinking the health of a man on his hundredth birthday.’ So I broke my word, and drank. ‘Yours is a wonderful age,’ said I. ‘It is a long time to look back to the beginning of it,’ said the old man; ‘yet, upon the whole, I am not sorry to have lived it all.’ ‘How have you passed 20 your time?’ said I. ‘As well as I could,’ said the old man; ‘always enjoying a good thing when it came honestly within my reach; not forgetting to praise God for putting it there.’ ‘I suppose you were fond of a glass of good ale when you were young?’ ‘Yes,’ said the old man, ‘I was; and so, thank God, I am still.’ And he drank off a glass of ale.

(*Romany Rye, ch. xxx.*)

### *A Tinker's Life*

*Tinker.* It's a fine thing to be a scholar.

*Myself.* Not half so fine as to be a tinker.

*Tinker.* How you talk!

30 *Myself.* Nothing but the truth; what can be better than

to be one's own master ? Now a tinker is his own master, a scholar is not. Let us suppose the best of scholars, a schoolmaster, for example, for I suppose you will admit that no one can be higher in scholarship than a schoolmaster ; do you call his a pleasant life ? I don't ; we should call him a school-slave rather than a schoolmaster. Only conceive him in blessed weather like this, in his close school, teaching children to write in copy-books, 'Evil communication corrupts good manners,' or ' You cannot touch pitch without defilement,' or to spell out of Abecedariums, or to 10 read out of Jack Smith, or Sandford and Merton. Only conceive him, I say, drudging in such guise from morning till night, without any rational enjoyment but to beat the children. Would you compare such a dog's life as that with your own—the happiest under heaven—true Eden life, as the Germans would say—pitching your tent under the pleasant hedgerows, listening to the song of the feathered tribes, collecting all the leaky kettles in the neighbourhood, soldering and joining, earning your honest bread by the wholesome sweat of your brow—making ten holes—hey, 20 what 's this ? what 's the man crying for ?

Suddenly the tinker had covered his face with his hands, and begun to sob and moan like a man in the deepest distress ; the breast of his wife was heaved with emotion ; even the children were agitated, the youngest began to roar.

*Myself.* What 's the matter with you ; what are you crying about ?

*Tinker* (uncovering his face). Lord, why to hear you talk ; isn't that enough to make anybody cry—even the poor babes ? Yes, you said right, 'tis life in the garden of 30 Eden—the tinker's ; I see so now that I am about to give it up.

*Myself.* Give it up ! you must not think of such a thing.

*Tinker.* No, I can't bear to think of it, and yet I must ;

what's to be done? How hard to be frightened to death,  
to be driven off the roads.

*Myself.* Who has driven you off the roads?

*Tinker.* Who! the Flaming Tinman.

(*Lavengro, ch. lxviii.*)

### *The Romany*

THE strength of the ox,  
The wit of the fox,  
And the leveret's speed,—  
Full oft to oppose  
To their numerous foes,  
The Romany need.

Our horses they take,  
Our wagons they break,  
And ourselves they seize,  
In their prisons to coop,  
Where we pine and droop,  
For want of breeze.

When the dead swallow  
The fly shall follow  
O'er Burra-panee,  
Then we will forget  
The wrongs we have met  
And forgiving be.

(*The Targum.*)

### *The Flaming Tinman*

I STOOD stock-still, supporting the shaft of the little cart in my hand, and bending the right side of my face slightly towards the ground; but I could hear nothing; the noise which I thought I had heard was not one of those sounds which I was accustomed to hear in that solitude—the note of a bird, or the rustling of a bough; it was—there I heard it again, a sound very much resembling the grating of 30 a wheel amongst gravel. Could it proceed from the road?

Oh no ! the road was too far distant for me to hear the noise of anything moving along it. Again I listened, and now I distinctly heard the sound of wheels, which seemed to be approaching the dingle ; nearer and nearer they drew, and presently the sound of wheels was blended with the murmur of voices. Anon I heard a boisterous shout, which seemed to proceed from the entrance of the dingle. ‘ Here are folks at hand,’ said I, letting the shaft of the cart fall to the ground ; ‘ is it possible that they can be coming here ? ’

My doubts on that point, if I entertained any, were soon dispelled ; the wheels, which had ceased moving for a moment or two, were once again in motion, and were now evidently moving down the winding path which led to my retreat. Leaving my cart, I came forward and placed myself near the entrance of the open space, with my eyes fixed on the path down which my unexpected, and I may say unwelcome, visitors were coming. Presently I heard a stamping or sliding, as if of a horse in some difficulty ; and then a loud curse, and the next moment appeared a man and a horse and cart ; the former holding the head of the horse up to prevent him from falling, of which he was in danger, owing to the precipitous nature of the path. Whilst thus occupied, the head of the man was averted from me. When, however, he had reached the bottom of the descent, he turned his head, and perceiving me, as I stood bare-headed, without either coat or waistcoat, about two yards from him, he gave a sudden start, so violent, that the backward motion of his hand had nearly flung the horse upon his haunches.

‘ Why don’t you move forward ? ’ said a voice from behind, apparently that of a female ; ‘ you are stopping up the way, and we shall be all down upon one another.’ And I saw the head of another horse overtopping the back of the cart.

‘ Why don’t you move forward, Jack ? ’ said another voice, also of a female, yet higher up the path.

The man stirred not, but remained staring at me in the posture which he had assumed on first perceiving me, his body very much drawn back, his left foot far in advance of his right, and with his right hand still grasping the halter of the horse, which gave way more and more, till it was clean down on its haunches.

'What's the matter?' said the voice which I had last heard.

'Get back with you, Belle, Moll,' said the man, still 10 staring at me, 'here's something not over-canny or comfortable.'

'What is it?' said the same voice; 'let me pass, Moll, and I'll soon clear the way,' and I heard a kind of rushing down the path.

*qualm*  
'You need not be afraid,' said I, addressing myself to the man, 'I mean you no harm; I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid; I am a Roman chabo by matriculation—one of the right sort, and no mistake—Good-day to ye, brother; I bid ye 20 welcome.'

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment—then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, 'Afraid! H'm!'

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly looking fellow; he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame; his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not be much under fifty.

*boot*  
30 He wore a faded blue frock-coat, corduroys, and highlows; on his black head was a kind of red night-cap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief; I did not like the look of the man at all.

'Afraid,' growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse; 'that was the word, I think.'

But other figures were now already upon the scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen ; she was dressed in a tight bodice and a blue stuff gown ; hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined ; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression—she was followed by another female, about forty, stout and 10 vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

‘ What’s the matter, Jack ? ’ said the latter, looking at the man.

‘ Only afraid, that’s all,’ said the man, still proceeding with his work.

‘ Afraid at what—at that lad ? why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand.’

‘ You might beat me with no hands at all,’ said I, ‘ fair damsel, only by looking at me.—I never saw such a face 20 and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway ; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes—

‘ On Dovrefeld in Norway,  
Were once together seen,  
The twelve heroic brothers  
Of Ingeborg the queen.’

‘ None of your chaffing, young fellow,’ said the tall girl, ‘ or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face ; be civil, or you will rue it.’

‘ Well, perhaps I was a peg too high,’ said I, ‘ I ask your pardon—here’s something a bit lower—

‘ As I was jawing to the gay yeck divvus  
I met on the drom miro Romany chi—.’

'None of your Romany chies, young fellow,' said the tall girl, looking more menacingly than before, and clenching her fist, 'you had better be civil, I am none of your chies ; and though I keep company with gipsies, or, to speak more proper, half-and-halfs, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford.'

'I have no doubt,' said I, 'that it was a great house ; judging from your size, I shouldn't wonder if you were born <sup>10</sup> in a church.'

'Stay, Belle,' said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush on me, 'my turn is first' ;—then, advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, "Afraid" was the word, wasn't it ? '

'It was,' said I, 'but I think I wronged you ; I should have said, aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one labouring under uncontrollable fear.'

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and <sup>20</sup> appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not : ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl started forward, crying, 'He's chaffing ; let me at him' ; and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

'Enough,' said I, putting my hand to my cheek ; 'you have now performed your promise and made me wipe my face ; now be pacified, and tell me fairly the grounds of this quarrel.'

'Grounds ! ' said the fellow ; 'didn't you say I was afraid ; and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on <sup>30</sup> my ground ? '

'Is it your ground ? ' said I.

'A pretty question,' said the fellow ; 'as if all the world didn't know that. Do you know who I am ? '

'I guess I do,' said I ; 'unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the "Flaming Tinman". To tell you

the truth, I'm glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose; I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history.'

'Well, if that doesn't beat all!' said the fellow.

'I don't think he's chaffing now,' said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; 'the young man speaks civil enough.'

'Civil,' said the fellow, with an oath; 'but that's just <sup>to</sup> like you; with you it is a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts.'

'Two morts!' said the girl, kindling up, 'where are they? Speak for one, and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever some one else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John or Anselo,—for t'other an't your name,—the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it.'

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon <sup>gave</sup> ~~quailed~~ before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them <sup>to</sup> ~~way~~ on my little horse, which was feeding among the trees.

'What's this?' said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. 'Why, as I'm alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby.'

'It's his no longer; I bought it and paid for it.'

'It's mine now,' said the fellow; 'I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; aye, and beat the master too.'

'I am not Slingsby.'

'All's one for that.'

'You don't say you will beat me?'

'Afraid was the word.'

'I'm sick and feeble.'

'Hold up your fists.'

'Won't the horse satisfy you?'

'Horse nor bellows either.'

'No mercy, then?'

'Here's at you.'

'Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so,' shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye. 'I thought he was chaffing at you all along.'

'Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do—go in,' said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, <sup>10</sup> but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; 'go in *apopli*; you'll smash ten like he.'

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

'You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way,' said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red nightcap, came rushing <sup>20</sup> in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

'Pay him off now,' said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief, which the fellow wore round his neck, with a grasp <sup>30</sup> nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

'Do you call that fair play?' said she.

'Hands off, Belle,' said the other woman; 'do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself.'

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled ; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly :

' Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like ; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down.'

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with con-<sup>10</sup> siderable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. ' I can never stand this,' said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, ' I am afraid I must give in ; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,' and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

' Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it 's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand ; why don't you use your right ? '

' Because I'm not handy with it,' said I ; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

' Now, will you use Long Melford ? ' said Belle, picking me up.

' I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, gasping for breath.

' Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my <sup>30</sup> right arm—' if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me.

On he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two ; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and  
10 came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven ; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the Tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

‘Hurrah for Long Melford !’ I heard Belle exclaim ; ‘there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.’

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and  
20 perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. ‘He is dead,’ said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavoured to raise him up ; ‘he is dead ; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy.’ Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet ; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation—‘He’s not dead,’ said I, ‘only stunned ; if he were let blood, he would recover presently.’ I produced a penknife which I had in my  
30 pocket, and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, ‘I’ll tear the eyes out of your head if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright now he’s asleep ? you have had enough of his blood,

already.' ' You are mad,' said I, ' I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be bled, fetch some water and fling it in his face, you know where the pit is.'

' A pretty manœuvre,' said the woman ; ' leave my mard in the hands of you and that limmer, who has never been true to us ; I should find him strangled, or his throat cut, when I came back.' ' Do you go,' said I to the tall girl, ' take the can and fetch some water from the pit.' ' You had better go yourself,' said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the Tinker ; ' you had <sup>10</sup> better go yourself, if you think water will do him good.' I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could to the pit ; arriving there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught, and then plunged my head into the water ; after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass some way along its side ; I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped <sup>20</sup> precipitously down. Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle ; I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened. The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle. ' It was all owing to you, you limmer,' said the vulgar woman to the other ; ' had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy.'

' I'm for fair play and Long Melford,' said the other. ' If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me, and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys <sup>30</sup> when he comes back, as you proposed, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it to my soul's destruction.' ' Hold your tongue, or I'll—' ; I listened no farther, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle. My adversary had just begun to show signs of

animation ; the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl, who was walking slowly up and down. I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him. At first his looks were dull and heavy, and without any intelligence at all ; he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation ; he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest <sup>10</sup> malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward. At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him ; her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The <sup>20</sup> fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do ; at last he looked at his hand, and, shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand. The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, ' No, it won't do ; you are right there, and now hear what I have to say—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now.' The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees, and kicking it up, led it <sup>30</sup> to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and horse had remained standing motionless, during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and leading it with the cart into the open part of the dingle, turned both round, and then led them back till the

horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent ; she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything ; at last, perceiving that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, ' You are not going, are you ? ' Receiving no answer, she continued : ' I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly—however, I am ready to put up with it, and go with you if you like, for I bear no malice. I'm sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it. Now, shall I go with you, only tell me ? ' The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse. The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied, with a screeching tone, ' Stay where you are, you jade, and may the curse of Judas cling to you—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gulley you before he comes to be—— Have you with us, indeed ! after what 's past ! no, nor nothing belonging to you. Fetch 20 down your mailla go-cart and live here with your chabo.' She then whipped on the horse and ascended the pass, followed by the man. The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path. I followed to see that they took their departure. Arriving at the top, I found, near the entrance, a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl. The tinker and his mort were already at some distance ; I stood looking after them for a little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle. Arrived there, I found 30 Belle seated on the stone by the fireplace. Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears.

' They were bad people,' said she, ' and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world.'

(*Lavengro, ch. lxxxv.*)

*Isobel Berners*

IN the evening of that same day the tall girl and I sat at tea by the fire, at the bottom of the dingle; the girl on a small stool, and myself, as usual, upon my stone.

The water which served for the tea had been taken from a spring of pellucid water in the neighbourhood, which I had not had the good fortune to discover, though it was well known to my companion, and to the wandering people who frequented the dingle.

'This tea is very good,' said I, 'but I cannot enjoy it as much as if I were well; I feel very sadly.'

'How else should you feel,' said the girl, 'after fighting with the Flaming Tinman? All I wonder is that you can feel at all! As for the tea, it ought to be good, seeing that it cost me ten shillings a pound.'

'That's a great deal for a person in your station to pay.'

'In my station! I'd have you to know, young man—however, I haven't the heart to quarrel with you, you look so ill; and after all, it is a good sum to pay for one who travels the roads; but if I must have tea, I like to have the best; and tea I must have, for I am used to it, though I can't help thinking that it sometimes fills my head with strange fancies—what some folks call vapours, making me weep and cry.'

'Dear me,' said I, 'I should never have thought that one of your size and fierceness would weep and cry!'

'My size and fierceness! I tell you what, young man, you are not over civil this evening; but you are ill, as I said before, and I shan't take much notice of your language, at least for the present; as for my size, I am not so much bigger than yourself; and as for being fierce, you should be the last one to fling that at me. It is well for you that I can be fierce sometimes. If I hadn't taken your part

against Blazing Bosville, you wouldn't be now taking tea with me.'

'It is true that you struck me in the face first, but we'll let that pass. So that man's name is Bosville; what's your own?'

'Isopel Berners.'

'How did you get that name?'

'I say, young man, you seem fond of asking questions: will you have another cup of tea?'

'I was just going to ask for another.'

10

'Well, then, here it is, and much good may it do you; as for my name, I got it from my mother.'

'Your mother's name, then, was Isopel?'

'Isopel Berners.'

'But had you never a father?'

'Yes, I had a father,' said the girl, sighing, 'but I don't bear his name.'

'Is it the fashion, then, in your country for children to bear their mother's name?'

'If you ask such questions, young man, I shall be angry 20 with you. I have told you my name, and whether my father's or mother's, I am not ashamed of it.'

'It is a noble name.'

'There you are right, young man. The chaplain in the great house, where I was born, told me it was a noble name; it was odd enough, he said, that the only three noble names in the county were to be found in the great house; mine was one; the other two were Devereux and Bohun.'

'What do you mean by the great house?'

'The workhouse.'

30

'Is it possible that you were born there?'

'Yes, young man; and as you now speak softly and kindly, I will tell you my whole tale. My father was an officer of the sea, and was killed at sea as he was coming home to marry my mother, Isopel Berners. He had been

acquainted with her, and had left her ; but after a few months he wrote her a letter to say that he had no rest, and that he repented, and that as soon as his ship came to port he would do her all the reparation in his power. Well, young man, the very day before they reached port they met the enemy, and there was a fight, and my father was killed after he had struck down six of the enemy's crew on their own deck ; for my father was a big man, as I have heard, and knew tolerably well how to use his hands. And when  
10 my mother heard the news she became half distracted and ran away into the fields and forests, totally neglecting her business, for she was a small milliner ; and so she ran demented about the meads and forests for a long time, now sitting under a tree, and now by the side of a river—at last she flung herself into some water and would have been drowned had not some one been at hand and rescued her, whereupon she was conveyed to the great house, lest she should attempt to do herself further mischief, for she had neither friends nor parents—and there she died three  
20 months after, having first brought me into the world. She was a sweet, pretty creature, I'm told, but hardly fit for this world, being neither large, nor fierce, nor able to take her own part. So I was born and bred in the great house, where I learnt to read and sew, to fear God, and to take my own part. When I was fourteen I was put out to service to a small farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not stay long, for I was half-starved, and otherwise ill-treated, especially by my mistress, who one day attempting to knock me down with a besom, I knocked her down with my fist,  
30 and went back to the great house.'

' And how did they receive you in the great house ? '

' Not very kindly, young man—on the contrary, I was put into a dark room, where I was kept a fortnight on bread and water ; I did not much care, however, being glad to have got back to the great house at any rate—the place where I

was born and where my poor mother died, and in the great house I continued two years longer, reading and sewing, fearing God, and taking my own part when necessary. At the end of the two years I was again put out to service, but this time to a rich farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not live long, less time, I believe, than with the poor ones, being obliged to leave for—'

' Knocking your mistress down ? '

' No, young man, knocking my master down. This time I did not go back to the great house, having a misgiving <sup>10</sup> that they would not receive me, so I turned my back to the great house where I was born and where my poor mother died, and wandered for several days I know not whither, supporting myself on a few halfpence which I chanced to have in my pocket. It happened one day, as I sat under a hedge crying, having spent my last farthing, that a comfortable-looking elderly woman came up in a cart, and, seeing the state in which I was, she stopped and asked what was the matter with me. I told her some part of my story, whereupon she said, 'Cheer up, my dear, if you like you <sup>20</sup> shall go with me and wait upon me.' Of course I wanted little persuasion, so I got into the cart and went with her. She took me to London and various other places, and I soon found that she was a travelling woman who went about the country with silks and linen. I was of great use to her, more especially in those places where we met evil company. Once, as we were coming from Dover, we were met by two sailors, who stopped our cart and would have robbed and stripped us. 'Let me get down,' said I ; so I got down and fought with them both till they turned round and ran away. <sup>30</sup> Two years I lived with the old gentlewoman, who was very kind to me, almost as kind as a mother ; at last she fell sick at a place in Lincolnshire, and after a few days died, leaving me her cart and stock-in-trade, praying me only to see her decently buried—which I did, giving her a funeral fit for

a gentlewoman. After which I travelled the country—melancholy enough for want of company, but so far fortunate that I could take my own part when anybody was uncivil to me. At last, passing through the valley of Tormorden, I formed the acquaintance of Blazing Bosville and his wife, with whom I occasionally took journeys for company's sake, for it is melancholy to travel about alone, even when one can take one's own part. I soon found they were evil people; but, upon the whole, they treated me civilly, and I sometimes 10 lent them a little money, so that we got on tolerably well together. He and I, it is true, had once a dispute, and nearly came to blows; for once, when we were alone, he wanted me to marry him, promising, if I would, to turn off Gray Moll, or, if I liked it better, to make her wait upon me as a maid-servant; I never liked him much, but from that hour less than ever. Of the two I believe Gray Moll to be the best, for she is at any rate true and faithful to him, and I like truth and constancy—don't you, young man?

‘Yes,’ said I, ‘they are very nice things. I feel very 20 strangely.’

‘How do you feel, young man?’

‘Very much afraid.’

‘Afraid, at what? At the Flaming Tinman? Don’t be afraid of him. He won’t come back, and if he did, he shouldn’t touch you in this state. I’d fight him for you; but he won’t come back, so you needn’t be afraid of him.’

‘I’m not afraid of the Flaming Tinman.’

‘What, then, are you afraid of?’

‘The evil one.’

30 ‘The evil one!’ said the girl. ‘where is he?’

‘Coming upon me.

‘Never heed,’ said the girl, ‘I’ll stand by you.’

(*Lavengro, ch. lxxxvi.*)

*The Letter*

I SAT down on my stone, with my letter in my hand. I knew perfectly well that it could have come from no other person than Isobel Berners ; but what did the letter contain ? I guessed tolerably well what its purport was—an eternal farewell ! yet I was afraid to open the letter, lest my expectation should be confirmed. There I sat with the letter, putting off the evil moment as long as possible. At length I glanced at the direction, which was written in a fine bold hand, and was directed, as the old woman had said, to the young man in 'Mumper's Dingle', with the addition, 10 near —, in the county of —. Suddenly the idea occurred to me, that, after all, the letter might not contain an eternal farewell ; and that Isobel might have written, requesting me to join her. Could it be so ? 'Alas ! no,' presently said Foreboding. At last I became ashamed of my weakness. The letter must be opened sooner or later. Why not at once ? So as the bather who, for a considerable time has stood shivering on the bank, afraid to take the decisive plunge, suddenly takes it, I tore open the letter almost before I was aware. I had no sooner done so than 20 a paper fell out. I examined it ; it contained a lock of bright flaxen hair. 'This is no good sign,' said I, as I thrust the lock and paper into my bosom, and proceeded to read the letter, which ran as follows :

' TO THE YOUNG MAN IN MUMPER'S DINGLE.

' SIR,—I send these lines, with the hope and trust that they will find you well, even as I am myself at this moment, and in much better spirits, for my own are not such as I could wish they were, being sometimes rather hysterical and vapourish, and at other times, and most often, very low. 30

*fanciful*

I am at a seaport, and am just going on shipboard ; and when you get these I shall be on the salt waters, on my way to a distant country, and leaving my own behind me, which I do not expect ever to see again.

' And now, young man, I will, in the first place, say something about the manner in which I quitted you. It must have seemed somewhat singular to you that I went away without taking any leave, or giving you the slightest hint that I was going ; but I did not do so without considerable reflection. I was afraid that I should not be able to support a leave-taking ; and as you had said that you were determined to go wherever I did, I thought it best not to tell you at all ; for I did not think it advisable that you should go with me, and I wished to have no dispute.

' In the second place, I wish to say something about an offer of wedlock which you made me ; perhaps, young man, had you made it at the first period of our acquaintance, I should have accepted it, but you did not, and kept putting off and putting off, and behaving in a very strange manner, till I could stand your conduct no longer, but determined upon leaving you and Old England, which last step I had been long thinking about ; so when you made your offer at last, everything was arranged—my cart and donkey engaged to be sold—and the greater part of my things disposed of. However, young man, when you did make it, I frankly tell you that I had half a mind to accept it ; at last, however, after very much consideration, I thought it best to leave you for ever, because, for some time past, I had become almost convinced, that though with a wonderful deal of learning, and exceedingly shrewd in some things you were—pray don't be offended—at the root mad ! and though mad people, I have been told, sometimes make very good husbands, I was unwilling that your friends, if you had any, should say that Belle Berners, the workhouse girl, took advantage of your infirmity ; for there is no concealing

that I was born and bred up in a workhouse ; notwithstanding that, my blood is better than your own, and as good as the best ; you having yourself told me that my name is a noble name, and once, if I mistake not, that it was the same word as baron, which is the same thing as bear ; and that to be called in old times a bear was considered as a great compliment—the bear being a mighty strong animal, on which account our forefathers called all their great fighting-men barons, which is the same as bears.

‘ However, setting matters of blood and family entirely aside, many thanks to you, young man, from poor Belle, for the honour you did her in making that same offer ; for, after all, it is an honour to receive an honourable offer, which she could see clearly yours was, with no floriness nor chaff in it ; but, on the contrary, entire sincerity. She assures you that she shall always bear it and yourself in mind, whether on land or water ; and as a proof of the good-will she bears to you, she has sent you a lock of the hair which she wears on her head, which you were often looking at, and were pleased to call flax, which word she supposes 20 you meant as a compliment, even as the old people meant to pass a compliment to their great folks, when they called them bears ; though she cannot help thinking that they might have found an animal as strong as a bear, and somewhat less uncouth, to call their great folks after : even as she thinks yourself, amongst your great store of words, might have found something a little more genteel to call her hair after than flax, which, though strong and useful, is rather a coarse and common kind of article.

‘ And as another proof of the good-will she bears to you, 30 she sends you, along with the lock, a piece of advice, which is worth all the hair in the world, to say nothing of the flax.

‘ *Fear God, and take your own part.* There’s Bible in that, young man : see how Moses feared God, and how he took his own part against everybody who meddled with

him. And see how David feared God, and took his own part against all the bloody enemies which surrounded him—so fear God, young man, and never give in ! The world can bully, and is fond, provided it sees a man in a kind of difficulty, of getting about him, calling him coarse names, and even going so far as to hustle him : but the world, like all bullies, carries a white feather in its tail, and no sooner sees the man taking off his coat, and offering to fight its best, than it scatters here and there, and is always civil to <sup>10</sup> him afterwards. So when folks are disposed to ill-treat you, young man, say, ‘ Lord have mercy upon me ! ’ and then tip them Long Melford, to which, as the saying goes, there is nothing comparable for shortness all the world over ; and these last words, young man, are the last you will ever have from her who is, nevertheless,

‘ Your affectionate female servant,  
ISOPEL BERNERS.’  
(*Romany Rye, ch. xvi.*)

### *The Bible in Spain*

I COMMENCED the *Bible in Spain*. At first I proceeded slowly,—sickness was in the land, and the face of nature <sup>20</sup> was overcast,—heavy rainclouds swam in the heavens,—the blast howled amid the pines which nearly surround my lonely dwelling, and the waters of the lake which lies before it, so quiet in general and tranquil, were fearfully agitated. ‘ Bring lights hither, O Hayim Ben Attar, son of the miracle ! ’ And the Jew of Fez brought in the lights, for though it was midday I could scarcely see in the little room where I was writing.—

A dreary summer and autumn passed by, and were succeeded by as gloomy a winter. I still proceeded with <sup>30</sup> the *Bible in Spain*. The winter passed, and spring came with cold dry winds and occasional sunshine, whereupon I arose, shouted, and mounting my horse, even Sidi Habis-

milk, I scoured all the surrounding district, and thought but little of the *Bible in Spain*.

So I rode about the country, over the heaths, and through the green lanes of my native land, occasionally visiting friends at a distance, and sometimes, for variety's sake, I stayed at home and amused myself by catching huge pike, which lie perdue in certain deep ponds skirted with lofty reeds, upon my land, and to which there is a communication from the lagoon by a deep and narrow watercourse.—I had almost forgotten the *Bible in Spain*. 10

Then came the summer with much heat and sunshine, and then I would lie for hours in the sun and recall the sunny days I had spent in Andalusia, and my thoughts were continually reverting to Spain, and at last I remembered that the *Bible in Spain* was still unfinished; whereupon I arose and said: ‘This loitering profiteth nothing’—and I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place, and thought and wrote until I had finished the *Bible in Spain*. 20

(*The Zincali. Preface to second edition.*)

### *The Druid's Stone*

AFTER proceeding about a league and a half, a blast came booming from the north, rolling before it immense clouds of dust; happily it did not blow in our faces, or it would have been difficult to proceed, so great was its violence. We had left the road in order to take advantage of one of those short cuts, which, though passable for a horse or a mule, are far too rough to permit any species of carriage to travel along them. We were in the midst of sands, brushwood, and huge pieces of rock, which thickly studded the ground. These are the stones which form the sierras 30 of Spain and Portugal; those singular mountains which rise in naked horridness, like the ribs of some mighty carcass

from which the flesh has been torn. Many of these stones, or rocks, grew out of the earth, and many lay on its surface unattached, perhaps wrested from their bed by the waters of the deluge. Whilst toiling along these wild wastes, I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scallop shells. These were surmounted by a very large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn tree.

I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonists of Europe offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found ; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they ? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druid's stone ; there it stands on the hill of winds, as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised, by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but its cope-stone has not fallen ; rain floods have deluged it, but failed to sweep it from its station ; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it ; and time, stern old time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect let those who view it declare. There it stands, and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its

broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs ; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions ; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundations of modern commerce ; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races ? Yonder : that pile of eternal stone !

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. vii.*)

### *Antonio the Gipsy*

AFTER a stay of three weeks at Badajoz, I prepared to depart for Madrid : late one afternoon, as I was arranging to my scanty baggage, the gipsy Antonio entered my apartment, dressed in his zamarra and high-peaked Andalusian hat.

*Antonio.* Good evening, brother ; they tell me that on the callicaste (*day after to-morrow*) you intend to set out for Madrilati.

*Myself.* Such is my intention ; I can stay here no longer.

*Antonio.* The way is far to Madrilati : there are, moreover, wars in the land and many chores (*thieves*) walk about ; are you not afraid to journey ?

20

*Myself.* I have no fears ; every man must accomplish his destiny : what befalls my body or soul was written in a gabicote (*book*) a thousand years before the foundation of the world.

*Antonio.* I have no fears myself, brother ; the dark night is the same to me as the fair day, and the wild ~~carrascal~~<sup>grove</sup> as the market-place or the chardy (*fair*) ; I have got the bar lachi in my bosom, the precious stone to which sticks the needle.

*Myself.* You mean the loadstone, I suppose. Do you believe that a lifeless stone can preserve you from the dangers which occasionally threaten your life ?

*Antonio.* Brother, I am fifty years old, and you see me

standing before you in life and strength ; how could that be unless the bar lachi had power ? I have been soldier and contrabandista, and I have likewise slain and robbed the Busné. The bullets of the Gabiné (*French*) and of the jara canallis (*revenue officers*) have hissed about my ears without injuring me, for I carried the bar lachi. I have twenty times done that which by Busnée law should have brought me to the filimicha (*gallows*), yet my neck has never yet been squeezed by the cold garrote. Brother, I trust in the bar lachi, like the Caloré of old : were I in the midst of the gulf of Bombardo (*Lyons*), without a plank to float upon, I should feel no fear ; for, if I carried the precious stone, it would bring me safe to shore : the bar lachi has power, brother.

*Myself.* I shall not dispute the matter with you, more especially as I am about to depart from Badajoz : I must speedily bid you farewell, and we shall see each other no more.

*Antonio.* Brother, do you know what brings me hither ?

20 *Myself.* I cannot tell, unless it be to wish me a happy journey : I am not gipsy enough to interpret the thoughts of other people.

*Antonio.* All last night I lay awake, thinking of the affairs of Egypt ; and when I arose in the morning I took the bar lachi from my bosom, and scraping it with a knife, swallowed some of the dust in aguardiente, as I am in the habit of doing when I have made up my mind ; and I said to myself, I am wanted on the frontiers of Castumba (*Castile*) on a certain matter. The strange Caloro is about 30 to proceed to Madrilati ; the journey is long, and he may fall into evil hands, peradventure into those of his own blood ; for let me tell you, brother, the Calés are leaving their towns and villages, and forming themselves into troops to plunder the Busné, for there is now but little law in the land, and now or never is the time for the Caloré to become

once more what they were in former times ; so I said, the strange Caloro may fall into the hands of his own blood, and be ill treated by them, which were shame : I will therefore go with him through the Chim del Manro (*Estremadura*) as far as the frontiers of Castumba, and upon the frontiers of Castumba I will leave the London Caloro to find his own way to Madrilati, for there is less danger in Castumba than in the Chim del Manro, and I will then betake me to the affairs of Egypt which call me from hence.

*Myself.* This is a very hopeful plan of yours, my friend ; and in what manner do you propose that we shall travel ?

*Antonio.* I will tell you, brother ; I have a gras in the stall, even the one which I purchased at Olivências, as I told you on a former occasion ; it is good and fleet, and cost me, who am a gipsy, fifty chulé (*dollars*) ; upon that gras you shall ride. As for myself, I will journey upon the macho.

*Myself.* Before I answer you, I shall wish you to inform me what business it is which renders your presence necessary in Castumba ; your son-in-law, Paco, told me that it was no longer the custom of the gipsies to wander.

*Antonio.* It is an affair of Egypt, brother, and I shall not acquaint you with it ; peradventure it relates to a horse or an ass, or peradventure it relates to a mule or a macho ; it does not relate to yourself, therefore I advise you not to inquire about it. (The *Bible in Spain, ch. ix.*)

20

### Abarbenel

THROUGHOUT the day I pressed the burra forward, only stopping once in order to feed the animal ; but, notwithstanding that she played her part very well, night came on, and I was still about two leagues from Talavera. As the sun went down, the cold became intense ; I drew the old <sup>30</sup> gipsy cloak, which I still wore, closer around me, but I found it quite inadequate to protect me from the inclem-

mency of the atmosphere. The road, which lay over a plain, was not very distinctly traced, and became in the dusk rather difficult to find, more especially as cross roads leading to different places were of frequent occurrence. I, however, proceeded in the best manner I could, and when I became dubious as to the course which I should take, I invariably allowed the animal on which I was mounted to decide. At length the moon shone out faintly, when suddenly by its beams I beheld a figure moving before me at a slight distance. I quickened the pace of the burra, and was soon close at its side. It went on, neither altering its pace nor looking round for a moment. It was the figure of a man, the tallest and bulkiest that I had hitherto seen in Spain, dressed in a manner strange and singular for the country. On his head was a hat with a low crown and broad brim, very much resembling that of an English wagoner ; about his body was a long loose tunic or slop, seemingly of coarse ticken, open in front, so as to allow the interior garments to be occasionally seen ; these appeared to consist of a jerkin and short velveteen pantaloons.

I have said that the brim of the hat was broad, but, broad as it was, it was insufficient to cover an immense bush of coal-black hair, thick and curly, projected on either side ; over the left shoulder was flung a kind of satchel, and in the right hand was held a long staff or pole.

There was something peculiarly strange about the figure, but what struck me the most was the tranquillity with which it moved along, taking no heed of me, though of course aware of my proximity, but looking straight forward along the road, save when it occasionally raised a huge face and large eyes towards the moon, which was now shining forth in the eastern quarter.

'A cold night,' said I at last. 'Is this the way to Talavera ?'

'It is the way to Talavera, and the night is cold.'

'I am going to Talavera,' said I, 'as I suppose you are yourself.'

'I am going thither, so are you, *Bueno*.<sup>a Spanish question</sup>

The tones of the voice which delivered these words were in their way quite as strange and singular as the figure to which the voice belonged ; they were not exactly the tones of a Spanish voice, and yet there was something in them that could hardly be foreign ; the pronunciation also was correct, and the language, though singular, faultless. But I was most struck with the manner in which the last word, <sup>10</sup> *bueno*, was spoken. I had heard something like it before, but where or when I could by no means remember. A pause now ensued ; the figure stalking on as before with the most perfect indifference, and seemingly with no disposition either to seek or avoid conversation.

'Are you not afraid,' said I at last, 'to travel these roads in the dark ? It is said that there are robbers abroad.'

'Are you not rather afraid,' replied the figure, 'to travel these roads in the dark ?—you who are ignorant of the country, who are a foreigner, an Englishman !'<sup>20</sup>

'How is it that you know me to be an Englishman ?' demanded I, much surprised.

'That is no difficult matter,' replied the figure ; 'the sound of your voice was enough to tell me that.'

'You speak of voices,' said I ; 'suppose the tone of your own voice were to tell me who you are ?'

'That it will not do,' replied my companion ; 'you know nothing about me—you can know nothing about me.'

'Be not sure of that, my friend ; I am acquainted with many things of which you have little idea.'<sup>30</sup>

'Por exemplo,' said the figure.

'For example,' said I ; 'you speak two languages.'

The figure moved on, seemed to consider a moment and then said slowly, *bueno*.

'You have two names,' I continued ; 'one for the house

and the other for the street ; both are good, but the one by which you are called at home is the one which you like best.'

The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done ; all of a sudden he turned, and taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last  
10 he said :

*'Es usted tambien de nosotros ?'* ('Are you then one of us ?')  
*(The Bible in Spain, ch. xi.)*

### *Mendizabal*

HE stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him : he was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two without my shoes ; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white : though  
20 scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably grey ; he was dressed in a rich morning gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet.

After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinizing glance.

'I have seen a glance very similar to that amongst the Beni Israel,' thought I to myself.

My interview with him lasted nearly an hour. Some singular discourse passed between us : I found him, as I had  
30 been informed, a bitter enemy to the Bible Society, of which he spoke in terms of hatred and contempt, and by

no means a friend to the Christian religion, which I could easily account for. I was not discouraged, however, and pressed upon him the matter which brought me thither, and was eventually so far successful, as to obtain a promise, that at the expiration of a few months, when he hoped the country would be in a more tranquil state, I should be allowed to print the Scriptures.

As I was going away he said, 'Yours is not the first application I have had: ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner, by English calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunchbacked fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming.'

And now you have made your appearance, and almost persuaded me to embroil myself yet more with the priesthood, as if they did not abhor me enough already. What a strange infatuation is this which drives you over lands and waters with Bibles in your hands. My good sir, it is not Bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with, and above all, money, that we may pay the troops; whenever you come with these three things you shall have a hearty welcome, if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honour.'

*Myself.* There will be no end to the troubles of this afflicted country until the Gospel have free circulation.

*Mendizabal.* I expected that answer, for I have not lived thirteen years in England without forming some acquaintance with the phraseology of you good folks.

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xii.*)

### *Population of Madrid*

THE Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being ; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want ; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his Tsar, sends him singing to certain death.<sup>1</sup> There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard ; he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire. He is ignorant, of course ; but it is singular, that I have invariably found amongst the low and slightly educated classes far more liberality of sentiment than amongst the upper. It has long been the fashion to talk of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their mean jealousy of foreigners. This is true to a certain extent : but it chiefly holds good with respect to the upper classes. If foreign valour or talent has never received its proper meed in Spain, the great body of the Spaniards are certainly not in fault. I have heard Wellington calumniated in this proud scene of his triumphs, but never by the old soldiers of Aragon and the Asturias, who assisted to vanquish the French at Salamanca and the Pyrenees. I have heard the manner of riding of an English jockey criticized, but it was by the idiotic heir of Medina Celi, and not by a picador of the Madrilenian bull ring.

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xii.*)

<sup>1</sup> At the last attack on Warsaw, when the loss of the Russians amounted to upwards of twenty thousand men, the soldiery mounted the breach repeating, in measured chant, one of their popular songs : ‘ Come, let us cut the cabbage,’ &c. (*Borrow’s note.*)

### Benedict Mol

'SEÑOR Don Benito Mol, how do you do?'

This last named personage instantly engrossed my attention : he was a bulky old man, somewhat above the middle height, with white hair and ruddy features ; his eyes were large and blue, and whenever he fixed them on any one's countenance, were full of an expression of great eagerness, as if he were expecting the communication of some important tidings. He was dressed commonly enough, in a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth of a russet colour, on his head was an immense sombrero, the brim of which had been much cut and mutilated, so as in some places to resemble the jags or denticles of a saw. He returned the salutation of the orange-man, and bowing to me, forthwith produced two scented wash-balls which he offered for sale in a rough dissonant jargon, intended for Spanish, but which seemed more like the Valencian or Catalan.

Upon my asking him who he was, the following conversation ensued between us :

'I am a Swiss of Lucerne, Benedict Mol by name, once a soldier in the Walloon guard, and now a soap-boiler, *para servir usted* (at your service).'

'You speak the language of Spain very imperfectly,' said I ; 'how long have you been in the country ?'

'Forty-five years,' replied Benedict ; 'but when the guard was broken up, I went to Minorca, where I lost the Spanish language without acquiring the Catalan.'

'You have been a soldier of the king of Spain,' said I : 'how did you like the service ?'

'Not so well, but that I should have been glad to leave it forty years ago ; the pay was bad, and the treatment worse. I will now speak Swiss to you, for, if I am not much mistaken, you are a German man, and understand the

speech of Lucerne ; I should soon have deserted from the service of Spain, as I did from that of the Pope, whose soldier I was in my early youth before I came here ; but I had married a woman of Minorca, by whom I had two children ; it was this that detained me in those parts so long ; before, however, I left Minorca, my wife died, and as for my children one went east, the other west, and I know not what became of them ; I intend shortly to return to Lucerne, and live there like a duke.'

10 'Have you, then, realized a large capital in Spain ?' said I, glancing at his hat and the rest of his apparel.

*factory* 'Not a quart, not a quart ; these two wash-balls are all that I possess.'

*factory* 'Perhaps you are the son of good parents, and have lands and money in your own country wherewith to support yourself.'

*factory* 'Not a heller, not a heller ; my father was hangman of Lucerne, and when he died, his body was seized to pay his debts.'

20 'Then doubtless,' said I, 'you intend to ply your trade of soap-boiling at Lucerne : you are quite right, my friend, I know of no occupation more honourable or useful.'

*factory* 'I have no thoughts of plying my trade at Lucerne,' replied Bennet ; 'and now, as I see you are a German man, Lieber Herr, and as I like your countenance and your manner of speaking, I will tell you in confidence that I know very little of my trade, and have already been turned out of several fabriques as an evil workman ; the two wash-balls that I carry in my pocket are not of my own making.'

30 *In kurzen*, I know little more of soap-boiling than I do of tailoring, horse-farriery, or shoe-making, all of which I have practised.'

*Duke* 'Then I know not how you can hope to live like a hertzog in your native canton, unless you expect that the men of Lucerne, in consideration of your services to the Pope and

to the king of Spain, will maintain you in splendour at the public expense.'

'Lieber Herr,' said Benedict, 'the men of Lucerne are by no means fond of maintaining the soldiers of the Pope and the king of Spain at their own expense; many of the guard who have returned thither beg their bread in the streets, but when I go, it shall be in a coach drawn by six mules, with a treasure, a mighty schatz which lies in the church of Saint James of Compostella, in Galicia.'

'I hope you do not intend to rob the church,' said I; 'if you do, however, I believe you will be disappointed. Mendizabal and the liberals have been beforehand with you. I am informed that at present no other treasure is to be found in the cathedrals of Spain than a few paltry ornaments and plated utensils.'

'My good German Herr,' said Benedict, 'it is no church schatz, and no person living, save myself, knows of its existence: nearly thirty years ago, amongst the sick soldiers who were brought to Madrid, was one of my comrades of the Walloon Guard, who had accompanied 20 the French to Portugal; he was very sick and shortly died. Before, however, he breathed his last, he sent for me, and upon his death-bed told me that himself and two other soldiers, both of whom had since been killed, had buried in a certain church at Compostella a great booty which they had made in Portugal; it consisted of gold moidores and of a packet of huge diamonds from the Brazils; the whole was contained in a large copper kettle. I listened with greedy ears, and from that moment, I may say, I have known no rest, neither by day nor night, thinking of the 30 schatz. It is very easy to find, for the dying man was so exact in his description of the place where it lies, that were I once at Compostella, I should have no difficulty in putting my hand upon it; several times I have been on the point of setting out on the journey, but something has always

happened to stop me. When my wife died, I left Minorca with a determination to go to Saint James, but on reaching Madrid, I fell into the hands of a Basque woman, who persuaded me to live with her, which I have done for several years ; she is a great hax,<sup>1</sup> and says that if I desert her she will breathe a spell which shall cling to me for ever. *Dem Got sey dank*, she is now in the hospital, and daily expected to die. This is my history, Lieber Herr.'

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xiii.*)

### *Revolution of the Granja*

THE Granja, or Grange, is a royal country seat, situated amongst pine forests, on the other side of the Guadarama hills, about twelve leagues distant from Madrid. To this place the queen regent Christina had retired, in order to be aloof from the discontent of the capital, and to enjoy rural air and amusements in this celebrated retreat, a monument of the taste and magnificence of the first Bourbon who ascended the throne of Spain. She was not, however, permitted to remain long in tranquillity ; her own guards were disaffected, and more inclined to the principles of the constitution of 1823 than to those of absolute monarchy, which the moderados were attempting to revive again in the government of Spain. Early one morning, a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain Sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed that she should subscribe her hand to this constitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Christina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued, but the regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the palace, where stood her well-known paramour,

<sup>1</sup> Witch. Ger. Hexe. (*Borrow's note.*)

Muños, bound and blindfolded. ‘Swear to the constitution, you she-rogue,’ vociferated the swarthy sergeant. ‘Never!’ said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. ‘Then your cortejo shall die!’ replied the sergeant. ‘Ho! ho! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow’s brain.’ Muños was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down, the soldiers levelled their muskets and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Christina, forgetting everything but the feelings of her woman’s heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming: ‘Hold, hold! I sign, I sign!’

The day after this event I entered the Puerta del Sol at about noon. There is always a crowd there about this hour, but it is generally a very quiet motionless crowd, consisting of listless idlers calmly smoking their cigars, or listening to or retailing the—in general—very dull news of the capital; but on the day of which I am speaking the mass was no longer inert. There was much gesticulation and vociferation, and several people were running about shouting, 20 ‘*Viva la constitucion!*’—a cry which, a few days previously, would have been visited on the utterer with death, the city having for some weeks past been subjected to the rigour of martial law. I occasionally heard the words. ‘*La Granja!* *La Granja!*’ Which words were sure to be succeeded by the shout of ‘*Viva la constitucion!*’ Opposite the Casa de Postas were drawn up in a line about a dozen mounted dragoons, some of whom were continually waving their caps in the air and joining the common cry, in which they were encouraged by their commander, a handsome young 30 officer, who flourished his sword, and more than once cried out with great glee, ‘Long live the constitutional queen! Long live the constitution!’

The crowd was rapidly increasing, and several nationals made their appearance in their uniforms, but without their

arms, of which they had been deprived, as I have already stated. ‘What has become of the moderado government?’ said I to Baltasar, whom I suddenly observed amongst the crowd, dressed as when I had first seen him, in his old regimental great coat and foraging cap; ‘have the ministers been deposed and others put in their place?’

‘Not yet, Don Jorge,’ said the little soldier-tailor; ‘not yet; the scoundrels still hold out, relying on the brute bull Quesada and a few infantry, who still continue true to them; but there is no fear, Don Jorge; the queen is ours, thanks to the courage of my friend Garcia, and if the brute bull should make his appearance—ho! ho! Don Jorge, you shall see something—I am prepared for him, ho! ho!’ and thereupon he half opened his great coat, and showed me a small gun, which he bore beneath it in a sling, and then moving away with a wink and a nod, disappeared amongst the crowd.

Presently I perceived a small body of soldiers advancing up the Calle Mayor, or principal street which runs from the 20 Puerta del Sol in the direction of the palace; they might be about twenty in number, and an officer marched at their head with a drawn sword; the men appeared to have been collected in a hurry, many of them being in fatigue dress, with foraging caps on their heads. On they came, slowly marching; neither their officer nor themselves paying the slightest attention to the cries of the crowd which thronged about them, shouting ‘Long live the constitution!’ save and except by an occasional surly side glance: on they marched with contracted brows and 30 set teeth, till they came in front of the cavalry, where they halted and drew up in a rank.

‘Those men mean mischief,’ said I to my friend D\_\_\_\_\_, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who at this moment joined me; ‘and depend upon it, that if they are ordered they will commence firing, caring nothing whom they hit.—but what

can those cavalry fellows behind them mean, who are evidently of the other opinion by their shouting ; why don't they charge at once this handful of foot people and overturn them ? Once down, the crowd would wrest from them their muskets in a moment. You are a liberal, which I am not ; why do you not go to that silly young man who commands the horse and give him a word of counsel in time ?'

D—— turned upon me his broad red good-humoured English countenance, with a peculiarly arch look, as much as to say — (whatever you think most applicable, gentle 10 reader), then taking me by the arm, 'Let us get,' said he, 'out of this crowd and mount to some window, where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant.' Just opposite the post office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let ; where-upon we instantly ascended the common stair, and having agreed with the mistress of the étage for the use of the front room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter, producing his pocket-book and pencil, prepared to take 20 notes of the coming events, which were already casting their shadow before.

We had scarcely been five minutes at the window, when we suddenly heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the street called the Calle de Carretas. The house in which we had stationed ourselves was, as I have already observed, just opposite to the post office, at the left of which this street debouches from the north into the Puerta del Sol : as the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic 30 seemed to have fallen upon all : once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words Quesada ! Quesada ! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless, but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with

each other some hurried words ; all of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thoroughbred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly to flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground, beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends, for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands : I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Comercio and the street of Alcala. All at once, Quesada singled out two nationals, who were attempting to escape, and setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, ' Long live the absolute queen ! ' when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging cap just

about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged, then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace ; the youth evidently quailed before him, and probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air ; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence, his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. 20 No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada, for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course ? Quesada did : he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the 'brute bull' that I frequently, during his wild onset, 30 shouted 'Viva Quesada !' for I wished him well. Not that I am of *any* political party or system. No, no ! I have lived too long with Romany Chals and Petulengres to be of any politics save Gipsy politics ; and it is well known that, during elections, the children of Roma side with both

parties so long as the event is doubtful, promising success to each ; and then when the fight is done, and the battle won, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious. But I repeat that I wished well to Quesada, witnessing, as I did, his stout heart and good horsemanship. Tranquillity was restored to Madrid throughout the remainder of the day ; the handful of infantry bivouacked in the Puerta del Sol. No more cries of long live the constitution were heard ; and the revolution in the capital seemed to have been effectually put down. It is probable, indeed, that had the chiefs of the moderado party but continued true to themselves for forty-eight hours longer, their cause would have triumphed, and the revolutionary soldiers at the Granja would have been glad to restore the Queen Regent to liberty, and to have come to terms, as it was well known that several regiments, who still continued loyal, were marching upon Madrid. The moderados, however, were *not* true to themselves ; that very night their hearts failed them, and they fled in various directions.

Isturitz and Galiano to France ; and the Duke of Rivas to Gibraltar : the panic of his colleagues even infected Quesada, who, disguised as a civilian, took to flight. He was not, however, so successful as the rest, but was recognized at a village about three leagues from Madrid, and cast into prison by some friends of the constitution. Intelligence of his capture was instantly transmitted to the capital, and a vast mob of the nationals, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in cabriolets, instantly set out. 'The nationals are coming,' said a *paisano* to Quesada.

'Then,' said he, 'I am lost,' and forthwith prepared himself for death.

There is a celebrated coffee-house in the Calle d'Alcala at Madrid, capable of holding several hundred individuals. On the evening of the day in question, I was seated there, sipping a cup of the brown beverage, when I heard a pro-

digious noise and clamour in the street ; it proceeded from the nationals, who were returning from their expedition. In a few minutes I saw a body of them enter the coffee-house marching arm in arm, two by two, stamping on the ground with their feet in a kind of measure, and repeating in loud chorus as they walked round the spacious apartment, the following grisly stanza :

Que es lo que abaja  
Por aquel cerro ?  
Ta ra ra ra ra.  
Son los huesos de Quesada,  
Que los trae un perro—  
Ta ra ra ra ra.<sup>1</sup>

10

A huge bowl of coffee was then called for, which was placed upon a table, around which gathered the national soldiers : there was silence for a moment, which was interrupted by a voice roaring out, '*el pañuelo !*' A blue kerchief was forthwith produced, which appeared to contain a substance of some kind ; it was untied, and a gory hand and three or four dissevered fingers made their appearance, and with 20 these the contents of the bowl were stirred up. 'Cups ! cups !' cried the nationals.—

'Ho, ho, Don Jorge,' cried Baltasarito, coming up to me with a cup of coffee, 'pray do me the favour to drink upon this glorious occasion. This is a pleasant day for Spain, and for the gallant nationals of Madrid. I have seen many a bull funcion, but none which has given me so much pleasure as this. Yesterday the brute had it all his own way, but to-day the toreros have prevailed, as you see, Don Jorge. Pray drink ; for I must now run home to fetch my 30

<sup>1</sup> Of these lines the following translation, in the style of the old English ballad, will, perhaps, not be unacceptable :

'What down the hill comes hurrying there ?—  
With a hey, with a ho, a sword, and a gun !  
Quesada's bones, which a hound doth bear.—  
Hurrah, brave brothers !—the work is done.'

(Borrow's note.)

pajandi to play my brethren a tune, and sing a copla.  
What shall it be ? Something in Gitáno ?

Una noche sinava en tucue.

You shake your head, Don Jorge. Ha, ha ; I am young, and youth is the time for pleasure : well, well, out of compliment to you, who are an Englishman and a monro, it shall not be that, but something liberal, something patriotic, the Hymn of Riego—Hasta despues, Don Jorge !'

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xiv.*)

### *The Cure of Pitieguia*

- to A WOMAN directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with a vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer ; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was, that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch, he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion, and perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when, he said, he ought to have been on the look out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately and conducted me into his parlour, an apartment of tolerable size, hung round with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind of table or desk covered with black leather, with a large easy chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true eagerness of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his  
20 shelves ; saying, with considerable vehemence, that there was nothing there worthy of the attention of an English-

*one who is made after the*

man, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries and dry Catholic treatises on divinity.

His care now was to furnish us with refreshments. In a twinkling, with the assistance of his old attendant, he placed on the table several plates of cakes and confectionery, and a number of large uncouth glass bottles, which I thought bore a strong resemblance to those of Schiedam, and indeed they were the very same. ‘There,’ said he, rubbing his hands; ‘I thank God that it is in my power to treat you in a way which will be agreeable to you. In those bottles 10 there is Hollands thirty years old’; and producing two large tumblers, he continued, ‘fill, my friends, and drink, drink it every drop if you please, for it is of little use to myself, who seldom drink aught but water. I know that you islanders love it, and cannot live without it; therefore, since it does you good, I am only sorry that there is no more.’

Observing that we contented ourselves with merely tasting it, he looked at us with astonishment, and inquired the reason of our not drinking. We told him that we 20 seldom drank ardent spirits; and I added, that as for myself, I seldom tasted even wine, but like himself, was content with the use of water. He appeared somewhat incredulous, but told us to do exactly what we pleased, and to ask for what was agreeable to us. We told him that we had not dined, and should be glad of some substantial refreshment. ‘I am afraid,’ said he, ‘that I have nothing in the house which will suit you; however, we will go and see.’

Thereupon he led us through a small yard at the back 30 part of his house, which might have been called a garden, or orchard, if it had displayed either trees or flowers; but it produced nothing but grass, which was growing in luxuriance. At one end was a large pigeon-house, which we all entered: ‘for,’ said the curate, ‘if we could find

some nice delicate pigeons they would afford you an excellent dinner.' We were, however, disappointed ; for after rummaging the nests, we only found very young ones, unfitted for our purpose. The good man became very melancholy, and said he had some misgivings that we should have to depart dinnerless. Leaving the pigeon-house, he conducted us to a place where there were several skeps of bees, round which multitudes of the busy insects were hovering, filling the air with their music. ' Next to my fellow creatures,' said he, ' there is nothing which I love so dearly as these bees ; it is one of my delights to sit watching them, and listening to their murmur.' We next went to several unfurnished rooms, fronting the yard, in one of which were hanging several flitches of bacon, beneath which he stopped, and looking up, gazed intently upon them. We told him that if he had nothing better to offer, we should be very glad to eat some slices of this bacon, especially if some eggs were added. ' To tell the truth,' said he, ' I have nothing better, and if you can content yourselves with such fare I shall be very happy ; as for eggs you can have as many as you wish, and perfectly fresh, for my hens lay every day.'

So, after every thing was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on the bacon and eggs, in a small room, not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the doorway. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. ' There, my friends,' said he, ' where you are now seated once sat Wellington and Crawford, after they had beat the French at Arapiles, and rescued us from the thralldom of those wicked people. I never respected my house so much as I have done since they honoured it with their presence. They were heroes, and one was a demi-god.' He then burst into a most

eloquent panegyric of El Gran Lord, as he termed him, which I should be very happy to translate, were my pen capable of rendering into English the robust thundering sentences of his powerful Castilian. I had till then considered him a plain uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within its shell ; but he had become at once inspired : his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little silk skull-cap which he wore, according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved up 10 and down with his agitation, and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish church, and who to a child-like simplicity unite immense energy and power of mind,—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village in Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, and Paraguay.

He was a thin, spare man, of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials, nor were 20 his other garments of superior quality. This plainness, however, in the appearance of his outward man was by no means the result of poverty ; quite the contrary. The benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum of at least eight hundred dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his house and himself ; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and dispatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet and a peseta in his purse, and his 30 parishioners, when in need of money, had only to repair to his study and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village, and what he lent he neither expected nor wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to

Salamanca, he kept no mule, but contented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. ‘ I once kept a mule,’ said he, ‘ but some years since it was removed without my permission by a traveller whom I had housed for the night : for in that alcove I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring, and I shall be very much pleased if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning.’ (*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxi.*)

### *Luigi Piozzi*

‘ ARE you going to Saint James, Giorgio ? If so, you 10 will perhaps convey a message to my poor countryman,’ said a voice to me one morning in broken English, as I was standing at the door of my posada, in the royal street of Coruña.

I looked round and perceived a man standing near me at the door of a shop contiguous to the inn. He appeared to be about sixty-five, with a pale face and remarkably red nose. He was dressed in a loose green great coat, in his mouth was a long clay pipe, in his hand a long painted stick.

20 ‘ Who are you, and who is your countryman ? ’ I demanded ; ‘ I do not know you.’

‘ I know you, however,’ replied the man ; ‘ you purchased the first knife that I ever sold in the market place of N \* \* \* \* \* .’

*Myself*.—Ah, I remember you now, Luigi Piozzi ; and well do I remember also, how, when a boy, twenty years ago, I used to repair to your stall, and listen to you and your countrymen discoursing in Milanese.

30 *Luigi*.—Ah, those were happy times to me. Oh, how they rushed back on my remembrance when I saw you ride up to the door of the posada. I instantly went in, closed my shop, lay down upon my bed and wept.

*Myself.*—I see no reason why you should so much regret those times. I knew you formerly in England as an itinerant pedlar, and occasionally as master of a stall in the market-place of a country town. I now find you in a sea-port of Spain, the proprietor, seemingly, of a considerable shop. I cannot see why you should regret the difference.

*Luigi* (dashing his pipe on the ground).—Regret the difference! Do you know one thing? England is the heaven of the Piedmontese and Milanese, and especially to those of Como. We never lie down to rest but we dream of it, whether we are in our own country or in a foreign land, as I am now. Regret the difference, Giorgio! Do I hear such words from your lips, and you an Englishman? I would rather be the poorest trumper on the roads of England, than lord of all within ten leagues of the shore of the lake of Como, and much the same say all my countrymen who have visited England, wherever they now be. Regret the difference! I have ten letters, from as many countrymen in America, who say they are rich and thriving, and principal men and merchants; but every night, when their heads are reposing on their pillows, their souls *auslandra*, hurrying away to England, and its green lanes and farm-yards. And there they are with their boxes on the ground, displaying their looking-glasses and other goods to the honest rustics and their dames and their daughters, and selling away and chaffering and laughing just as of old. And there they are again at nightfall in the hedge alehouses, eating their toasted cheese and their bread, and drinking the Suffolk ale, and listening to the roaring song and merry jests of the labourers. Now, if they regret England so who are in America, which they own to be a happy country, and good for those of Piedmont and of Como, how much more must I regret it, when, after the lapse of so many years, I find myself in Spain, in this

frightful town of Coruña, driving a ruinous trade, and where months pass by without my seeing a single English face, or hearing a word of the blessed English tongue.

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxvi.*)

### *The Runaway Guide*

HERE we entered a Gallegan cabin for the purpose of refreshing the animal and ourselves. The quadruped ate some maize, whilst we two bipeds regaled ourselves on some broa and aguardiente, which a woman whom we found in the hut placed before us. I walked out for a few minutes to observe the aspect of the country, and on my return found my guide fast asleep on the bench where I had left him. He sat bolt upright, his back supported against the wall, and his legs pendulous, within three inches of the ground, being too short to reach it. I remained gazing upon him for at least five minutes, whilst he enjoyed slumbers seemingly as quiet and profound as those of death itself. His face brought powerfully to my mind some of those uncouth visages of saints and abbots which are occasionally seen in the niches of the walls of ruined convents. There was not the slightest gleam of vitality in his countenance, which for colour and rigidity might have been of stone, and which was as rude and battered as one of the stone heads at Icolmkill, which have braved the winds of twelve hundred years. I continued gazing on his face till I became almost alarmed, concluding that life might have departed from its harassed and fatigued tenement. On my shaking him rather roughly by the shoulder he slowly awoke, opening his eyes with a stare and then closing them again. For a few moments he was evidently unconscious of where he was. On my shouting to him, however, and inquiring whether he intended to sleep all day instead of conducting me to Finisterra, he

dropped upon his legs, snatched up his hat, which lay on the table, and instantly ran out of the door, exclaiming, 'Yes, yes, I remember—follow me, captain, and I will lead you to Finisterra in no time.' I looked after him, and perceived that he was hurrying at a considerable pace in the direction in which we had hitherto been proceeding. 'Stop,' said I, 'stop! will you leave me here with the pony? Stop, we have not paid the reckoning. Stop!' He, however, never turned his head for a moment, and in less than a minute was out of sight. The pony, which was tied to a crib at one end of the cabin, began now to neigh terrifically, to plunge, and to erect its tail and mane in a most singular manner. It tore and strained at the halter till I was apprehensive that strangulation would ensue. 'Woman,' I exclaimed, 'where are you, and what is the meaning of all this?' But the hostess had likewise disappeared, and though I ran about the choza, shouting myself hoarse, no answer was returned. The pony still continued to scream and to strain at the halter more violently than ever. 'Am I beset with lunatics?' I cried, 20 and flinging down a peseta on the table, unloosed the halter, and attempted to introduce the bit into the mouth of the animal. This, however, I found impossible to effect. Released from the halter, the pony made at once for the door, in spite of all the efforts which I could make to detain it. 'If you abandon me,' said I, 'I am in a pretty situation; but there is a remedy for everything!' with which words I sprang into the saddle, and in a moment more the creature was bearing me at a rapid gallop in the direction, as I supposed, of Finisterra. My position, how- 30 ever diverting to the reader, was rather critical to myself. I was on the back of a spirited animal, over which I had no control, dashing along a dangerous and unknown path. I could not discover the slightest vestige of my guide, nor did I pass any one from whom I could derive any informa-

tion. Indeed, the speed of the animal was so great, that even in the event of my meeting or overtaking a passenger, I could scarcely have hoped to have exchanged a word with him. ‘Is the pony trained to this work?’ said I mentally.

‘Is he carrying me to some den of banditti, where my throat will be cut, or does he follow his master by instinct?’ Both of these suspicions I however soon abandoned; the pony’s speed relaxed, he appeared to have lost the road. He looked about uneasily: at last, coming to a sandy <sup>10</sup> spot, he put his nostrils to the ground, and then suddenly flung himself down, and wallowed in true pony fashion. I was not hurt, and instantly made use of this opportunity to slip the bit into his mouth, which previously had been dangling beneath his neck; I then remounted in quest of the road.

This I soon found, and continued my way for a considerable time. Having crossed the moor, I came rather abruptly upon a convent, overhanging a deep ravine, at the bottom of which brawled a rapid stream.

<sup>20</sup> It was a beautiful and picturesque spot: the sides of the ravine were thickly clothed with wood, and on the other side a tall, black hill uplifted itself. The edifice was large, and apparently deserted. Passing by it, I presently reached a small village, as deserted, to all appearance, as the convent, for I saw not a single individual, nor so much as a dog to welcome me with his bark. I proceeded, however, until I reached a fountain, the waters of which gushed from a stone pillar into a trough. Seated upon this last, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the neighbouring <sup>30</sup> mountain, I beheld a figure which still frequently recurs to my thoughts, especially when asleep and oppressed by the nightmare. This figure was my runaway guide.

*Myself.*—Good day to you, my gentleman. The weather is hot, and yonder water appears delicious. I am almost tempted to dismount and regale myself with a slight draught.

*refresh*

*Guide.*—Your worship can do no better. The day is, as you say, hot ; you can do no better than drink a little of this water. I have myself just drunk. I would not, however, advise you to give that pony any, it appears heated and blown.

*Myself.*—It may well be so. I have been galloping at least two leagues in pursuit of a fellow who engaged to guide me to Finisterra, but who deserted me in a most singular manner, so much so, that I almost believe him to be a thief, and no true man. You do not happen to have seen him ?

*Guide.*—What kind of a man might he be ?

*Myself.*—A short, thick fellow, very much like yourself, with a hump upon his back, and, excuse me, of a very ill-favoured countenance.

*Guide.*—Ha, ha ! I know him. He ran with me to this fountain, where he has just left me. That man, Sir Cavalier, is no thief. If he is anything at all, he is a Nuyeiro,—a fellow who rides upon the clouds, and is occasionally whisked away by a gust of wind. Should you ever travel with that man again, never allow him more than one glass of anise at a time, or he will infallibly mount into the clouds and leave you, and then he will ride and run till he comes to a water-brook, or knocks his head against a fountain—then one draught, and he is himself again. So you are going to Finisterra, Sir Cavalier. Now, it is singular enough, that a cavalier much of your appearance engaged me to conduct him there this morning, I, however, lost him on the way. So it appears to me our best plan to travel together until you find your own guide and I find my own master.

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxix.*)

*The Arrest*

I WAS suddenly seized roughly by the shoulder and nearly dragged from the bed. I looked up in amazement, and by the light of the descending sun I beheld hanging over me a wild and uncouth figure ; it was that of an elderly man, built as strong as a giant, with much beard and whiskers, and huge bushy eyebrows, dressed in the habiliments of a fisherman ; in his hand was a rusty musket.

*Myself*.—Who are you and what do you want ?

10 *Figure*.—Who I am matters but little. Get up and follow me ; it is you I want.

*Myself*.—By what authority do you thus presume to interfere with me ?

*Figure*.—By the authority of the justicia of Finisterra. Follow me peaceably, Calros, or it will be the worse for you.

‘Calros,’ said I, ‘what does the person mean ?’ I thought it, however, most prudent to obey his command, and followed him down the staircase. The shop and the portal were now thronged with the inhabitants of Finisterra, men, 20 women, and children ; the latter for the most part in a state of nudity, and with bodies wet and dripping, having been probably summoned in haste from their gambols in the brine. Through this crowd the figure whom I have attempted to describe pushed his way with an air of authority.

On arriving in the street, he laid his heavy hand upon my arm, not roughly, however. ‘It is Calros ! it is Calros !’ said a hundred voices ; ‘he has come to Finisterra at last, and the justicia has now got hold of him.’ Wondering 30 what all this could mean, I attended my strange conductor down the street. As we proceeded, the crowd increased every moment, following and vociferating. Even

the sick were brought to the doors to obtain a view of what was going forward and a glance at the redoubtable Calros. I was particularly struck by the eagerness displayed by one man, a cripple, who, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, mixed with the crowd, and having lost his crutch, hopped forward on one leg, exclaiming,—' *Carracho ! tambien voy yo !*'

We at last reached a house of rather larger size than the rest ; my guide having led me into a long low room, placed me in the middle of the floor, and then hurrying to the door, he endeavoured to repulse the crowd who strove to enter with us. This he effected, though not without considerable difficulty, being once or twice compelled to have recourse to the butt of his musket, to drive back unauthorized intruders. I now looked round the room. It was rather scantily furnished : I could see nothing but some tubs and barrels, the mast of a boat, and a sail or two. Seated upon the tubs were three or four men coarsely dressed, like fishermen or shipwrights. The principal personage was a surly ill-tempered looking fellow of about thirty-five, whom eventually I discovered to be the *alcalde* of Finisterra, and lord of the house in which we now were. In a corner I caught a glimpse of my guide, who was evidently in durance, two stout fishermen standing before him, one with a musket and the other with a boathook. After I had looked about me for a minute, the *alcalde*, giving his whiskers a twist, thus addressed me :—

' Who are you, where is your passport, and what brings you to Finisterra ? '

*Myself.*—I am an Englishman. Here is my passport, and I came to see Finisterra.

This reply seemed to discomfit them for a moment. They looked at each other, then at my passport. At length the *alcalde*, striking it with his finger, bellowed forth

'This is no Spanish passport ; it appears to be written in French.'

*Myself.*—I have already told you that I am a foreigner. I of course carry a foreign passport.

*Alcalde.*—Then you mean to assert that you are not Calros Rey.

*Myself.*—I never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

*Alcalde.*—Hark to the fellow : he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros the pretender, who calls himself king.

*Myself.*—If you mean by Calros, the pretender Don Carlos, all I can reply is, that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that yonder poor fellow, my guide, whom I see you have made prisoner, is his nephew, the infante Don Sebastian.

*Alcalde.*—See, you have betrayed yourself ; that is the very person we suppose him to be.

*Myself.*—It is true that they are both hunchbacks. But how can I be like Don Carlos ? I have nothing the appearance of a Spaniard, and am nearly a foot taller than the pretender.

*Alcalde.*—That makes no difference ; you of course carry many waistcoats about you, by means of which you disguise yourself, and appear tall or low according to your pleasure.

This last was so conclusive an argument that I had of course nothing to reply to it. The alcalde looked around him in triumph, as if he had made some notable discovery.  
30 'Yes, it is Calros ; it is Calros,' said the crowd at the door. 'It will be as well to have these men shot instantly,' continued the alcalde ; 'if they are not the two pretenders, they are at any rate two of the factious.'

'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' said a gruff voice.

The justicia of Finisterra turned their eyes in the direction from which these words proceeded, and so did I. Our glances rested upon the figure who held watch at the door. He had planted the barrel of his musket on the floor, and was now leaning his chin against the butt.

'I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other,' repeated he, advancing forward. 'I have been examining this man,' pointing to myself, 'and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice.<sup>10</sup> Who knows the English better than Antonio de la Trava, and who has a better right? Has he not sailed in their ships; has he not eaten their biscuit; and did he not stand by Nelson when he was shot dead?'

Here the alcalde became violently incensed. 'He is no more an Englishman than yourself,' he exclaimed; 'if he were an Englishman would he have come in this manner, skulking across the land? Not so, I trow. He would have come in a ship, recommended to some of us, or to the Catalans. He would have come to trade, to buy; but <sup>20</sup> nobody knows him in Finisterra, nor does he know anybody: and the first thing, moreover, that he does when he reaches this place is to inspect the fort, and to ascend the mountain, where, no doubt, he has been marking out a camp. What brings him to Finisterra if he is neither Calros nor a bripon of a faccioso?' *parlal*

I felt that there was a good deal of justice in some of these remarks, and I was aware, for the first time, that I had, indeed, committed a great imprudence in coming to this wild place, and among these barbarous people, <sup>30</sup> without being able to assign any motive which could appear at all valid in their eyes. I endeavoured to convince the alcalde that I had come across the country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the many remarkable objects which it contained, and of obtaining

information respecting the character and condition of the inhabitants. He could understand no such motives. 'What did you ascend the mountain for?' 'To see prospects.' 'Disparáte! I have lived at Finisterra forty years and never ascended that mountain. I would not do it in a day like this for two ounces of gold. You went to take altitudes, and to mark out a camp.' I had, however, a staunch friend in old Antonio, who insisted, from his knowledge of the English, that all I had said might very 10 possibly be true. 'The English', said he, 'have more money than they know what to do with, and on that account they wander all over the world, paying dearly for what no other people care a groat for.' He then proceeded, notwithstanding the frowns of the alcalde, to examine me in the English language. His own entire knowledge of this tongue was confined to two words—*knife* and *fork*, which words I rendered into Spanish by their equivalents, and was forthwith pronounced an Englishman by the old fellow, who, brandishing his musket, 20 exclaimed :—

'This man is not Calros; he is what he declares himself to be, an Englishman, and whosoever seeks to injure him, shall have to do with Antonio de la Trava el valiente de Finisterra.' No person sought to impugn this verdict, and it was at length determined that I should be sent to Corcuvion, to be examined by the alcalde mayor of the district. 'But,' said the alcalde of Finisterra, 'what is to be done with the other fellow? He at least is no Englishman. Bring him forward, and let us hear what he has to 30 say for himself. Now, fellow, who are you, and what is your master?'

*Guide.*—I am Sebastianillo, a poor broken mariner of Padron, and my master for the present is the gentleman whom you see, the most valiant and wealthy of all the English. He has two ships at Vigo laden with riches.

I told you so when you first seized me up there in our posada.

*Alcalde*.—Where is your passport?

*Guide*.—I have no passport. Who would think of bringing a passport to such a place as this, where I don't suppose there are two individuals who can read? I have no passport; my master's passport of course includes me.

*Alcalde*.—It does not. And since you have no passport, and have confessed that your name is Sebastian, you shall be shot. Antonio de la Trava, do you and the musketeers lead this Sebastianillo forth, and shoot him before the door.

*Antonio de la Trava*.—With much pleasure, Señor Alcalde, since you order it. With respect to this fellow, I shall not trouble myself to interfere. He at least is no Englishman. He has more the look of a wizard or nuveiro; one of those devils who raise storms and sink launches. Moreover, he says he is from Padron, and those of that place are all thieves and drunkards. They once played me a trick, and I would gladly be at the shooting of the whole pueblo.

I now interfered, and said that if they shot the guide they must shoot me too; expatiating at the same time on the cruelty and barbarity of taking away the life of a poor unfortunate fellow who, as might be seen at the first glance, was only half witted; adding, moreover, that if any person was guilty in this case it was myself, as the other could only be considered in the light of a servant acting under my orders.

The safest plan after all', said the alcalde, 'appears to be, to send you both prisoners to Corcuvion, where the head alcalde can dispose of you as he thinks proper. You must, however, pay for your escort; for it is not to be supposed that the housekeepers of Finisterra have nothing else to do than to ramble about the country with every chance fellow who finds his way to this town.' 'As for that matter,' said Antonio, 'I will take charge of them both.'

I am the valiente of Finisterra, and fear no two men living. Moreover, I am sure that the captain here will make it worth my while, else he is no Englishman. Therefore let us be quick and set out for Corcuvion at once, as it is getting late. First of all, however, captain, I must search you and your baggage. You have no arms, of course? But it is best to make all sure.'

Long ere it was dark I found myself again on the pony, in company with my guide, wending our way along the beach in the direction of Corcuvion. Antonio de la Trava tramped heavily on before, his musket on his shoulder.

*Myself.*—Are you not afraid, Antonio, to be thus alone with two prisoners, one of whom is on horseback? If we were to try, I think we could overpower you.

*Antonio de la Trava.*—I am the valiente de Finisterra, and I fear no odds.

*Myself.*—Why do you call yourself the valiente of Finisterra?

*Antonio de la Trava.*—The whole district call me so. When the French came to Finisterra, and demolished the fort, three perished by my hand. I stood on the mountain, up where I saw you scrambling to-day. I continued firing at the enemy, until three detached themselves in pursuit of me. The fools! two perished amongst the rocks by the fire of this musket, and as for the third, I beat his head to pieces with the stock. It is on that account that they call me the valiente of Finisterra.

*Myself.*—How came you to serve with the English fleet? I think I heard you say that you were present when Nelson fell.

*Antonio de la Trava.*—I was captured by your countrymen, captain, and as I had been a sailor from my childhood, they were glad of my services. I was nine months with them, and assisted at Trafalgar. I saw the English admiral die. You have something of his face, and your voice,

when you spoke, sounded in my ears like his own. I love the English, and on that account I saved you. Think not that I would toil along these sands with you if you were one of my own countrymen. Here we are at Duyo, captain. Shall we refresh ?

We did refresh, or rather Antonio de la Trava refreshed, swallowing pan after pan of wine, with a thirst which seemed unquenchable. ‘ That man was a greater wizard than myself,’ whispered Sebastian, my guide, ‘ who told us that the drunkards of Finisterra would play us a trick.’<sup>10</sup> At length the old hero of the Cape slowly rose, saying, that we must hasten on to Corcuvion, or the night would overtake us by the way.

‘ What kind of person is the alcalde to whom you are conducting me ? ’ said I.

‘ Oh, very different from him of Finisterra,’ replied Antonio. ‘ This is a young Señorito, lately arrived from Madrid. He is not even a Gallegan. He is a mighty liberal, and it is owing chiefly to his orders that we have lately been so much on the alert. It is said that the Carlists<sup>20</sup> are meditating a descent on these parts of Galicia. Let them only come to Finisterra, we are liberals there to a man, and the old valiente is ready to play the same part as in the time of the French. But, as I was telling you before, the alcalde to whom I am conducting you is a young man, and very learned, and if he thinks proper, he can speak English to you, even better than myself, notwithstanding I was a friend of Nelson, and fought by his side at Trafalgar.’<sup>21</sup>

It was dark night before we reached Corcuvion. Antonio<sup>30</sup> again stopped to refresh at a wine-shop, after which he conducted us to the house of the alcalde. His steps were by this time not particularly steady, and on arriving at the gate of the house, he stumbled over the threshold and fell. He got up with an oath, and instantly commenced

thundering at the door with the stock of his musket. 'Who is it?' at length demanded a soft female voice in Gallegan. 'The valiente of Finisterra,' replied Antonio; whereupon the gate was unlocked, and we beheld before us a very pretty female with a candle in her hand. 'What brings you here so late, Antonio?' she inquired. 'I bring two prisoners, mi pulida,' replied Antonio. 'Ave Maria!' she exclaimed, 'I hope they will do no harm.' 'I will answer for one,' replied the old man; 'but as for the other, he is a *nuveiro*, and has sunk more ships than all his brethren in Galicia. But be not afraid, my beauty,' he continued, as the female made the sign of the cross: 'first lock the gate, and then show me the way to the alcalde. I have much to tell him.' The gate was locked, and bidding us stay below in the court-yard, Antonio followed the young woman up a stone stair, whilst we remained in darkness below.

After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour we again saw the candle gleam upon the staircase, and the young female appeared. Coming up to me, she advanced the candle to my features on which she gazed very intently. After a long scrutiny she went to my guide, and having surveyed him still more fixedly, she turned to me, and said, in her best Spanish, 'Señor Cavalier, I congratulate you on your servant. He is the best looking mozo in all Galicia. Vaya! if he had but a coat to his back, and did not go barefoot, I would accept him at once as a *novio*; but I have unfortunately made a vow never to marry a poor man, but only one who has got a heavy purse and can buy me fine clothes. So you are a Carlist, I suppose? Vaya! I do not like you the worse for that. But, being so, how went you to Finisterra, where they are all *Christinos* and *negros*? Why did you not go to my village? None would have meddled with you there. Those of my village are of a different stamp to the drunkards of Finisterra.'

Those of my village never interfere with honest people. Vaya ! how I hate that drunkard of Finisterra who brought you, he is so old and ugly ; were it not for the love which I bear to the Señor Alcalde, I would at once unlock the gate and bid you go forth, you and your servant, the buen mozo.'

Antonio now descended. 'Follow me,' said he ; 'his worship the alcalde will be ready to receive you in a moment.' Sebastian and myself followed him upstairs to a room where, seated behind a table, we beheld a young man of low stature <sup>10</sup> but handsome features and very fashionably dressed. He appeared to be inditing a letter, which, when he had concluded, he delivered to a secretary to be transcribed. He then looked at me for a moment fixedly, and the following conversation ensued between us :—

*Alcalde.*—I see that you are an Englishman, and my friend Antonio here informs me that you have been arrested at Finisterra.

*Myself.*—He tells you true ; and but for him I believe that I should have fallen by the hands of those savage <sup>20</sup> fishermen.

*Alcalde.*—The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport ? Yes, all in form. Truly it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist.

*Myself.*—Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos himself.

*Alcalde.*—Oh ! most ridiculous ; mistake a countryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth !

*Myself.*—Excuse me, Sir, you speak of the grand somebody.

*Alcalde.*—The grand Baintham. He who has invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours.

*Myself.*—Oh ! you mean Jeremy Bentham. Yes ! a very remarkable man in his way.

*Alcalde.*—In his way ! in all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced :—a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

*Myself.*—I have never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon ; and as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega.

*Alcalde.*—How surprising ! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here to am I, a simple alcalde of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Bainham on that shelf, and I study them day and night.

*Myself.*—You doubtless, Sir, possess the English language.

*Alcalde.*—I do. I mean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Bainham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand and appreciate your motives for visiting them : excuse the incivility and rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavour to make you reparation. You are this moment free : but it is late ; I must find you a lodging for the night. I know one close by which will just suit you. Let us repair thither this moment. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand.

*Myself.*—The New Testament.

*Alcalde.*—What book is that ?

*Myself.*—A portion of the sacred writings, the Bible.

*Alcalde.*—Why do you carry such a book with you ?

*Myself.*—One of my principal motives in visiting Finis-  
30 terra was to carry this book to that wild place.

*Alcalde.*—Ha, ha ! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Bainham should set any value upon that old monkish book.

It was now late at night, and my new friend attended me to the lodging which he had destined for me, and which was at the house of a respectable old female, where I found a clean and comfortable room. On the way I slipped a gratuity into the hand of Antonio, and on my arrival, formally, and in the presence of the alcalde, presented him with the Testament, which I requested he would carry back to Finisterra, and keep in remembrance of the Englishman in whose behalf he had so effectually interposed.

*Antonio.*—I will do so, your worship; and when the 10 winds blow from the north-west, preventing our launches from putting to sea, I will read your present. Farewell, my captain, and when you next come to Finisterra I hope it will be in a valiant English bark, with plenty of contrabando on board, and not across the country on a pony, in company with nuveiros and men of Padron.

Presently arrived the handmaid of the alcalde with a basket, which she took into the kitchen, where she prepared an excellent supper for her master's friend. On its being served up the alcalde bade me farewell, having 20 first demanded whether he could in any way forward my plans.

'I return to Saint James to morrow,' I replied, 'and I sincerely hope that some occasion will occur which will enable me to acquaint the world with the hospitality which I have experienced from so accomplished a scholar as the Alcalde of Corcuvion.' (*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxx.*)

### *The Ten Gentlemen*

So it came to pass that one night I found myself in the ancient town of Oviedo, in a very large, scantily furnished, and remote room in an ancient posada, formerly a palace 30 of the counts of Santa Cruz. It was past ten, and the rain was descending in torrents. I was writing, but suddenly

ceased on hearing numerous footsteps ascending the creaking stairs which led to my apartment. The door was flung open, and in walked nine men of tall stature, marshalled by a little hunch-backed personage. They were all muffled in the long cloaks of Spain, but I instantly knew by their demeanour that they were caballeros, or gentlemen. They placed themselves in a rank before the table where I was sitting. Suddenly and simultaneously they all flung back their cloaks; and I perceived that every one bore a book  
10 in his hand ; a book which I knew full well. After a pause which I was unable to break, for I sat lost in astonishment, and almost conceived myself to be visited by apparitions, the hunchback, advancing somewhat before the rest, said in soft silvery tones, ‘ Señor Cavalier, was it you who brought this book to the Asturias ? ’ I now supposed that they were the civil authorities of the place come to take me into custody, and, rising from my seat, I exclaimed, ‘ It certainly was I, and it is my glory to have done so ; the book is the New Testament of God : I wish it was in  
20 my power to bring a million.’ ‘ I heartily wish so too,’ said the little personage with a sigh. ‘ Be under no apprehension, Sir Cavalier, these gentlemen are my friends ; we have just purchased these books in the shop where you placed them for sale, and have taken the liberty of calling upon you, in order to return you our thanks for the treasure you have brought us. I hope you can furnish us with the Old Testament also.’ I replied that I was sorry to inform him that at present it was entirely out of my power to comply with his wish, as I had no Old Testaments in my  
30 possession, but did not despair of procuring some speedily from England. He then asked me a great many questions concerning my biblical travels in Spain, and my success, and the views entertained by the Society with respect to Spain, adding that he hoped we should pay particular attention to the Asturias, which he assured me was the

best ground in the peninsula for our labour. After about half an hour's conversation, he suddenly said, in the English language, 'Good night, Sir,' wrapped his cloak around him, and walked out as he had come. His companions, who had hitherto not uttered a word, all repeated 'Good night, Sir,' and, adjusting their cloaks, followed him.

(*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxxiii.*)

'*It was not so written'*

THE next night we had another singular escape: we had arrived near the entrance of a horrible pass called 'El puerto de la puente de las tablas,' or the pass of the bridge of planks, which wound through a black and frightful mountain, on the farther side of which was the town of Oñas, where we meant to tarry for the night. The sun had set about a quarter of an hour. Suddenly a man, with his face covered with blood, rushed out of the pass. 'Turn back, sir,' he said, 'in the name of God; there are murderers in that pass; they have just robbed me of my mule, and all I possess, and I have hardly escaped with life from their hands.' I scarcely know why, but I made him no answer, and proceeded; indeed I was so weary 20 and unwell that I cared not what became of me. We entered; the rocks rose perpendicularly, right and left, entirely intercepting the scanty twilight, so that the darkness of the grave, or rather the blackness of the valley of the shadow of death, reigned around us, and we knew not where we went, but trusted to the instinct of the horses, who moved on with their heads close to the ground. The only sound which we heard was the splash of a stream, which tumbled down the pass. I expected every moment to feel a knife at my throat, but '*it was not so written*'. 30 We threaded the pass without meeting a human being, and within three-quarters of an hour after the time we

entered it, we found ourselves within the posada of the town of Oñas, which was filled with troops and armed peasants expecting an attack from the grand Carlist army, which was near at hand. (*The Bible in Spain, ch. xxxv.*)

### *In Prison*

THE alguazils conducted me to the office of the corregidor, where they ushered me into a large room, and motioned me to sit down on a wooden bench. They then stationed themselves on each side of me : there were at least twenty people in the apartment beside ourselves, evidently from 10 their appearance officials of the establishment. They were all well dressed, for the most part in the French fashion, in round hats, coats, and pantaloons, and yet they looked what in reality they were, Spanish alguazils, spies, and informers, and Gil Blas, could he have waked from his sleep of two centuries, would, notwithstanding the change of fashion, have had no difficulty in recognizing them. They glanced at me as they stood lounging about the room ; then gathered themselves together in a circle and began conversing in whispers. I heard one of them say, 'he 20 understands the seven Gipsy jargons.' Then presently another, evidently from his language an Andalusian, said 'Es muy diestro (he is very skilful), and can ride a horse and dart a knife full as well as if he came from my own country.' Thereupon they all turned round and regarded me with a species of interest, evidently mingled with respect, which most assuredly they would not have exhibited had they conceived that I was merely an honest man bearing witness in a righteous cause.

I waited patiently on the bench at least one hour, expecting every moment to be summoned before my lord the corregidor. I suppose, however, that I was not deemed worthy of being permitted to see so exalted a personage,

for at the end of that time, an elderly man, one, however, evidently of the alguazil genus, came into the room and advanced directly towards me. 'Stand up,' said he. I obeyed. 'What is your name?' he demanded. I told him. 'Then,' he replied, exhibiting a paper which he held in his hand, 'Señor, it is the will of his excellency the corregidor, that you be forthwith sent to prison.'

He looked at me steadfastly as he spoke, perhaps expecting that I should sink into the earth at the formidable name of prison; I, however, only smiled. He then delivered to the paper, which I suppose was the warrant for my committal, into the hand of one of my two captors, and obeying a sign which they made, I followed them.

The alguazils conducted me across the Plaza Mayor to the Carcel de la Corte, or prison of the court, as it is called. Whilst going across the square, I remembered that this was the place where, in 'the good old times', the Inquisition of Spain was in the habit of holding its solemn *Autos da fé*, and I cast my eye to the balcony of the city hall, where at the most solemn of them all, the last of the Austrian line in Spain sat, and after some thirty heretics, of both sexes, had been burnt by fours and by fives, wiped his face, perspiring with heat, and black with smoke, and calmly inquired, 'No hay mas?' for which exemplary proof of patience he was much applauded by his priests and confessors, who subsequently poisoned him. 'And here am I,' thought I, 'who have done more to wound Popery, than all the poor Christian martyrs that ever suffered in this accursed square, merely sent to prison, from which I am sure to be liberated in a few days, with credit and applause. Pope of Rome! I believe you to be as malicious as ever, but you are sadly deficient in power. You are become paralytic, Batuschca, and your club has degenerated to a crutch.'

We arrived at the prison, which stands in a narrow

street not far from the great square. We entered a dusky passage, at the end of which was a wicket door. My conductors knocked, a fierce visage peered through the wicket ; there was an exchange of words, and in a few moments I found myself within the prison of Madrid, in a kind of corridor which overlooked at a considerable altitude what appeared to be a court, from which arose a hubbub of voices, and occasionally wild shouts and cries. Within the corridor which served as a kind of office, were several  
10 people ; one of them sat behind a desk, and to him the alguazils went up, and after discoursing with him some time in low tones, delivered the warrant into his hands. He perused it with attention, then rising he advanced to me. What a figure ! He was about forty years of age, and his height might have amounted to some six feet two inches, had he not been curved much after the fashion of the letter S. No weazel ever appeared lanker, and he looked as if a breath of air would have been sufficient to blow him away ; his face might certainly have been called  
20 handsome, had it not been for its extraordinary and portentous meagreness ; his nose was like an eagle's bill, his teeth white as ivory, his eyes black (Oh how black !) and fraught with a strange expression, his skin was dark, and the hair of his head like the plumage of the raven. A deep quiet smile dwelt continually on his features ; but with all the quiet it was a cruel smile, such a one as would have graced the countenance of a Nero. '*Mais en revanche personne n'étoit plus honnête.*' 'Caballero,' said he, 'allow me to introduce myself to you as the alcayde of this prison.  
30 I perceive by this paper that I am to have the honour of your company for a time, a short time doubtless, beneath this roof ; I hope you will banish every apprehension from your mind. I am charged to treat you with all the respect which is due to the illustrious nation to which you belong, and which a cavalier of such exalted category as yourself

is entitled to expect. A needless charge, it is true, as I should only have been too happy of my own accord to have afforded you every comfort and attention. Caballero, you will rather consider yourself here as a guest than a prisoner; you will be permitted to roam over every part of this house whenever you think proper. You will find matters here not altogether below the attention of a philosophic mind. Pray issue whatever commands you may think fit to the turnkeys and officials, even as if they were your own servants. I will now have the honour of conducting <sup>to</sup> you to your apartment—the only one at present unoccupied. We invariably reserve it for cavaliers of distinction. I am happy to say that my orders are again in consonance with my inclination. No charge whatever will be made for it to you, though the daily hire of it is not unfrequently an ounce of gold. I entreat you, therefore, to follow me, cavalier, who am at all times and seasons the most obedient and devoted of your servants.' Here he took off his hat and bowed profoundly.

Such was the speech of the alcayde of the prison of <sup>20</sup> Madrid; a speech delivered in pure sonorous Castilian, <sup>very</sup> with calmness, gravity, and almost with dignity; a speech which would have done honour to a gentleman of high birth, to Monsieur Bassompierre, of the Old Bastile, receiving an Italian prince, or the high constable of the Tower an English duke attainted of high treason. Now, who in <sup>curious</sup> the name of wonder was this alcayde?

One of the greatest rascals in all Spain. A fellow who had more than once by his grasping cupidity, and by his curtailment of the miserable rations of the prisoners, <sup>30</sup> caused an insurrection in the court below only to be repressed by bloodshed, and by summoning military aid; a fellow of low birth, who, only five years previous, had been drummer to a band of royalist volunteers!

But Spain is the land of extraordinary characters.

I followed the alcayde to the end of the corridor, where was a massive grated door, on each side of which sat a grim fellow of a turnkey. The door was opened, and turning to the right we proceeded down another corridor, in which were many people walking about, whom I subsequently discovered to be prisoners like myself, but for political offences. At the end of this corridor, which extended the whole length of the patio, we turned into another, and the first apartment in this was the one <sup>10</sup> destined for myself. It was large and lofty, but totally destitute of every species of furniture, with the exception of a huge wooden pitcher, intended to hold my daily allowance of water. 'Caballero,' said the alcayde, 'the apartment is without furniture, as you see. It is already the third hour of the tarde, I therefore advise you to lose no time in sending to your lodgings for a bed and whatever you may stand in need of, the llavero here shall do your bidding. Caballero, adieu, till I see you again.'

I followed his advice, and writing a note in pencil to <sup>20</sup> Maria Diaz, I dispatched it by the llavero, and then sitting down on the wooden pitcher, I fell into a reverie, which continued for a considerable time.

Night arrived, and so did Maria Diaz, attended by two porters and Francisco, all loaded with furniture. A lamp was lighted, charcoal was kindled in the brazero, and the prison gloom was to a certain degree dispelled.

I shall not soon forget my first Sunday in prison. Sunday is the gala day of the prison, at least of that of Madrid, and whatever robber finery is to be found within it, is sure to <sup>30</sup> be exhibited on that day of holiness. There is not a set of people in the world more vain than robbers in general, more fond of cutting a figure whenever they have an opportunity, and of attracting the eyes of their fellow creatures by the gallantry of their appearance.

Snow-white linen, indeed, constitutes the principal

feature in the robber foppery of Spain. Neither coat nor jacket is worn over the shirt, the sleeves of which are wide and flowing, only a waistcoat of green or blue silk, with an abundance of silver buttons, which are intended more for show than use, as the vest is seldom buttoned. Then there are wide trousers, something after the Turkish fashion ; around the waist is a crimson faja or girdle, and about the head is tied a gaudily coloured handkerchief from the loom of Barcelona ; light pumps and silk stockings complete the robber's array. This dress is picturesque enough, and 10 well adapted to the fine sunshiny weather of the Peninsula ; there is a dash of effeminacy about it, however, hardly in keeping with the robber's desperate trade. It must not, however, be supposed that it is every robber who can indulge in all this luxury ; there are various grades of thieves, some poor enough, with scarcely a rag to cover them.

Amongst those of the snowy linen who most particularly attracted my attention, were a father and son ; the former was a tall athletic figure of about thirty, by profession 20 a housebreaker, and celebrated throughout Madrid for the peculiar dexterity which he exhibited in his calling. He was now in prison for a rather atrocious murder committed in the dead of night, in a house at Caramanchel, in which his only accomplice was his son, a child under seven years of age. 'The apple', as the Danes say, 'had not fallen far from the tree' ; the imp was in every respect the counterpart of the father, though in miniature. He, too, wore the robber shirt sleeves, the robber waistcoat with the silver buttons, the robber kerchief round his brow, and, ridiculous 30 enough, a long Manchegan knife in the crimson faja. He was evidently the pride of the ruffian father, who took all imaginable care of this chick of the gallows, would dandle him on his knee, and would occasionally take the cigar from his own moustached lips and insert it in the urchin's mouth.

The boy was the pet of the court, for the father was one of the valientes of the prison, and those who feared his prowess, and wished to pay their court to him, were always fondling the child.

(*The Bible in Spain, chh. xxxix-xl.*)

### *The Cenfigenus Landlady*

~~Tavern~~ WE turned off to the 'tafarn', which was a decent public-house of rather an antiquated appearance. We entered a sanded kitchen, and sat down by a large oaken table. 'Please to bring us some bread, cheese, and ale,' said I in Welsh to an elderly woman, who was moving about.

10 'Sar?' said she.

'Bring us some bread, cheese, and ale,' I repeated in Welsh.

'I do not understand you, sar,' said she in English.

'Are you Welsh?' said I in English.

'Yes, I am Welsh!'

'And can you speak Welsh?'

'Oh yes, and the best.'

'Then why did you not bring what I asked for?'

'Because I did not understand you.'

20 'Tell her,' said I to John Jones, 'to bring us some bread, cheese, and ale.'

'Come, aunt,' said John, 'bring us bread and cheese and a quart of the best ale.'

The woman looked as if she was going to reply in the tongue in which he addressed her, then faltered, and at last said in English, that she did not understand.

'Now,' said I, 'you are fairly caught: this man is a Welshman, and moreover understands no language but Welsh.'

30 'Then how can he understand you?' said she.

'Because I speak Welsh,' said I.

'Then you are a Welshman?' said she.

'No, I am not,' said I, 'I am English.'

'So I thought,' said she, 'and on that account I could not understand you.'

'You mean that you would not,' said I. 'Now do you choose to bring what you are bidden?'

'Come, aunt,' said John, 'don't be silly and cenfigenus, but bring the breakfast.'

The woman stood still for a moment or two, and then biting her lips went away.

'What made the woman behave in this manner?' said 10 I to my companion.

'Oh, she was cenfigenus, sir,' he replied; 'she did not like that an English gentleman should understand Welsh; she was envious; you will find a dozen or two like her in Wales; but let us hope not more.'

Presently the woman returned with the bread, cheese, and ale, which she placed on the table.

'Oh,' said I, 'you have brought what was bidden, though it was never mentioned to you in English, which shows that your pretending not to understand was all a sham. What 20 made you behave so?'

'Why I thought,' said the woman, 'that no Englishman could speak Welsh, that his tongue was too short.'

'Your having thought so,' said I, 'should not have made you tell a falsehood, saying that you did not understand, when you knew that you understood very well. See what a disgraceful figure you cut.' (Wild Wales, ch. xv.)

### *A Crusty Welshman*

STROLLING along in this manner I was overtaken by an old fellow with a stick in his hand, walking very briskly. He had a crusty and rather conceited look. I spoke to him 30 in Welsh, and he answered in English, saying that I need not trouble myself by speaking Welsh, as he had plenty of

English, and of the very best. We were from first to last at cross purposes. I asked him about Rhys Goch and his chair. He told me that he knew nothing of either, and began to talk of Her Majesty's ministers and the fine sights of London. I asked him the name of a stream which, descending a gorge on our right, ran down the side of the valley, to join the river at its bottom. He told me that he did not know and asked me the name of the Queen's eldest daughter. I told him I did not know, and remarked that it was very odd that he could not tell me the name of a stream in his own vale. He replied that it was not a bit more odd than that I could not tell him the name of the eldest daughter of the Queen of England : I told him that when I was in Wales I wanted to talk about Welsh matters, and he told me that when he was with English he wanted to talk about English matters. I returned to the subject of Rhys Goch and his chair, and he returned to the subject of Her Majesty's ministers, and the fine folks of London. I told him that I cared not a straw about Her Majesty's ministers and the fine folks of London, and he replied that he cared not a straw for Rhys Goch, his chair or old women's stories of any kind.

Regularly incensed against the old fellow I told him he was a bad Welshman, and he retorted by saying I was a bad Englishman. I said he appeared to know next to nothing. He retorted by saying I knew less than nothing, and almost inarticulate with passion added that he scorned to walk in such illiterate company, and suiting the action to the word sprang up a steep and rocky footpath on the right, probably a short cut to his domicile, and was out of sight in a twinkling. We were both wrong : I most so. He was crusty and conceited, but I ought to have humoured him and then I might have got out of him anything he knew, always supposing that he knew anything.

(*Wild Wales, ch. xlviij.*)

*The Italian*

THE Italian was a short, thick, strongly-built fellow of about thirty-seven, with a swarthy face, raven-black hair, high forehead, and dark deep eyes, full of intelligence and great determination. He was dressed in a velveteen coat with broad lappets, red waistcoat, velveteen breeches, buttoning a little way below the knee; white stockings apparently of lamb's-wool, and hightops.

'Buona sera!' said I. *Good evening*

'Buona sera, signore!' said the Italian.

'Will you have a glass of brandy and water?' said I in <sup>to</sup> English.

'I never refuse a good offer,' said the Italian.

He sat down, and I ordered a glass of brandy and water for him and another for myself.

'Pray speak a little Italian to him,' said the good landlady to me. 'I have heard a great deal about the beauty of that language, and should like to hear it spoken.'

'From the Lago di Como?' said I, trying to speak Italian.

'Si, signore! but how came you to think that I was from <sup>to</sup> the Lake of Como?'

'Because,' said I, 'when I was a ragazzo I knew many from the Lake of Como, who dressed much like yourself. They wandered about the country with boxes on their backs and weather-glasses in their hands, but had their head-quarters at N—— where I lived.'

'Do you remember any of their names?' said the Italian.

'Giovanni Gestra and Luigi Pozzi,' I replied.

'I have seen Giovanni Gestra myself,' said the Italian, <sup>30</sup> 'and I have heard of Luigi Pozzi. Giovanni Gestra returned to the Lago—but no one knows what has become of Luigi Pozzi.'

'The last time I saw him,' said I, 'was about eighteen years ago at Coruña, in Spain; he was then in a sad drooping condition, and said he bitterly repented ever quitting N——.'

'E con ragione,' said the Italian, 'for there is no place like N—— for doing business in the whole world. I myself have sold seventy pounds' worth of weather-glasses at N—— in one day. One of our people is living there now, who has done bene, molto bene.'

10 'That's Rossi,' said I, 'how is it that I did not mention him first? He is my excellent friend, and a finer cleverer fellow never lived nor a more honourable man. You may well say he has done well, for he is now the first jeweller in the place. The last time I was there I bought a diamond of him for my daughter Henrietta. Let us drink his health!'

'Willingly!' said the Italian. 'He is the prince of the Milanese of England—the most successful of all, but I acknowledge the most deserving. Che viva.'

'I wish he would write his life,' said I; 'a singular life 20 it would be—he has been something besides a travelling merchant and a jeweller. He was one of Buonaparte's soldiers and served in Spain, under Soult, along with John Gestra. He once told me that Soult was an old rascal, and stole all the fine pictures from the convents at Salamanca. I believe he spoke with some degree of envy, for he is himself fond of pictures, and has dealt in them, and made hundreds by them. I question whether if in Soult's place he would not have done the same. Well, however that may be, che viva.'

30 'You speak English remarkably well,' said I; 'have you been long in Britain?

'I came over about four years ago,' said the Italian.

'On your own account?' said I.

'Not exactly, signore; my brother who was in business in Liverpool, wrote to me to come over and assist him.

I did so, but soon left him, and took a shop for myself at Denbigh, where, however, I did not stay long. At present I travel for an Italian house in London, spending the summer in Wales and the winter in England.'

' And what do you sell ? ' said I.

' Weather-glasses, signore—pictures and little trinkets, such as the country people like.'

' Do you sell many weather-glasses in Wales ? ' said I.

' I do not, signore. The Welsh care not for weather-glasses ; my principal customers for weather-glasses are to the farmers of England.'

' I am told that you can speak Welsh,' said I ; ' is that true ? '

' I have picked up a little of it, signore.'

' He can speak it very well,' said the landlady ; ' and glad should I be, sir, to hear you and him speak Welsh together.'

' So should I,' said the daughter who was seated nigh us, ' nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear two who are not Welshmen speaking Welsh together.'

' I would rather speak English,' said the Italian ; ' I 20 speak a little Welsh, when my business leads me amongst people who speak no other language, but I see no necessity for speaking Welsh here.'

' It is a pity,' said I, ' that so beautiful a country as Italy should not be better governed.'

' It is, signore,' said the Italian ; ' but let us hope that a time will speedily come when she will be so.'

' I don't see any chance of it,' said I. ' How will you proceed in order to bring about so desirable a result as the good government of Italy ? '

' Why, signore, in the first place we must get rid of the Austrians.'

' You will not find it an easy matter,' said I, ' to get rid of the Austrians ; you tried to do so a little time ago, but miserably failed.'

Donnybrook, owing to the humours of its fair. Many is the merry tune I have played to the boys at that fair.'

' You are a professor of music, I suppose ? '

' And not a very bad one, as your hanner will say if you allow me to play you a tune.'

' Can you play Croppies Lie Down ? '

' I cannot, your hanner, my fingers never learnt to play such a blackguard tune ; but if ye wish to hear Croppies Get Up I can oblige ye.'

10 ' You are a Roman Catholic, I suppose ? '

' I am nat, your hanner—I am a Catholic to the backbone, just like my father before me. Come, your hanner, shall I play ye Croppies Get Up ?'

' No,' said I ; ' it 's a tune that doesn't please my ears. If, however, you choose to play Croppies Lie Down, I'll give you a shilling.'

' Your hanner will give me a shilling ? '

20 ' Yes,' said I ; ' if you play Croppies Lie Down : but you know you cannot play it, your fingers never learned the tune.'

' They never did, your hanner ; but they have heard it played of ould by the blackguard Orange fiddlers of Dublin on the first of July, when the Protestant boys used to walk round Willie's statue on College Green—so if your hanner gives me the shilling they may perhaps bring out something like it.'

' Very good,' said I ; ' begin ! '

30 ' But, your hanner, what shall we do for the words ? though my fingers may remember the tune my tongue does not remember the words—that is unless....'

' I give another shilling,' said I ; ' but never mind you the words ; I know the words, and will repeat them.'

' And your hanner will give me a shilling ? '

' If you play the tune,' said I.

' Hanner bright, your hanner ? '

' Honour bright,' said I.

Thereupon the fiddler, taking his bow and shouldering his fiddle, struck up in first-rate style the glorious tune, which I had so often heard with rapture in the days of my boyhood in the barrack yard of Clonmel ; whilst I, walking by his side as he stumped along, caused the welkin to resound with the words, which were the delight of the young gentlemen of the Protestant academy of that beautiful old town.

' I never heard those words before,' said the fiddler, after 10 I had finished the first stanza.

' Get on with you,' said I.

' Regular Orange words ! ' said the fiddler, on my finishing the second stanza.

' Do you choose to get on ? ' said I.

' More blackguard Orange words I never heard ! ' cried the fiddler, on my coming to the conclusion of the third stanza. ' Divil a bit farther will I play ; at any rate till I get the shilling.'

' Here it is for you,' said I ; ' the song is ended and of 20 course the tune.'

' Thank your hanner,' said the fiddler, taking the money, ' your hanner has kept your word with me, which is more than I thought your hanner would. And now, your hanner, let me ask you why did your hanner wish for that tune, which is not only a blackguard one but quite out of date ; and where did your hanner get the words ? '

' I used to hear the tune in my boyish days,' said I, ' and wished to hear it again, for though you call it a blackguard tune, it is the sweetest and most noble air that Ireland, the 30 land of music, has ever produced. As for the words, never mind where I got them ; they are violent enough but not half so violent as the words of some of the songs made against the Irish Protestants by the priests.'

' Your hanner is an Orange man, I see. Well, your

hanner, the Orange is now in the kennel, and the Croppies have it all their own way.'

' And perhaps,' said I, ' before I die the Orange will be out of the kennel and the Croppies in, even as they were in my young days.'

' Who knows, your hanner? and who knows that I may not play the ould tune round Willie's image in College Green, even as I used some twenty-seven years ago?'

' Oh then you have been an Orange fiddler?'

10 ' I have, your hanner. And now as your hanner has behaved like a gentleman to me I will tell ye all my history. I was born in the city of Dublin, that is in the village of Donnybrook, as I tould your hanner before. It was to the trade of bricklaying I was bred, and bricklaying I followed till at last, getting my leg smashed, not by falling off the ladder, but by a row in the fair, I was obliged to give it up, for how could I run up the ladder with a patten on my foot, which they put on to make my broken leg as long as the other. Well, your hanner, being obliged to give up  
20 my bricklaying I took to fiddling, to which I had always a natural inclination, and played about the streets, and at fairs, and wakes, and weddings. At length some Orange men getting acquainted with me, and liking my style of playing, invited me to their lodge, where they gave me to drink, and tould me that if I would change my religion and join them, and play their tunes, they would make it answer my purpose. Well, your hanner, without much stickling I gave up my Popery, joined the Orange lodge, learned the Orange tunes, and became a regular Protestant boy, and  
30 truly the Orange men kept their word, and made it answer my purpose. Oh the meat and drink I got, and the money I made by playing at the Orange lodges and before the processions when the Orange men paraded the streets with their Orange colours. And oh, what a day for me, was the glorious first of July when with my whole body covered

with Orange ribbons I fiddled Croppies Lie Down, Boyne Water, and the Protestant Boys before the procession which walked round Willie's figure on horseback in College Green, the man and horse all ablaze with Orange colours. But nothing lasts under the sun, as your hanner knows ; Orangeism began to go down ; the Government scowled at it, and at last passed a law preventing the Protestant boys dressing up the figure on the first of July, and walking round it. That was the death-blow of the Orange party, your hanner ; they never recovered it, but began to despond 10 and dwindle, and I with them ; for there was scarcely any demand for Orange tunes. Then Dan O'Connell arose with his emancipation and repale cries, and then instead of Orange processions and walkings, there were Papist processions and mobs, which made me afraid to stir out, lest knowing me for an Orange fiddler, they should break my head, as the boys broke my leg at Donnybrook fair. At length some of the repalers and emancipators knowing that I was a first-rate hand at fiddling came to me, and tould me, that if I would give over playing Croppies Lie Down 20 and other Orange tunes, and would play Croppies Get Up, and what not, and become a Catholic and a repaler, and an emancipator, they would make a man of me—so as my Orange trade was gone, and I was half-starved, I consinted, not, however, till they had introduced me to Daniel O'Connell, who called me a credit to my country, and the Irish Horpheus, and promised me a sovereign if I would consint to join the cause, as he called it. Well, your hanner, I joined with the cause and became a Papist, I mane a Catholic once more, and went at the head of processions, 30 covered all over with green ribbons, playing Croppies Get Up, Granny Whale, and the like. But, your hanner, though I went the whole hog with the repalers and emancipators, they did not make their words good by making a man of me. Scant and sparing were they in the mate and drink.

and yet more sparing in the money, and Daniel O'Connell never gave me the sovereign which he promised me. No, your hanner, though I played Croppies Get Up, till my fingers ached, as I stumped before him and his mobs and processions, he never gave me the sovereign : unlike your hanner who gave me the shilling ye promised me for playing Croppies Lie Down, Daniel O'Connell never gave me the sovereign he promised me for playing Croppies Get Up. Och, your hanner, I often wished the ould Orange days ~~to~~ were back again. However, as I could do no better I continued going the whole hog with the emancipators and repalers and Dan O'Connell ; I went the whole animal with them till they had got emancipation ; and I went the whole animal with them till they had nearly got repale—when all of a sudden they let the whole thing drop—Dan and his party having frightened the Government out of its seven senses, and gotten all they thought they could get, in money and places, which was all they wanted, let the whole hullabaloo drop, and of course myself, who formed part ~~to~~ of it. I went to those who had persuaded me to give up my Orange tunes, and to play Papist ones, begging them to give me work ; but they tould me very civilly that they had no farther occasion for my services. I went to Daniel O'Connell reminding him of the sovereign he had promised me, and offering if he gave it me to play Croppies Get Up under the nose of the lord-lieutenant himself ; but he tould me that he had not time to attend to me, and when I persisted, bade me to go to the Civil and shake myself. Well, your hanner, seeing no prospect for myself in my own ~~to~~ country, and having incurred some little debts, for which I feared to be arrested, I came over to England and Wales, where with little content and satisfaction I have passed seven years.'

'Well,' said I ; 'thank you for your history—farewell.'

'Stap, your hanner ; does your hanner think that the

Orange will ever be out of the kennel, and that the Orange boys will ever walk round the brass man and horse in College Green as they did of ould ? '

' Who knows ? ' said I. ' But suppose all that were to happen, what would it signify to you ? '

' Why then Devil be in my patten if I would not go back to Donnybrook and Dublin, hoist the Orange cockade, and become as good an Orange boy as ever.'

' What,' said I, ' and give up Popery for the second time ? '

' I would, your hanner ; and why not ? for in spite of <sup>10</sup> what I have heard Father Toban say, I am by no means certain that all Protestants will be damned.'

' Farewell,' said I.

' Farewell, your hanner, and long life and prosperity to you ! God bless your hanner and your Orange face. Ah, the Orange boys are the boys for keeping faith. They never served me as Dan O'Connell and his dirty gang of repalers and emancipators did. Farewell, your hanner, once more ; and here 's another scratch of the illigant tune your hanner is so fond of, to cheer up your hanner's ears upon your way.' <sup>20</sup>

And long after I had left him I could hear him playing on his fiddle in first-rate style the beautiful tune of ' Down, down, Croppies Lie Down.' *(Wild Wales, ch. xxv.)*

### *Captain Bosvile*

AFTER walking about half an hour I saw a kind of wooden house on wheels drawn by two horses coming down the hill towards me. A short black-looking fellow in brown-top boots, corduroy breeches, jockey coat and jockey cap, sat on the box, holding the reins in one hand and a long whip in the other. Beside him was a swarthy woman in a wild flaunting dress. Behind the box out of the fore part of the <sup>30</sup> caravan peered two or three black children's heads. A pretty little foal about four months old came frisking and

*Leapura*  
gambolling now before now beside the horses, whilst a colt of some sixteen months followed more leisurely behind. When the caravan was about ten yards distant I stopped and raising my left hand with the little finger pointed aloft I exclaimed :

' Shoon, Kaulomengro, shoon! In Dibbel's nav, where may tu be jawing to ? '

Stopping his caravan with considerable difficulty the small black man glared at me for a moment like a wild cat, 10 and then said in a voice partly snappish, partly kind :

' Savo shan tu? Are you one of the Ingrines ? '

' I am the chap what certain folks calls the Romany Rye.'

' Well, I'll be jiggered if I wasn't thinking so and if I wasn't penning so to my juwa as we were welling down the chong.'

' It is a long time since we last met, Captain Bosvile, for I suppose I may call you Captain now.

' Yes ! the old man has been dead and buried this many a year, and his sticks and titles are now mine. Poor soul, 20 I hope he is happy ; indeed, I know he is, for he lies in Cockleshell churchyard, the place he was always so fond of, and has his Sunday waistcoat on him with the fine gold buttons, which he was always so proud of. Ah, you may well call it a long time since we met—why, it can't be less than thirty year.'

' Something about that—you were a boy then of about fifteen.'

' So was I, and you a tall young slip of about twenty ; well, how did you come to jin mande ? '

30 ' Why, I knew you by your fighting mug—there an't such another mug in England.'

' No more there an't—my old father always used to say it was of no use hitting it for it always broke his knuckles. Well, it was kind of you to jin mande after so many years. The last time I think I saw you was near Brummagem when

you were travelling about with Jasper Petulengro and—I say, what's become of the young woman you used to keep company with ?

‘ I don't know.’

‘ You don't ? Well, she was a fine young woman and a virtuous. I remember her knocking down and giving a black eye to my old mother, who was wonderfully deep in Romany, for making a bit of a gillie about you and she. What was the song ? Lord, how my memory fails me ! Oh, here it is :

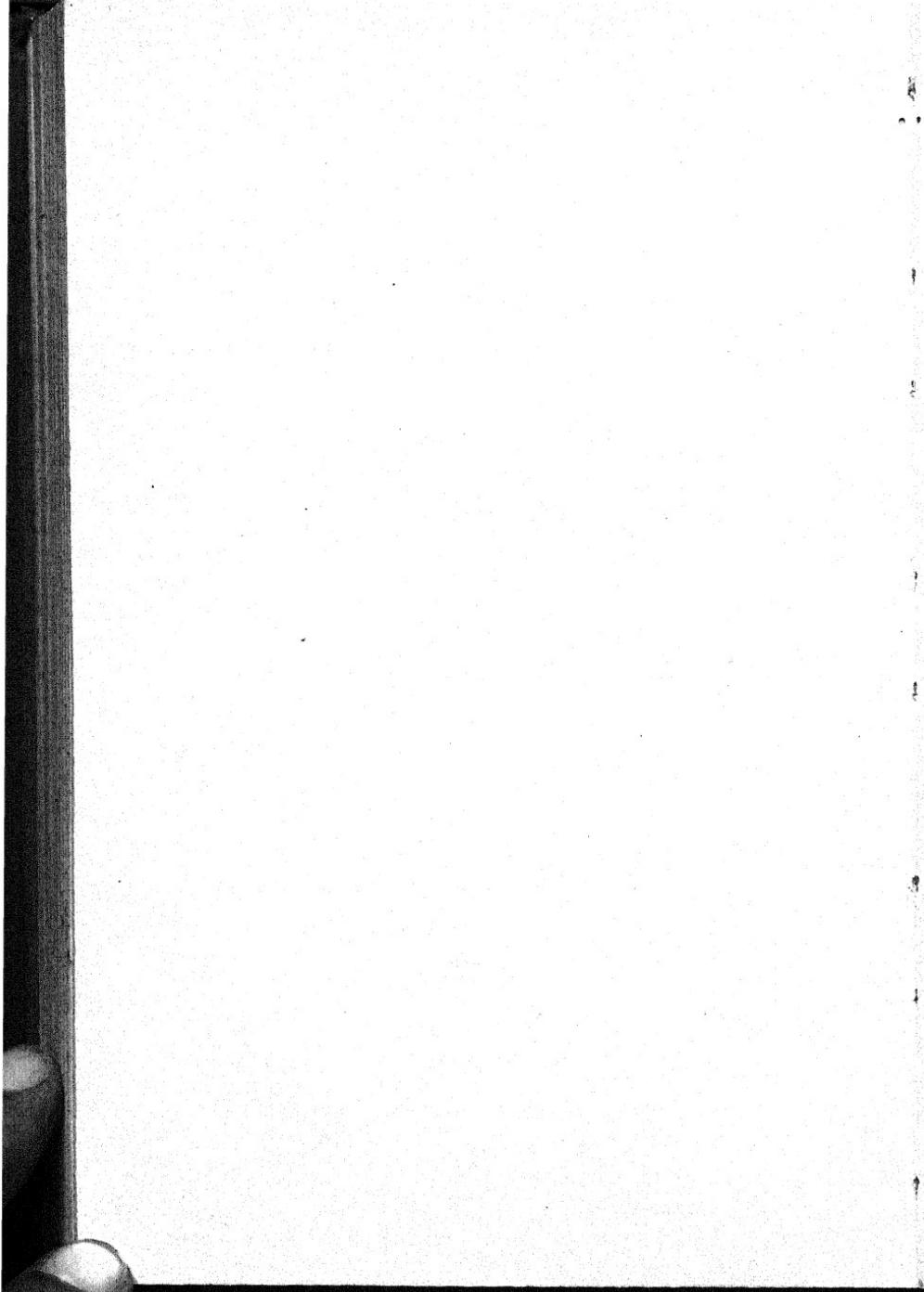
10

Ando berkho Rye canó  
Oteh pivò teh khavó.—  
Tu lerasque ando berkho piranee  
Teh corbatcha por pico.’

‘ Have you seen Jasper Petulengro lately ? ’ said I.

‘ Yes, I have seen him, but it was at a very considerable distance. Jasper Petulengro doesn't come near the likes of we now. Lord ! you can't think what grand folks he and his wife have become of late years, and all along of a trumpery lil which somebody has written about them. Why, 20 they are hand and glove with the Queen and Prince, and folks say that his wife is going to be made dame of honour, and Jasper Justice of the Peace and Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park.’

(*Wild Wales, ch. xcvi.*)



## NOTES

### FORD ON THE BIBLE IN SPAIN

This is an extract from a review in *The Edinburgh Review* for February 1843, by Richard Ford (1796-1858), author of the *Handbook for Travellers in Spain*.

PAGE 14, l. 10. *Colonel Napier*: Edward Delaval Hungerford Elers (1808-70), stepson of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, whose name he took in addition to his own. *His Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean* appeared in 1842. This extract is given in full, as Napier wrote it; Ford shortened and misquoted it.

1. 16. *patio*: inner court (Spanish).
1. 20. *semara*: sheepskin jacket with the wool outside (Spanish).

PAGE 15, l. 8. *fonda*: inn (Spanish).  
l. 21. *mozo*: waiter (Spanish).

PAGE 16, l. 14. *loco*: mad (Spanish).  
l. 16. *Cypress and ivy, &c.*: from Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, IV, cvii.

PAGE 17, l. 19. *faja*: sash (Spanish).

PAGE 18, l. 12. *Melmoth*: the piercing-eyed hero of a once-famous novel of terror, *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820), by C. R. Maturin.

1. 16. *Lord Carnarvon*: the third Earl (1800-49), who published *Portugal and Galicia* in 1830.

1. 20. Romance by Alain-René Lesage (1668-1747), treating

of the career of Gil Blas, a Spanish adventurer. The first two volumes appeared in 1715, the third in 1724, the fourth in 1735.

### LESLIE STEPHEN ON BORROW

This is the latter portion of an essay on Country Books, first printed in the *Cornhill Magazine* (December 1880) and republished in Vol. III of *Hours in a Library* (Murray).

PAGE 19, l. 25. *Left-handed blow*: it was a right-handed blow; see p. 134.

### GEORGE SAINTSBURY ON BORROW

This first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1886, and was republished in 1890 in *Essays in English Literature 1780-1860*. A few short omissions have been made.

PAGE 27, l. 29. *Maiwand*. British troops were defeated in the second Afghan war at Maiwand (27 July, 1880).

PAGE 28, l. 2. *Ecclesiastical Titles Bill*: an Act passed in 1851 prohibiting the institution of Roman Catholic bishops in England. It was caused by Pope Pius IX's division of England into dioceses and appointment of bishops thereto in 1850, but was never acted upon and was repealed in 1871, when the excitement due to the so-called 'Papal aggression' had died down.

PAGE 28, l. 16. *The celebrated query*: 'What is time?' A question put by a 'philosophical Professor' at the end of a long conversation on Life and Man.

... "Time is the Life of the Soul. If not this, then tell me, what is Time?"

The high and animated tone of voice in which the Professor uttered these words aroused the Baron from his sleep, and ... he innocently exclaimed, "I should think it must be near midnight!" Longfellow's *Hyperion* was published in 1839.

PAGE 29, l. 20. *Eldonian*: i.e. stoutly Tory. John Scott, first Earl of Eldon (1751-1838), has been called the last of the genuine Tories.

PAGE 35, l. 6. *Taylor of Norwich*: William Taylor (1765-1836), translator of German poems and plays and voluminous writer for the reviews. Borrow learned German from him. He is the 'student of German' referred to in ll. 20-2.

PAGE 41, l. 13. *fence*: a receiver of stolen goods.

l. 22. *Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell*: never traced under this title.

PAGE 43, ll. 6-9. Borrow seems to have intended to complete his 'Autobiography' in three volumes, but finding that he had too much material stopped abruptly and published what he had written as *Lavengro*. The ill-success of *Lavengro* delayed the publication of the sequel, *The Romany Rye*, for nearly six years, during which Borrow continued writing it by fits and starts as he had written *Lavengro*.

PAGE 45, l. 30. *black strap*: a mixture of rum and treacle.

PAGE 46, l. 11. *kenfigenous*: should be 'cenfigenus', Welsh for envious, spiteful. See p. 199, l. 6.

l. 15. *Pridydd*: bard.

PAGE 51, l. 24. An excellent Life by the late Herbert Jenkins was published in 1912 (London, John Murray).

l. 30. *Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre*: see Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, ch. 18 near the end.

## SELECTIONS

PAGE 54. *Lines to Six-Foot Three*: first published in *Romantic Ballads* (see p. 11). They give Borrow's view of his own character and appearance, but the incidents described must not be understood too literally. 'He creates a sort of hero in his own image, and it should be read as an introduction and invocation to *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*' (E. Thomas).

1. 19. *The Boff*. Borrow's note runs as follows: 'Between the islands of Ferroe the Sea exhibits a phenomenon, called in the dialect of the Islanders, the Boff. Whilst the salt stream runs strong and glassy through its narrow channel, it is suddenly deformed by seven successive breakers, huge and foamy, which occur without any apparent cause, and infallibly overwhelm any boat which may chance to be in the way of their fury.'

1. 26. *Braga*: the ancient northern god of music and poetry (Borrow).

PAGE 55, l. 3. *Elvir shades*. In the same book, *Romantic Ballads*, from which this poem is taken, Borrow has a translation of a ballad by Oehlenschlaeger (1779-1850) called *Elvir Shades*, where two maidens promise all kinds of riches to the hero if he will give himself up to the 'Elfin race' for ever.

1. 5. *Dovrefeld*. According to another translation 'from the old Danish', in the same volume, the Dovrefeld ('the highest mountain in Norway, and in Europe'—Borrow's note) was the scene of the gathering of twelve knights, magicians and brothers of Queen Ingeborg.

1. 26. *Cairn Gorm*: a mountain in the Scottish Highlands (Borrow).

PAGE 56, l. 2. *Pett*: on the coast of Sussex, E. of Hastings.

1. 15. *my brother*: John Thomas, born in 1800; soldier, art student under Old Crome and Haydon, mining agent from 1826 in Mexico, where he died in 1834.

1. 29. *Norman Cross*: in Huntingdonshire, where was a large prison for French prisoners of war, erected in 1796. The incident described here took place in 1810.

PAGE 61, l. 19. *Bengui*: devil.

PAGE 62, l. 25. *gorgeous*: foreign, i. e. non-gipsy; adjective of gorgio.

1. 32. *tiny tawny*: not Romany; but tarno means 'small' or 'young'.

PAGE 64, l. 25. *sap*: snake.

PAGE 67, l. 4. *hunchbacked rhymers*: Pope. The quotation is from *The Dunciad*, book 2, l. 147.

1. 6. *gasoons*: youths, boys; generally spelt 'gossoons' (Anglo-Irish corruption of *garçon*).

1. 29. *Shorsha*: George.

PAGE 68, l. 19. *saggart*: priest (Irish).

PAGE 70, l. 12. *Hanam mon Dioul*: Preserve my soul from the devil. Like most of Borrow's phrases from Irish, Gipsy, Welsh, and other foreign tongues, it is incorrectly spelt.

PAGE 72, l. 17. *chal*: lad.

ll. 28, 29. *chies, with their cukkerin and dukkerin*: girls, with their cuckooing (a made-up word) and fortune-telling.

PAGE 73, l. 14. *the Earl's Home*: Earlham Hall, near Norwich, the home of Joseph John Gurney (1788-1847), the well-known banker and Quaker. He was twenty-eight years old at this time.

PAGE 75. *Marshland Shales*: a famous trotting stallion (1802-35). He was actually exhibited at Tombland Fair, Norwich, on 12 April, 1827, though Borrow antedates the incident by nine years, placing it in 1818.

PAGE 76. *Jasper*: his real name was Ambrose. Petulengro is the gipsy equivalent of Smith, from Petul, a horseshoe, and engro, a 'masculine affix used in the formation of figurative names'.

PAGE 77, l. 19. *Chachipen, Pal*: truth, brother.

l. 26. *Anan*: eh.

l. 32. *lil-reader*: reader of books.

PAGE 78, l. 3. *chong*: hill.

l. 7. *chiving wafodo dloovu*: passing bad money.

l. 11. *krallis*: king.

PAGE 79, l. 3. *Avali*: yes.

l. 25. *chabo*: child.

l. 27. *gav, penning dukkerim*: village, telling fortunes.

PAGE 80, l. 9. *jawing*: going.

PAGE 81, l. 18. *rom*: husband.

l. 20. *rye*: gentleman.

l. 32. *gillie*: song.

PAGE 82, ll. 30, 31 translated in the next line and a half.

PAGE 83, l. 23. *Dosta*: enough.

l. 31. *answering the bell*. Borrow was at this time (1819-24) an articled clerk to a firm of solicitors in Norwich.

PAGE 85, l. 5. *the book*: an old volume of Danish ballads, many of which Borrow translated.

PAGE 86, l. 35. *Antinomian*: a sect who held that the moral law is not binding upon Christians, under the 'law of grace'.

PAGE 87. *Thurtell*: born in 1794, hanged for the murder of William Weare, a solicitor, in 1824. Thurtell was a well-known sporting man, a patron of prize-fighters. The murder, trial, and execution laid a powerful hold on people's imagination, and Thurtell became almost a popular hero.

PAGE 89, l. 20. *Cobbett*: I cannot trace this passage.

l. 28. *Rambams*: Rabbi Moses ben Maimon (RaMBaM; usually called Maimonides) : Talmudist, philosopher, astronomer, and physician, born at Cordova 1135, died at Cairo 1204.

l. 30. *Mendoza*: Daniel (1764-1836), prize-fighter. *Kean*, Edmund (1787-1833), actor.

l. 31. *Belcher*: James (1781-1811), prize-fighter, 'as well-known to his own generation as Pitt or Wellington'.

l. 34. *the old town*: North Walsham. The 'grand fight' here described was fought on 17 July, 1820, between Edmund Painter of Norwich and Thomas Oliver of London.

PAGE 90, l. 8. *Cribb*: Tom (1781-1848), champion prize-fighter of England for many years. The younger Belcher was Tom (1783-1854); called 'Teucer' by Borrow because Teucer was the stepbrother of the more famous hero Ajax. Of the other pugilists mentioned by Borrow the most famous is Tom of Bedford (1795-1851) whose real name was Winter but who fought under the name of Spring. 'Bristol's Bull' was Neat, and 'Ireland's champion' Langen. The 'public' was the Castle Tavern, Holborn, which Winter took over from Tom Belcher in 1828.

PAGE 91, l. 29. *Broughton*: John (1705-89). Slack and Ben Bryan, champions of England, were pugilists of an earlier generation. Borrow's father once fought a drawn battle with 'Big Ben Bryan' in Hyde Park for an hour.

PAGE 93, l. 8. *the second fight*: between Sampson of Birmingham and Martin the 'baker'.

PAGE 94, l. 7. *a town*: probably Happisburgh.

l. 10. *the good old city*: Norwich.

PAGE 98, l. 22. *Mary Flanders*: *Moll Flanders*, by Defoe.

PAGE 99, l. 31. *trap*: Bow Street runner, detective.

PAGE 100, l. 27. *Fata Morgana*: a kind of mirage, most often seen in the Strait of Messina; hence, figuratively, a delusion.

PAGE 104, l. 9. *Newgate Lives and Trials*: see Chronological Table under the year 1825.

PAGE 105. *Byron's Funeral*. Byron died at Missolonghi on 19 April, 1824, and his body was conveyed from a house in Great George Street to Hucknall Torkard in Nottinghamshire on 12 July.

PAGE 106, l. 11. *Butler*: Samuel (1612-80), author of *Hudibras*.

l. 13. *Otway*: Thomas (1652-85), dramatist, author of *Venice Preserved*.

PAGE 107, l. 24. *that ode*. Borrow probably refers to the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte* (Oxford Byron, p. 72)

PAGE 117, l. 8. *Shoon*: listen.

l. 9. *Avella*: comes.

PAGE 121, l. 2. *Oilien nan Naomha*: island of the saints.

PAGE 125, l. 10. *Abecedariums*: books containing the alphabet, primers.

PAGE 125, l. 11. *Jack Smith*. Probably *The History of Little Jack*, 1790, by Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*. Thomas Day does not give Jack a surname, but he makes him a blacksmith, which perhaps suggested the surname to Borrow.

PAGE 126, l. 4. *Flaming Tinman*: his name was Anselo Herne.

PAGE 126, l. 20. *Burra-panee*: the sea; apparently constructed from 'burra' (barā), great, and 'paneé' (pānī), water. See p. 15, l. 14.

PAGE 129, l. 21. *Ingeborg*: see p. 217, note on p. 55, l. 5.

ll. 33, 34. As I was going to the village one day I met on the road my Gipsy girl.

PAGE 131, l. 13. *morts*: women; a cant-word, not Romany.

l. 23. *mumping*: vagabond; cp. Mumper's Dingle.

PAGE 132, l. 11. *apopli*: again.

PAGE 135, l. 4. *mard*: husband.

l. 30. *gulleys*: knives.

PAGE 137, l. 17. *mullo*: ghost.

l. 21. *mailla*: donkey.

PAGE 143. *The Letter*: the sentiments may have been Isopel's, the language is certainly Borrow's.

l. 10. *Mumper's Dingle*: near Willenhall in Staffordshire.

PAGE 145, l. 15. *floriness*: floweriness.

PAGE 146. *The Bible in Spain*. Borrow began writing *The Bible in Spain* in May 1840 from the letters which he had written to the Bible Society while on his missionary journeys. Hayim Ben Attar (l. 24) was a young Moorish Jew whom he had employed in Spain distributing Testaments. Sidi Habismilk (l. 32) was his Arabian horse, also brought from Spain. The 'lonely dwelling' (l. 22) was his cottage at Oulton in Suffolk.

PAGE 149, l. 26. *carrascal*: grove of evergreen oaks.

PAGE 150, l. 4. *Busné*: Gentiles.

l. 10. *Caloré*: gipsies.

l. 26. *aguardiente*: brandy, literally ' strong water '.

PAGE 151, l. 12. *gras*: horse.

l. 16. *macho*: mule.

l. 26. *burra*: she-ass.

PAGE 152, l. 18. *ticken*: ticking, made of linen.

PAGE 154, l. 11. *Abarbenel* was a Jew.

*Mendizabal*: Juan Alvarez y Mendizabal (1790-1853), at this time (1836) Prime Minister of Spain; a Christianized Jew.

PAGE 156, l. 2. *manolo*: a Madrid slang term, a ' flash ' man.

l. 25. *Medina Celi*: the name of one of the oldest Spanish dukedoms.

PAGE 158, l. 12. *cuart*: farthing (Spanish). l. 17, *heller*: farthing (German).

PAGE 159, l. 8. *schatz*: treasure.

PAGE 160, l. 12. *Queen Regent Christina*: fourth wife of Ferdinand VII, who married her in 1829. On his death in 1833 Christina had to defend the rights of her daughter, Isabella, against the repeated attacks of Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos.

l. 15. *the first Bourbon*: Philip V (succeeded 1700)

l. 19. *constitution of 1823*: the constitution of Cadiz, first signed in 1812, repudiated by Ferdinand VII on his return to Spain in 1814 after the defeat of the French, sworn to again in 1820, and again repudiated in 1823.

l. 20. *moderados*: moderates; the name assumed by the more extreme members of Christina's party.

PAGE 161, l. 4. *cortejo*: lover.

PAGE 162, l. 9. *Quesada*: commander of the city of Madrid; ' a very stupid individual, but a great fighter ' (Borrow).

PAGE 166, l. 20. *Isturitz, Galiano, Duke of Rivas*: heads of a coalition ministry which succeeded Mendizabal in May 1836. The ' revolution of the Granja ' took place in August 1836.

l. 29. *paisano*: countryman.

PAGE 167, l. 17. *el pañuelo*: the handkerchief.

l. 27. *funcion*: festivity; here, a bull-fight.

PAGE 168, l. 1. *pajandi*: guitar. *copla*: couplet.

l. 3. *Una noche, &c.*: one night I was with them.

l. 8. *Hymn of Riego*: the Spanish Marseillaise, composed by Evarista San Miguel in honour of Don Rafael del Riego, hanged in 1823 for rebellion against Ferdinand VII.

*Hasta despues*: until afterwards, ' au revoir '.

PAGE 170, l. 31. *Arapiles*: about four miles from Salamanca, where Wellington defeated the French on 22 July, 1812. General Craufurd, a brilliant commander of light troops in the Peninsular War, was killed at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo in January 1812, six months before the battle of Arapiles or Salamanca.

PAGE 172. *Luigi Piozzi*: see p. 201 (where Borrow calls him *Pozzi*).

l. 12. *posada*: inn.

l. 24. *N\*\*\*\*\**: Norwich.

PAGE 173, l. 23. *ausandra*: roam about.

PAGE 174, l. 7. *broa*: a coarse kind of bread.

l. 22. *Icolmkill*: Iona, one of the Hebrides.

PAGE 175, l. 17. *choza*: hut, small house.

PAGE 179, l. 6. *Carracho!* &c.: By God! I am going too.

l. 21. *alcalde*: magistrate.

PAGE 181, l. 26. *bribon*: rascal. *faccioso*: factious, i. e. in this connexion, a Carlist.

PAGE 182, l. 4. *Disparáte!* Nonsense!

PAGE 186, l. 7. *mi pulida*: my charmer.

l. 25. *mozo*: youth.

l. 26. *Vaya!* Come!

l. 33. *negros*: nickname given by the Carlists to the followers of Christina.

PAGE 187, l. 34. *Bentham*: Jeremy (1748-1832), reformer and utilitarian philosopher; in both of which characters he would have been very distasteful to Borrow.

PAGE 192, l. 5. *alguazils*: constables.

PAGE 193, l. 18. *Autos da fé*: executions of persons condemned by the Inquisition.

l. 20. *last of the Austrian line*: Charles II (1665-1700).

l. 24. *No hay mas?* Are there no more?

l. 33. *Batuschca*: little father.

PAGE 194, l. 29. *alcayde*: governor.

PAGE 195, l. 24. *Bassompierre*: (1579-1646) Marshal of France, himself imprisoned in the Bastile by Richelieu for eleven years.

PAGE 196, l. 15. *tarde*: afternoon.

l. 17. *llavero*: turnkey.

l. 20. *Maria Diaz*: Borrow's landlady in Madrid.

PAGE 199, l. 6. *cenfigenus*: see p. 216, note on p. 46, l. 11.

PAGE 200, l. 2. *Rhys Goch*: a celebrated Welsh bard, a partisan of Owen Glendower.

PAGE 202, l. 5. *e con ragione*: and with reason.

l. 15. *Henrietta*: Borrow's step-daughter, Henrietta Clarke.

PAGE 204, l. 21. *Filicaia*: (1642-1707), Italian lyrical poet.

PAGE 206, l. 6. *Croppies Lie Down*: a popular Orange song of the end of the eighteenth century, attacking the Irish rebels of 1798 who wore their hair cut very short as a sign of sympathy with the French Revolution.

PAGE 209, l. 12. *O'Connell*: Daniel (1775-1847). Catholic Emancipation was passed by Peel in 1829. O'Connell founded the Repeal Association in 1840, but had been agitating for the repeal of the legislative union between England and Ireland for many years previously. The whole of this account is of course coloured by Borrow's hatred of Roman Catholicism, and must not be taken as a serious contribution to history.

PAGE 212, l. 6. *Shoon, &c.* : Listen, blacksmith, listen ! In God's name where may you be going to ?

l. 11. *Savo shan tu?* Who are you ? *Ingrines* : English.

l. 14. *juwa* : woman.

l. 29. *jin mande* : know me.

PAGE 213, ll. 11-14. *Ando berkho, &c.*

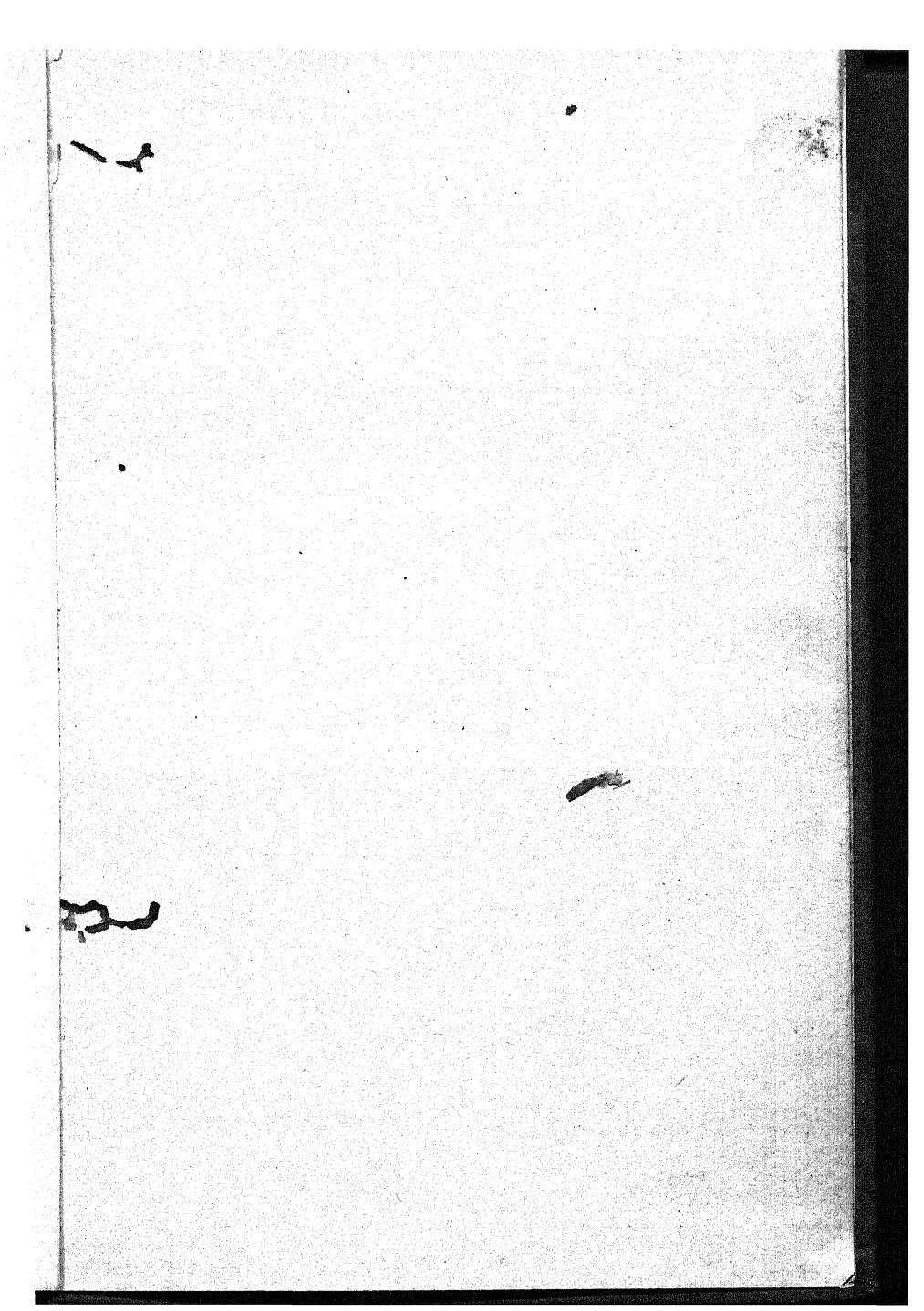
This is not English but Hungarian Romany. Literally translated it runs :

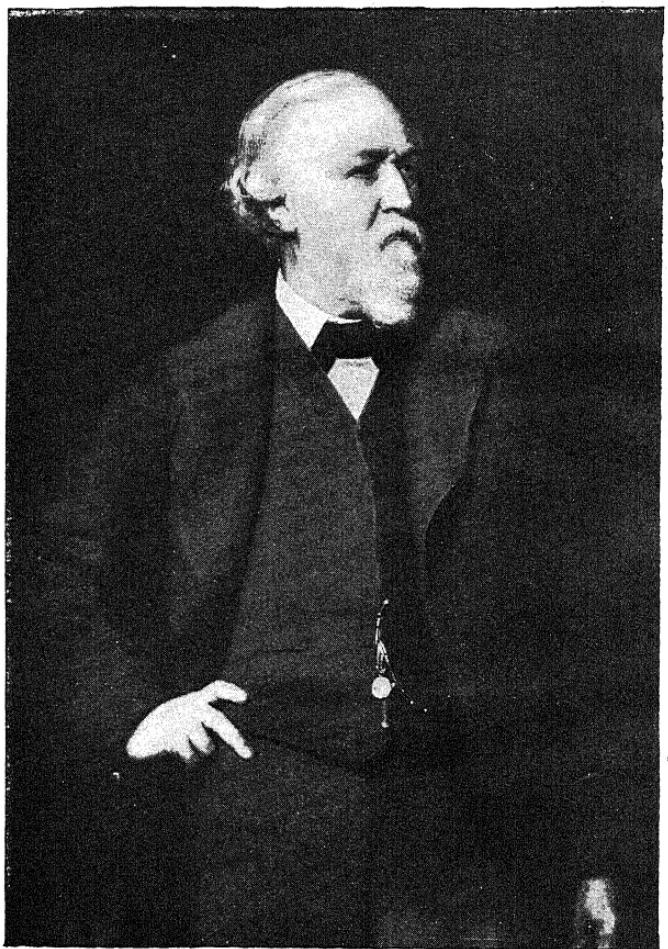
'In the mountain the gentleman shot,  
There he drank and ate.

Thou [wert] a sweetheart for the gentleman in the mountain,  
And [carried] a basket on [thy] shoulder.'

I owe this translation to Mr. John Sampson.

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Robert Browning.